

See "Difficult Daughters"
by M^{RS} W. L. GEORGE

The *Quiver*

June
1926

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ net



Break this new Breakfast Trail!



THE BREAKFAST YARNS OF MONDAMIN, THE GREAT CHIEF (With apologies to "Hawatha")

Number Four

If you ask me how the Red-skin
Braved the chill of Prairie Winter
Braved the fierce Kabibonokka,*
I would answer, I would tell you,
Indian Corn, a grain of Goodness,
Gathered in the Prairie Harvest,
Gave him hands and arms like iron,
Gave him powers of great endurance,
Such a food is sold in Britain:
Indian Corn—become Post Toasties,
Corn Flakes, cooked and toasted golden—
Crisp and "crunchy" when you eat them—
Served with milk or cream and sugar.
Toasties make a tempting breakfast!
Get a packet from your grocer—
Then see how the family likes them.

* *The North Wind.*

It won't cost you anything to try Post Toasties,
the Double-thick Indian Corn Flakes that stay
crisp in milk or cream. Ask your grocer for a
FREE SAMPLE



When next you buy Post Toasties,
ask your grocer for the Redskin
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the Redskins. Tell them they're
here.

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**DOUBLE
THICK INDIAN
CORN FLAKES**

Stay Crisp in Milk or Cream





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You want your baby to progress—you want to see the bonny looks and healthy colour that betoken sound health and good digestion? Then you must satisfy yourself that his food suits and agrees with him.

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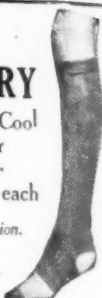
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It is a real labour-saving home, complete with all modern requirements and will be finished in a most artistic manner ready for occupation.

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To take advantage of our free offer all you have to do is to forward the attached application form, together with the sum of One Pound, as a first payment towards the cost of a freehold building site at Kinmel Bay. The lowest price of a freehold building site at Kinmel Bay is £1,000 and the balance of the purchase price can be paid by convenient monthly instalments (if desired). The balance of your investment can possibly be made from having freehold land on a mortgage (long leasehold). Kinmel Bay is laid out on ideal lines and we will continue growing and improving for many years to come. There is something sound and substantial in purchasing freehold freehold in a growing community. It is always there and is constantly increasing in value. Once in your hands it passes from father to son and eventually becomes your most precious possession. A person who desires to make their investment there is always the prospect of an excellent profit. The promoters of Kinmel Bay are striving and doing their best to make Kinmel Bay an ideal seaside resort and their plans are being rapidly realised. It is one of the great centres of population in Lancashire and the Mersey, and provides a home by which a home to the most healthy and happy may be obtained at very nominal cost.

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Please Turn Over.



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2. Send it to the Secretary, Kinahl Bay Land Company, Limited, 8, Queen Street, Dublin.
3. The above names and addresses of the office will be printed and distributed amongst the members of the company.

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Cash returned if not satisfied.

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JUNE, 1926

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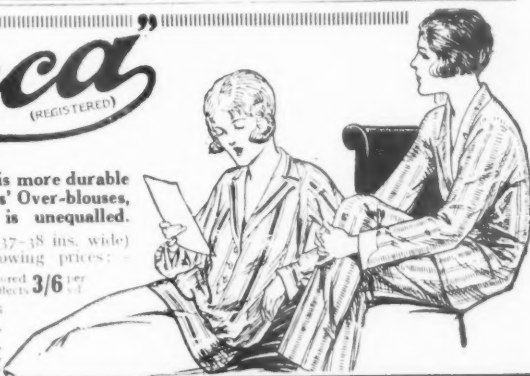
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The Editor's Announcement Page

"GOOD WOMEN—AND BAD MEN"

There are a number of special features in the July number of our magazine:

MRS. W. L. GEORGE is writing, under the title of "Good Women—and Bad Men," on the reasons why good women seem drawn to men of weak and bad character, and their desire to "marry and reform" "the rake."

MR. A. BAIN IRVINE, in a special article "Some Scottish Songs and their Story," gives the little-known history of some well-known songs.

ANNIE S. SWAN contributes a fine story, "Perena," and J. J. BELL an unusual one, "The Wonderful Windfall."

"Left-Behind Mothers" is an article every mother of grown children ought to read.

The Editor

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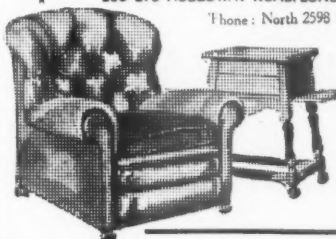
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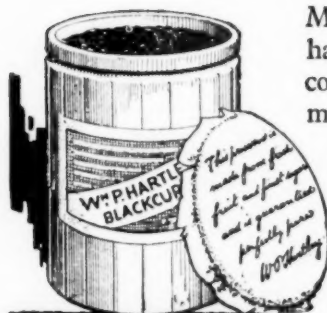
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"He distinctly saw the outline of a man sharply in
silhouette beyond the fringe of pines at the height of land"

*Drawn by
W. Hatherell*

THE BRIDGE

by
H. Mortimer Batten

DOUGLAS McDUGAL was astir before the sun that morning, for he inherited from a long line of game-keeping forefathers the game-keeping instinct. He had felt of late that all was not well with his moorgame, and that, whatever the element of unrest, it occurred before sunrise. Maybe a falcon from the coast cliffs, but he suspected a human agency. Here and there a litter of grouse feathers, here and there the imprint of a human foot in the peat hag, coupled with the wildness of the birds along the march, no doubt assisted McDougal's trained mind to its conclusions. But at the back of his consciousness lurked an almost uncanny suspicion that that shrill-voiced, contemptible neighbour of his, Nathaniel Simpson, who kept the adjoining moor, had something to do with it.

At all events, McDougal took the grass-grown hill road for the loch long before the sun was up, and the east had hardly begun to brighten when he distinctly saw the outline of a man sharply in silhouette beyond the fringe of pines at the height of land. McDougal crept up, following the stone wall. His hand was upon the head of his big black retriever. He stole through a sheep-hole; then, as the man ahead stopped, he crouched low in the heather so as to keep the supposed poacher against the sky. The man was kneeling down, and that he was up to something could not be doubted. Presently he rose, swung a game-bag over his hip, thrusting something into it; and at this McDougal also rose, and began quickly to approach. He might as well have tried to stalk a roe-buck raiding a cottager's garden, for no sooner was he on his legs than the man took to his heels with the quickness of a deer.

"Stop!" shouted McDougal, doubling after him. "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

McDougal did shoot, but he could not bring himself to aim. In a second the poacher was out of sight, and McDougal gave the word to his dog. She knew her business, and was staunch and brave. In a minute she was at the fugitive's heels, barking and snapping furiously. He lashed out with his gun, but, of course, missed her. He ran on, and as he did so, she sank her fangs into his calf, and he realized that with her at his heels he stood no chance of getting away. With the feverish dread of being caught red-handed, he turned about, flung up his gun, and shot the dog—dead!

Having done this thing, he fled on, knowing now that the man behind him would open fire at the first chance. He ran and doubled and dodged, threw himself flat in the heather and crept, for in those arts, with the half-light behind him, he was an expert.

McDougal heard the shot, and thought only of his dog, which he loved well. He headed for the height of land, and there, at his feet, he found her. A moment he paused to make sure that she was dead; then he skimmed the purple gloom below, dropping to one knee, his gun ready. To follow would be useless. In that unearthly glow, a whole herd of deer might pass within fifty yards and not be seen. McDougal could have sworn that the figure on the skyline was that of Nathaniel Simpson; yet, as now he paused to think, he could not bring himself to believe it. A keeper of game would surely respect the march; he would not, above all else, shoot a neighbour's dog.

Yet, as he crouched there, tense and ready, other thoughts came to McDougal's mind. The gentlemen had now left the moor, and his task and Nathan's task for the remainder of the season was merely to

THE QUIVER

keep the town houses of their employers supplied with grouse. McDougal, keeping a keeper's eye on such things, had seen and heard that Nathan dispatched by rail each week many more grouse than he did; yet McDougal worked hard with his gun, and there were as many birds on his moor as on Nathan's moor. Again, Nathan was reported to have been a poacher before he became a keeper, and there were shady stories astir concerning the thin-voiced, red-haired little man whom McDougal, big and braw, instinctively disliked and distrusted. Was Nathan collecting his birds from the other man's moor?

Anyway, the poacher was gone. In the dimness of the great mountain-face a whole regiment might have crept away unseen, so McDougal went back to the place at which he had seen the man working. He groped and searched in the heather, and there he found a dozen horse-hair snares cleverly set by one who knew the places at which the grouse assembled. He picked up three live birds, and he put the remaining snares in his pocket to send to his employer.

It was then that an idea occurred to McDougal. He would go down to Nathan's house and find out whether the man were at home. If he were, well and good, McDougal would ask him, as a neighbourly act, to help search the moor for the poacher. That was within the normal order of things. If Nathan were not at home—why was he astir so early in the morning? There would be no need for him to be about at this hour, at this season, for the ordinary course of his duties. No; if Nathan were not in the house, McDougal would feel satisfied in his own mind.

So, at an easy swing, McDougal set off towards the glen where Nathan lived. As he went, the light improved, and a hundred yards from his neighbour's house he threw himself in the heather and merely watched.

He had no doubt that the story was true that Nathan could run like a hare; yet McDougal had taken the straight line, and if it were Nathan who had shot his dog, the man must have made a wide detour of the rising land, and McDougal felt sure that he could not have got back yet. But at the end of twenty minutes, it occurred to McDougal that Nathan might have crossed the burn higher up, got into the unbroken heather, then down the wash-out to the back of his house. Yes; he had already

waited too long if Nathan were as sly as he thought him to be.

McDougal made his way up to the little house with its swampy, iris-grown paddock, its tumble-down thatched byre, and its wind-swept garden. He went to the back window and searched for signs. He searched the tarred felting of the hen-house immediately below the window, then his eyes travelled up, and he saw at the edge of the window-sill something that satisfied him—a clod of peat, still wet, and very clearly newly displaced from the instep of a human boot. So McDougal knew who had poached his grouse, and who—that never-to-be-forgiven offence—had shot his dog.

Red-faced and furious, the keeper was about to make his way to the door, though he felt more or less sure that Nathan would not come to his response, but would send his wife. If Nathan did come, McDougal would have difficulty in restraining himself from falling upon the contemptible little imp and strangling him; but, as it happened, that risk was diverted by the sudden flinging up of the window, and a woman's voice above: "What are ye wanting about the hoose at this oor?" demanded the shrill, feminine tones; and McDougal saw a tousled head immediately above.

"If it's ye, Mistress Simpson"—and who else might it be?—"I'm wanting a word wi' yer husband. Tell him tae come doon and speak tae me."

There was a pause, and then: "A bonny oor this tae come tae folk's door! My husband is asleep in his bed, same as ye ought tae be. What d'ye want of him?"

At that McDougal lost control of himself. "If the red-haired little varmint doesna come doon," said he, "I'll break the door and drag him doon! Why does he no speak for himself, instead o' sending his woman tae dae it? He was early enough astir, anyway."

The woman's head disappeared, and McDougal heard a whispered conversation in the bedroom beyond. He waited, but finally the window was slammed down, much as an exchange girl might ring off, and then McDougal saw red.

He went round to the front door and tried to hammer it open by the use of a large stone from the rockery. Failing in that, he hacked up a cobble from the front walk, and going to the bedroom window heaved it through the glass. The crash and a woman's scream from within warned him that he was acting foolishly, and when the



"Wait for the light, Donald!" He was
still running eagerly ahead of her"—p. 753

Drawn by
W. Hathrell

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barrel of a gun appeared from the shattered pane, and Nathan's shrill voice, having in it the cadences of fear, warned him to go away, McDougal concluded that it was time to go.

"A' richt, Nathan," said he; "I'll gang awa', but this is no the last ye'll hear o' this unhappy business. I ken weel who it was who snared my grouse and shot my dog, and I'll break ye for it!"

Thereafter McDougal, regretting his impulsiveness, made his way home, and forthwith drafted out a letter to his employer, describing just what had happened, and what had evidently been happening for weeks past. His employer read it out over the breakfast coffee.

"Now," he commented, "I wonder how much of that is true?" To which his wife replied that she did not see how it could be otherwise than true.

"I don't wonder at McDougal disliking Nathaniel Simp-on," added McDougal's employer. "They're very different types. Personally, I wouldn't have Nathaniel on a property of mine for a couple of days; but that's his employer's affair. At all events, you don't know the bitter rivalry which often exists between these hill-keepers; and this affair may have been brewing for months, by ways which are no concern of ours."

The lady presiding over the coffee-pot eventually observed: "Well, you ought to stick up for your own man. I'm sure McDougal is straight. He is one of Nature's gentlemen. In a business of this kind he should at least have the backing of his master."

"Backing!" exclaimed McDougal's employer, instantly colouring about the gills. "Why, of course, I'll back him! There's no question of that. The only questions are: when and how?" And he left the table in a huff.

He then wrote a letter to McDougal. He agreed that Nathaniel was everything contemptible; but, on the present evidence, it would be useless to take steps against him. He must leave them at present to fight out their own differences; but, whatever happened, McDougal might feel sure of the support of his employer. Meantime, however, McDougal's employer did not wish to quarrel with the neighbouring tenant, the wisdom of which McDougal himself would appreciate.

To this McDougal replied: "Well, sir, I take it you are not going to rid the hill of

Nathaniel Simpson, which seems to me a pity. He shot my dog, and since he himself has a good retriever, you need not be surprised if one day you get a dog of that breed sent you by rail. Take care of him, and don't ask any questions where he came from."

Ten days later McDougal's employer did, indeed, receive a soft-eyed Labrador retriever by rail, and it came about as follows:

McDougal had been in the village that Friday evening, and the days were now short and the nights long. Calling at the inn for his wee dram, he saw Nathan in the bar-room engrossed in conversation with the local game-dealer, the professional fisherman, and other birds of a feather. Nathan's black Labrador slept at his feet, and McDougal fell to thinking. He and Nathan took the same road home; so, having completed his shopping, McDougal swung off along the hill-road, and once in the lone country he sat down under a wall and waited. He had no doubt that when Nathan returned in the small hours, it would be no difficult matter to rid him of his dog, and for that purpose McDougal held, in a scrap of oiled paper, several fragments of specially seductive cheese. Nathan, far gone in his cups, would know nothing of McDougal's presence, but he would arrive home without his dog.

McDougal waited till long after midnight, but there was no sound of a footfall; so, growing impatient, he went back along the grass-grown road. He had not gone fifty yards when the dog, with a friendly bark, came out of the night to meet him. McDougal knew that Nathan was asleep in the barn porch a few yards down the road, so his fingers closed on the dog's collar. He took it home, locking it up in the wash-house, then returned with his gun to the place where Nathan was sleeping.

McDougal, in spite of his wrath, had nevertheless a sense of humour. Fifty yards from the barn he let off both barrels, and, succeeding the report, there rang on the keen moorland air the dying howls and shrieks of a dog. By that time McDougal was beating it for home.

Nathan, wakened from his drunken sleep by the gunshots, followed by the howls, concluded that McDougal had taken his vengeance. For a time he called and whistled for his dog; but it was eerie up there on the blue slopes, and his thirst was abominable. So he ground his teeth, and swore a red-lipped oath that ere very long

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he would pay McDougal in the fullest coin possible.

"Varmint!" muttered Nathan. "He's shot my dog!" And for that he swore his vengeance, forgetful of his own guilt, and how, in his case, that offence was merely an insult added to the injury.

At daybreak the chauffeur from the white-walled mansion house in the glen bottom arrived at McDougal's lodge, ostensibly to take the laundry to the station; but, in addition, he took, carefully packed in a large hamper, a black Labrador retriever, addressed to McDougal's employer.

At about the same time as the motor-van disappeared along the sandy, water-washed road, Nathan mounted a high, rocky dome overlooking many miles of the undulating moor, and watched through his glasses. If McDougal had shot his dog, he must have hidden it somewhere. No doubt he would come at daybreak to bury it.

Sure enough, about nine in the morning, he saw McDougal swinging along the road. He carried something over his shoulder, and that something was a narrow-bladed spade such as rabbit-catchers carry. He saw McDougal climb over the wall near the barn, and disappear into a hollow, and when next Nathan saw him, he was busy digging a hole in a peat hag. The distance was too great for objects to be clearly seen; but Nathan watched for twenty minutes, then, it seemed, McDougal tumbled something into the hole, replaced the peats, spaded it level, trod back the heather, and went his way to his own kennels.

Nathan went to his house, took up his spade, and seeking out the place by the newly-turned earth, he began to dig. If he found his dog, the evidence would be certain. He would have the law on McDougal. He dug and dug with feverish haste, and so eventually he came to the bottom of the hole, and there lay—something black! He drew it out. It was a three-parts empty bottle of whisky, which he recognized as the one he had carried in his pocket last night and left in the barn porch. Attached to the bottle was a label, on which was written: "Poison, on account of the dirty lips that have drunk from it."

Nathan turned away in disgust, for he realized now that he had been properly fooled.



In the inn, on the following Friday, Nathaniel Simpson was recounting his recent experiences to some of his bosom

cronies, when one of them remarked: "McDougal hasna shot yer dog, Nathan. I dinna believe it o' him. He might shoot ye, but he wouldna shoot yer dog. He's ower soft-hearted. I mind weel they wanted him tae shoot the minister's dog a year or twa back, but he wouldna' do it. Said he had never shot a dog in a' his life, and didna intend to. McDougal's no the man," stated the speaker, slamming the little table with his brawny fist. "I tell ye he's no the man tae get even wi' onybody through their dog."

Nathan grunted in deep disgust. "Ye paint a pretty picture o' him, onyway," he sneered. "If he hasna shot my dog, then where is it, think ye?"

"At his bothie, nae doot," replied the other. "Ye'll need tae gang along and see. The law's a' against him, Nathan. He's nae richt tae touch yer dog. It's a common theft."

"Ye'd dae weel tae leave things alane for awhile," grunted the game-dealer. "Mebbe he's naething proven against ye, Nathan; but, at a' events, he can gie ye a hammering ye'll never forget."

But Nathan, bolstered up with false courage, announced that he was not scared of "yon hulking bombast"; and it occurred to him as he spoke that McDougal was in the village that very evening, buying his stores, after which it was his custom to visit friends, returning late. Whether or not Nathan was afraid of McDougal, he decided that if he were to visit McDougal's house to demand the dog, it might be as well to do it when McDougal was out, and he would have only Mrs. McDougal to contend with. With this in mind, Nathan took his departure of his friends a few minutes later, and went out into the lashing fury of rain and wind.

It was a dirty night for anyone abroad on the hill-roads. Water everywhere, dark as pitch, and a wind which dazed and deafened. But Nathan covered the four miles to McDougal's lodge within the hour. Maybe his enemy would return early on such a night, and Nathan wished to be behind his own locked door when McDougal got home. After that—if McDougal dared to raise a hand against him, he would have the law on him, and the law would be wholly in Nathan's favour.

Reaching the narrow wooden footbridge below McDougal's house, Nathan found the barn in flood, while the gale at this point was a devilish, palpable thing. On the hill-

THE QUIVER

side above a single light shone at the cottage window to guide McDougal up the steep and stony brae, and Nathan went cannily. He peered through the streaming window, and saw the woman alone save for her twelve-year-old boy. They sat opposite the range, the boy reading aloud to her from a story-book, while she stitched. It was a peaceful little scene, but Nathan's commanding knock on the door startled the peace of it like a thunder-bolt.

The woman lifted the latch somewhat cautiously, whereupon Nathan thrust a massive hob-nailed boot into the aperture. "Is yer husband in, Mistress McDougal?" he demanded.

"Yes, he is," the woman snapped back at him. "He's asleep in his bed, same as ye ought to be. A bonny oor this tae come hammering at people's doors!"

She tried to slam the door to, but Nathan's foot prevented it. "That's a lie, anyway," he sneered. "I've come for my dog, Mistress McDougal, and I'll no gang awa' till ye hand him over."

"O, will ye no!" replied Mrs. McDougal. "Ye maun come like a man in the broad daylight if ye want tae see my husband, instead o' like a thief in the night. Noo, skit, ye cowardly little witricks, before I take the gun tae ye!"

There was a pause, then: "I've telt ye what I've come for, Mistress McDougal," he repeated solemnly.

"Yer dog's no here!" cried the woman, almost on the point of hysteria. "I ken naething aboot yer dog, and it's nae affair o' mine. Ye ought tae be ashamed o' yer-self, Nathan Simpson, coming this time o' nicht tae try tae scare a body!"

"I didna come tae scare ye," Nathan replied. "I dinna want tae scare ye, and ye've nae need tae be scared. I come on a straight and honest message, Mistress McDougal, for my ain property, which has been unlawfully taken frae me, and I'll no leave this hoose till ye hand the dog over."

At that Mrs. McDougal turned away from the door with an exclamation of impatience, and Nathan heard her go into the back kitchen—presumably for the dog. Instead, that very able woman armed herself with a dishcloth—a wet and heavy dishcloth—and with it she returned to the door. Next moment Nathan received a stinging blow across the face, which fairly staggered him, and as he stepped back, the door was slammed to, and he heard the lock go home.

Blind with fury, he went across to the window and pressed his face against it. "I'll make ye pay for that, ye vixen!" he shrieked, his voice ringing maliciously above the gale. "I'll be even wi' ye before so long, Mistress McDougal!"

They heard his vindictive laugh as he stamped away across the cobbles, then followed the click of the gate.

Nathan, trembling with rage, hurried back by the way he had come, and reaching the wooden bridge he found the water still rising. A great tree-root had caught up under the crazy floorboards, and the peaty surge was welling up round the platform of the bridge. As Nathan crossed, he felt that the boards were loose under his feet. The imprisoned root had torn up several slats, and the rusty nails had lost their hold in the rotten wood. Taking another board in his fingers, Nathan tore it up. He felt the next. That too was loose, and the slightest pull detached one end of it. He left it hanging; then, his teeth clenched, the rain streaming into his eyes, he tore up board after board on either side, working with the frenzied haste of guilty fingers. The big root lost its hold, and surged away with the coloured waters, and within two minutes there was a gap in the centre of the bridge through which a pony might have fallen.

Nathan went his way. Maybe McDougal would fall through, maybe he would not. If he did, that was his own affair. He should keep his bridge in proper repair. The jammed root might have torn out the whole floor in such a spate, and there was no possible way of proving that human fingers were responsible for the damage. Unless McDougal had his wits about him to-night, he was in for a soaking, which—might, indeed, leave the woman with the dishcloth a widow.

A widow? Aye, a widow. To-morrow they might be dragging the loch for McDougal; and he, Nathaniel Simpson, might be called upon to help. They might find him—McDougal—cold, set-faced, waterlogged, and questions would be asked about the bridge. Who was the last to cross? Were there any indications of damage then? If so, why was no warning given? And perhaps the man thus questioned would tremble a little, haunted by the memory of that grim, cold face; haunted anon by the eyes of another witness burning into his soul—a woman's eyes, the eyes of a woman who knew, because her inner consciousness

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would tell her. So, as he fought through the storm, Nathan thought, and there came to him suddenly the knowledge that he had done a devilish, unforgivable thing. He tried to go on, but it seemed that hands were on his shoulders—cold hands, bidding him turn; and so at length he turned—back towards the bridge.



When their unwelcome visitor was gone, poor Mrs. McDougal burst into tears, and in vain her small boy tried to soothe her. "Never heed, mither," said he gaily; "he's only a wee bit evil body, and when faither comes hame—he'll learn him!"

Mrs. McDougal mopped up her tears. "I'm scared for yer faither, Donald," said she. "I'm kind o' feared something might happen tae him the nicht."

The boy regarded her thoughtfully. "Ye maun set yer mind at rest, mither," he advised, with a little manly laugh. "I'll wager faither can look efter himsel'."

"I ken, laddie," she went on; "but yon man may ha'e been drinking. He's awfu' vicious, Donald, and there's nae telling what he might try tae dae efter me hitting him as I did. Then on my shoulders it will be."

She rose and took the storm-lantern from its hanging-place on a rafter, and began to search round for the matches.

"Where are ye gang, mither?" asked the boy.

"I'm gang tae meet yer faither," she answered. "Ye see, Donald, there are cowards and cowards, but it takes the worst kind o' them tae harm a woman. Nathan Simpson wouldna harm me."

"But I'll come along wi' ye, mither," said Donald.

She looked at him proudly. He was an upright, sturdy little fellow. "Are ye no scared, Donald?"

The boy laughed, and certainly there was no fear in the laugh.

"I think ye'd best bide at hame, in case the baby cries," she said; but in a moment he had her by the hands. "Ye're no gang alane, mither," said he, clinging to her; and so they went out into the storm together—at that precise moment when Nathan turned back.

The boy went ahead, while his mother carried the lamp, proud of his self-appointed task of leading the way. "Come along, mither!" he cried. "I can see fine. Mind yon muckle stane! My, but it's awful

slippery! Take care ye dinna fa', mither, and injure a limb."

So they went down the steep slope, the way enlivened by the boy's cheerful chatter; and through the driving sheets of rain the man on the opposite hill saw the lantern twinkling, and made out two figures—the one carrying the light, the other moving ahead of it; yes, the boy, running along in his own shadow down—towards the bridge!

"My, look at the burn, mither!" cried wee Donald. "Did ye ever see such a spate? It's enought tae sweep the auld brig away."

"Yes, laddie," she called after him. "But wait!" They had to shout to make their voices heard above the shrieking of the wind. "Wait for the light, Donald!" He was still running eagerly ahead of her. "Dinna cross, Donald! Wait for yer mither."

"O, mither!"

The piercing, terrified child-cry tore across the fury of the storm, followed instantly by a woman's scream. The man, running down, heard both sounds, and they stabbed down to the depths of his soul with a force he would never forget. His hands went a moment to his eyes, and when next instant he looked up, the light—the light was gone! Then again he heard a woman's terrified cry: "Donald, Donald! Oh, my God!"

Nathan ran on. He fell and rose and fell again, clawing with desperate fingers at the peat hag. He tried to cry out, but his lips were sealed as though in a nightmare. In the darkness he seemed to lose himself, to be groping on through immeasurable space; but he could hear the roar of the burn below, and towards it he was groping his frenzied way. He reached the bridge at length, but—Heaven help him, there was no one on it! He began to stumble across, and then he saw a surge in the waters at his very feet—saw something white clinging to the woodwork—a human hand!

He threw himself down and clutched—clutched as an eagle clutches its prey, his fingers digging mercilessly into the soft flesh of the woman's arm. "Hold on, Mistress McDougal!" he shouted to her. "I've got ye the noo. Dinna struggle!"

She was hanging on to the main beam of the bridge, while the brown surge tore at her clothing, welling up and over and round her. The other arm held her son. "Get Donald!" The words came to Nathan's ears as though uttered by some

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spirit voice of the storm. He was lying full length, supporting the whole weight of them, for her grip on the woodwork had failed as he grasped her. He could not make out what he held, but he judged that she was clinging to the boy. He groped with his other hand, while, gust after gust, the lashing rain drove into his eyes. The stream was dragging at them like a fiendish living thing, but he got the boy's arm and tried to drag him up. It would have needed the strength of a Hercules, for how the current dragged and whirled and snatched and sucked! And Nathan, holding one in either hand, could not rise from his strained position.

"For Heaven's pity, try tae help yersel', woman!" he gasped. "I canna lift the boy." But even as he spoke he knew that he might as well have cried aloud to the gale. It seemed that in the twinkling of an eye he had been snatched from the living world to grasp and grapple on the brink with the fiends of death.

"Donald!" he shouted, his lips almost to the water. "D'ye no hear me, Donald laddie? Yer mither's drowning. Can ye no take hold o' the brig and drag yersel' up?"

He saw two small white hands creep up, up from the darkness, groping feebly about his sleeves, clutching at the woodwork; but he knew that wee Donald was already too chilled and exhausted to help himself. Nathan clenched his teeth, and threw all his strength into a mighty upward heave. He got the woman half out of the water, but the boy was dragging back. Their water-logged clothing dragged, the stream dragged, the very wind and the rain seemed to be trying to tear them from his grasp, and he was a small man; then, slowly, mercifully, they began to slide back, dragging him with them—down, down, straining at his aching, knotted muscles, till he felt that the strain was tearing out his very life. He was down at arm's length again, only able to hang on, the sweat streaming down his cold face into his eyes, the blood oozing from his lips on which his teeth were locked.

A dull glow was throbbing before him, and he dare not even readjust his present grip; but again, body and soul, he

threw himself into the hopeless task. His teeth locked on the woman's clothing; then, slowly, he transferred the load, releasing his right hand and clutching the boy with both hands. He got him by the shoulders and lifted, dragged, lifted, got him half over the woodwork, rested, then up again, his breath rasping and hissing, till it seemed his very ears would burst. In three minutes the boy was safe, propped across the boards, and Nathan tried to raise the woman.

But his strength was gone. He was hanging on with both hands, with his teeth, but he could do no more than hold her, and now it was the very manhood of his soul which cried out to an ever-pitying God to help him.

And help came—how long after Nathan did not know. He heard steps, he felt someone stooping over him, someone was speaking to him; but he knew not what they said. All his faculties were centred on one desperate purpose—the task of holding on to the thing he held.

When they were safe, McDougal could not release Nathan's grip from the woman's clothing. His fingers were inexorably locked, and in vain McDougal argued, reasoned, wrestled to free that eagle-like clutch; but Nathan heard nothing, understood nothing, and it was only by tearing away her clothing that McDougal got her free. Then he carried her and his boy up to the cottage, and later he came back for Nathan. He found him resting as before, his limp arms hanging down through the rift in the bridge so that the current caught at his hands, still holding the fragments of the woman's clothing.

"Bestir yersel', mon," said McDougal, dragging him up. "Ye'll perish o' cold if ye lie here."

"Oh, dinna fash yersel'," came the heedless answer. "I'm only tired and cauld; och, mon, but I thoct ye were never, never coming hame the night!"

And there, while the storm still roared about them, and the burn flung up its little cold and eager arms, as though to clutch them through the rotten woodwork, their fingers met and closed in the touch of a great fellowship.





Youthful Palestine at home—in an East End Council School!

FROM WEST TO EAST

Palestine at our Door

by

Flora Sandström

THUD! thud-thud! Thud! thud-thud! went the noise of the Underground railway, which was fast bearing me from the little art shops and museums of South Kensington. I was seated in a corner, busied with my thoughts, wondering about the new sphere of activity that was opening out before me. The City men had taken cover behind their crackling newspapers. This was a journey they performed daily, and it had become for them a mere incident in the daily round. For me it was an event. For the beginnings of all things are tinged with romance, and to begin a career is as momentous as to begin

life. The thud! thud-thud! became a setting for the two words which seemed to fill my mind utterly, and I found myself saying "Com-mercial Road! Com-mercial Road" with wearying persistence. Of Commercial Road I knew little; hitherto it had been a mere name on a bus. Now it loomed large enough to engage my thoughts while the train travelled from South Kensington to Aldgate East. Somewhere in or near Commercial Road was a school, and in that school I was to gain my first experience as a teacher. Fresh from college and full of ideals the thought brought others in its train, eager and ap-

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Where Palestine has invaded London. A street trading scene in the East End

prehensive; but, above all, one idea remained—the idea of a beginning. It was to be the first day of a new life. I felt sorry somehow for the City men behind their papers. Their beginnings were of yesterday.

Gradually the train emptied. The last City worker alighted at Mark Lane, and I was alone. In a few moments I too alighted and found myself in Commercial Road.

It was half-past eight and the world was well astir. I hurried along, my nostrils assailed by varied smells: the smell of many fruits, the warm smell of roasting chestnuts, and the pungent odour of vinegar and spice, now so inseparable in my mind from London's east end. Hoary vendors of strange wares blocked my way at every corner; only the ever-friendly policeman prevented me from losing myself in utter

bewilderment, and with his help at length I succeeded in finding my school.

From Kensington to Palestine

I had come expecting I know not what. I had started from South Kensington. I arrived in Palestine. The walls of my airy classroom, with their maps and pictures, seemed to fade. In thirty pairs of dark and lovely eyes, lighting up little olive faces, I saw the desert and the wandering tribes. To my alien lips came the words of that ancient song of sorrow: "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept when we remembered thee, oh Zion." I had become a stranger in a strange land; that very East, in truth; an East, not of slums and grey streets, but of poetry and grace and mystery. From the first moment these little Rebeccas and Rachels of a chosen people had made me an alien and a

FROM WEST TO EAST

stranger. Nothing could take from them their birthright of song and sorrow. Not the grey skies of London nor the murkiness of its slums. In their blood was the music of zither and timbrel, and by the waters of Babylon their fathers had made sorrow beautiful.

I turned from them and my gaze fell upon the streets beyond—streets laden with traffic and dull with people. Beyond, on my right, the toiling West; on my left, the children of the East; and a gulf divided the two.

The Mystery of the Ages

Amazed, I took up my duties; but ere I had started dismay seized me. Before me lay the open register. Could I ever, I wondered, learn to pronounce such names! Russian and Polish and Greek; what a clash of temperament in one room. In each vivid little face I seemed to trace its heritage: here the fiery nature of the Greek fallen from his high estate; there the dreamy Russian; and everywhere that eternal mystery—the Jew. To bring unity out of so great division seemed my task. I quailed before it.

It was not long before I began to single out the Rebeccas from the Rachels, and the Sadies from the Sarahs. Then, slowly and with difficulty, I learned to know them a little. For the Jew is a mystery. Even the tiniest mite will lift long-lashed eyes to yours, and you gaze—baffled. Of the Jew it is said: "His mind is a sealed book." The shadow of his wanderings lies dark upon him, and brother communes only with brother.

Yet this much one learns. In spite of his money-getting and his money-keeping, he is a simple, childlike, poetic creature. The little ones, and it is of them I would speak, amaze by their sudden sweetness and felicity of expression. To read in a blotted exercise book: "He gave me a full hand of sweet fruit," is to recall once more "By the waters of Babylon."

For the first few months I taught in growing wonder—wonder at the faith and simplicity of these people, at the wonderful adherence to the ancient ceremonies of their religion.

Fasts and feasts are rigidly kept, of course, and the child who is not yet twelve says with great pride: "I am to fast a half-



In a Synagogue, East London

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day this year, and next year I shall fast a whole day, as mother and father do." It is strange to feel that these are children of a race who rejected the Boy who went with His parents to keep the feast of the Passover.

Though there is always the reserve which cannot be broken down, yet in many little ways these children show their affection. They respond to affection readily, and love to show their response in a laughable manner. Thus, a piece of unleavened bread or a cake specially prepared may find its way to one's desk, and is taken with due reverence. At the actual occurrence of the

birthright of every child. The Biblical turn of phrase seems to come more readily to their lips than any other. To read aloud the Scriptures to a class of Jewish girls is at once a wonder and a delight. They drink in the majesty of the phrasing, appreciating the dramatic with a fine instinct peculiarly their own, entranced by the sheer poetry apart from the meaning. The little ones, up against the difficulties of everyday speech, which has to be made in English and not in Yiddish, are often very quaint. A child was once sorting out a pile of writing-paper for me, putting on one side the used pieces. Finding several pieces par-



Jewish children in an East End Council School performing a little play

Passover an undercurrent of tense feeling seems to pervade the school. While in London life goes on—the life of western cities—yet the very soul of the East throbs in it at this time. In that solemn hour there is silence in every Jewish home; the loins are girded, and the bitter herbs—reminding the faithful of the wanderings of their people in the desert—are prepared; the blood is sprinkled on the doorposts; as of old the doors are opened to let the angel pass; and the ancient words are spoken yet again by the youngest member of the family: "What mean ye by this thing?" Thus is the faith of their fathers kept alive in the hearts of these children.

Brought up as the children are, the words of the Old Testament Scripture become the

tially used, the little one felt that here was a difficulty, and asked quaintly: "Shall I break off the empty spaces?" Another child, speaking of Julius Caesar, referred to his exploits in 55 a.m. It was a joy to see the expressions of her vivacious little face when she had discovered her mistake.

The Jewish child is a born actor. When at the end of the year teacher and children are busy and eager over the play which is to be acted before the whole school, existence becomes a delight. Here the child-nature of the Jew manifests itself. The actor rises to every occasion. Where an English child would probably creep into his shell or succumb to a sudden attack of stage fright, the Jewish child is in her element. With sparkling eyes she throws

FROM WEST TO EAST



Jewish worshippers leaving the Great Synagogue, Aldgate

They are wearing the Talith, or praying shawl

herself into natural attitudes; indeed, the trouble is to restrain rather than urge forward.

Imagination, that supreme gift of artists and Orientals, comes to her aid, and the part is performed with a natural grace. Side by side with this, however, seems to go an aptitude for forgetfulness, and the little maid who acquitted herself so well in this manner may be subject to an attack of inertia against which nothing seems to prevail. It is this lack of stability which renders the work of the teacher so hard and at times so dispiriting. At the same time, one realizes how years of wandering have not altered the Jew. He is the same in London as in Palestine. Indeed, he brings Palestine to London, and pursues his own mysterious way practically uninfluenced by the life around him. The Jew is made for a great destiny. He awaits it with the supreme patience of genius.

The Eastern love of colour finds an outlet, even in the greyness of Whitechapel. One sees a little face bending over a book, and, following the delicate contour of chin and cheek, one notices the inevitable gold raring nestling among the dark curls. The girls love to have their frocks embroidered in scarlet and gold; and rings and neck-

laces—bidden articles of attire in school!—are constantly making their appearance. The parents take a delight in dressing their children, and among the girls, clothes are by no means relegated to the background, but form an absorbing topic of conversation.

From the children one learns much of the home life. As with all Eastern races, the boys of the family are considered to be infinitely more important than the girls. It is with great pride that a girl announces the arrival of a new brother in the family. Every Jewish mother hopes that she will bear the Messiah, and this hope she cherishes with the simple faith of her race. It is strange, indeed, that a simplicity of faith should characterize a people who, in the practical issues of life, have fenced themselves about with extreme caution and scepticism.

Home Life

A frequent cause of absence from school



A son of Israel

Ready to bargain with the Gentile at an open-air market

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is a wedding. Weddings and funerals are great events in the lives of the Jewish people, and are both interesting because many old customs are retained in both ceremonies. In the latter, it is still the custom to pay mourners who weep and wail loudly, although among the better-class Jew this custom is dying out.

The Wedding

A wedding, however, is a very great event. The bridegroom meets with all his male friends at his house, while the bride receives her friends at her own. The groom is in due time escorted to the church by his friends, the bride following in like manner. Over the bridal pair a canopy is held, the friends of the groom supporting the poles.

During the actual ceremony the bridegroom shivers a glass to fragments. The interpretations of this act are many. Two of the most interesting, however, are as follows. The broken glass signifies that although the pair are entering into a state of happiness, yet sorrow, typified by the fragments, must of necessity enter their lives and must be met bravely. Again, as it is surely impossible to piece together the broken vessel, so shall it be as impossible to dissolve the union. Great and prolonged rejoicings follow the ceremony, and even the youngest children take part.

The Sabbath

On Friday, at sunset, the Sabbath starts. Before then, the houses are cleaned from top to bottom, but as soon as the candles are lit all work ceases until the Sabbath is over. A little girl once presented me with an unfinished portion of homework. She said with a smile: "You see, I spent a long time thinking of my sums, and then the candles were lit; so, of course, I could not do them."

In many minds the Jew stands for the universal Shylock; yet, to see him buy and sell in Whitechapel—the Palestine of the

West—is a pitiful thing. On every side the stalls stand laden with their wares: cheap silk scarves, gaily-coloured handkerchiefs, fowls—alive and dead—rings and necklaces, toffee and toys; all one on top of the other. The rapidity of the voices prevents one from distinguishing the words; yet, suddenly, one comes upon a dark-eyed woman whose shrill voice turns to music as she offers gay little birds in cages for sale; and, indeed, you feel you must buy if only because she asks so winningly. And there it is. They are simple; they are child-like; they have the hearts of poets; and they buy and sell and barter and exchange and forget their heritage.

The Patriarch

You wander on, coming suddenly upon a stall of coloured silks. By it stands a patriarch with flowing beard and noble cast of feature, and in a moment London is not. It is Palestine. Momently you expect to hear the piping shepherd lads and the soft voices of the women at the well. Then, suddenly, the same pungent odour of vinegar reaches you; you slip on the skins of fruit; the cheap glitter of jewellery compels your attention. The spell is broken. On all sides the poetry and pitifulness are intermingled. Is not this indeed the East?

On this wanderer on the face of the earth the choicest gifts have been showered. He has the heart of a child and the mind of a poet. He is gifted with supreme patience—that more than sufferance, which is the badge of all his tribe. Great things are silently at work within him; but to those who do not understand him he puts on his armour of self-defence. He becomes cold, calculating, and supremely clever.

He who once, in ancient days, was fiery and uncurbed has become meek and patient. He who rejected is rejected. He is the wanderer who seeks his home, the hunted who seeks rest, the chosen man who awaits his destiny.



"THE SECRET OF THE RAFT"

Boys and girls love mysteries: they will thoroughly enjoy the story of the sea, "The Secret of the Raft," in the JUNE

LITTLE FOLKS

Difficult Daughters

by
MRS W. L. GEORGE

"DORIS is so difficult," murmurs the mother. "Mother is so absurd," declares Doris. And roughly that sums up the situation to-day between mothers and daughters from the age of eighteen. Formerly daughters were considered comforts to their mothers; to-day few mothers look to their daughters for sympathy, and should they do so they will probably meet with disappointment. Sons are supposed to be difficult between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, but it is the girls of to-day who give their parents, and particularly their mothers, the greater trouble.

Fifty Years Ago

Fifty years ago a girl of eighteen dressed as she was told, behaved as she was told, and married whom and when she was told by her mother . . . such, at any rate, was the general rule. Occasionally she would practise deception, and if the worst came to the worst escaped to Gretna Green with the man of her choice. This, of course, was a terrible blow for her family, but once the marriage was accomplished, either she was cut off with a shilling or there was much weeping, many reproaches and a happy reconciliation. To-day none of these things happens. A girl does as she likes, dresses as she likes, and marries whom she chooses . . . and without the least secrecy, which, should there be opposition, creates in the home a very unpleasant atmosphere. For to-day the girl has discovered that if she wishes to disobey her mother's wishes there is nothing to prevent her doing so; in fact, her parents are powerless. Her father may threaten to cut off her dress allowance. "Very well," replies his daughter, "I'll go and be a shorthand typist, or a dancing instructor, or a film actress." "My dear," says her mother, "I don't wish you to go to that dance, nor do I intend to give you a latchkey." "All right," replies the girl, "I shall go to the dance, and I shall spend the night at Angela's flat."

This sounds very dramatic, but it is happening daily, and the question arises, who is to blame?

Who is to Blame?

In my own opinion it is the mothers, for it is they who caused the conditions to arise which make the daughters' rebellion easy. But although I say that the mothers are to *blame*, I do not mean that it is their *fault*. What happened is that these mothers of grown-up daughters fought against the Victorian traditions, and the whole trouble lies in the fact that they won that battle too successfully. Freedom for women was what they strove to obtain, and no one can deny that they have attained their object. Unfortunately they did not pause to consider in what difficulties they themselves would shortly be placed through their own efforts. There is little doubt that the mother aged forty to fifty-five has one of the most difficult tasks before her that any mother has had to face. She herself has been reared in the true Victorian traditions, where girls were chaperoned, guided and looked after like children until they were married. She knew that this was bad, she did her best to make things easier for her own daughters, but she was not prepared to see such radical changes as have taken place. That the war is largely responsible for a great deal of this change there is little doubt, but that does not tend to make the situation any easier. The only thing is, what can be done to adjust matters?

Exceedingly Selfish

Young girls to-day are exceedingly selfish, far more so than boys. They are very hard, self-assured and convinced that the world was created for their amusements and pleasure. On the other hand, they are generous, sensible, and capable of friendship. Friendship does not appear at first sight to be any special virtue, but I believe that it is a very fine quality in the girl of to-day which

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previously hardly existed. Formerly women's friendships were very flimsy affairs. Between men and women convention made it almost impossible, and between women there was very little true affection. Jealousy might intervene at any moment, and few girls could resist running down a friend's qualities to a male admirer. To-day all this has changed, and often it is the modern girl's capacity for friendship which makes trouble between mother and daughter. The former finds it difficult to believe that the latter's feeling for a certain man is merely platonic. When she was young girls did not spend days motoring and golfing alone with young men, nor did they go to cocktail parties unchaperoned. In her day friendships with men were only formed with a view to matrimony. Nor is friction caused necessarily only by these mixed friendships; often the mother is equally outraged by her daughter's girl companions, and frequently they become a cause for jealousy.

It is hard for a mother to watch her girl give up her confidence to another, and preserve towards her an attitude of reserve. She wants so much to be that confidante.

Friendship Lacking

Friendship perhaps is what is most lacking between mother and daughter. The latter is convinced that her mother is her natural enemy because she stands between her and freedom, and thus a barrier is created which prevents mutual confidence. This lack of friendship, I think, is very often the fault of the mother, for, as a girl remarked to me, "How can I be friends with mother when she's always criticizing and trying to guide me? I would not mind her criticism so much, but it is the feeling of being watched all the time which is so irritating. I know I make mistakes, but how am I to learn excepting by experience?"

One cannot help sympathizing with the girl's attitude. But, on the other hand, I think few girls realize how difficult it is for a mother to adjust herself to a grown-up daughter and to realize her individuality.

The most difficult period for a mother to negotiate is the transition from being in charge of her child and becoming the companion of a grown-up individual. I was very interested the other day when the mother of a girl of thirteen began discussing the child's future. "I want," she said, "Pamela to have a career. Of course, I know she comes into a lot of money when she's twenty-one, but all the same I think it

would be a good thing for her to work. I don't want her to marry young, and I intend to look after her very carefully."

"But," I said, "what about Pamela's own inclinations?"

"Oh," replied the mother easily, "Pamela will always confide in me, and I'm sure she'll want to do as I suggest. I have her confidence now, and I intend to keep it, and squash firmly all ideas of an early marriage."

This conversation made me feel sorry both for Pamela and for Pamela's mother, for it seems to me that both are going to suffer. Pamela is to be sent to Girton, and yet, after the freedom and independence of her life there, her mother expects not only her confidence, but also complete submission to her will; and education does not train girls to be submissive. Most of us hesitate to impose advice upon our friends, and yet how few mothers can refrain from offering it to their daughters.

Another point which deserves attention is: When we offer a friend advice and it is refused we shrug our shoulders and say no more, but when a daughter refuses to be guided by her mother's judgment she is described as undutiful or lacking in affection, so at once an atmosphere is created, and the daughter reflects that in future it will be wiser to keep her own counsel and thus avoid unpleasantness.

Determined to be Independent

Daughters of to-day are determined to be independent, and the mother who wishes to influence her daughter should encourage her independence, for it is only by doing so that she will retain her affections. It is difficult for a mother to remember that whereas a year ago she chose her daughter's clothes almost without consulting her, at eighteen a girl naturally wishes to choose her own. And even though the mother may not approve of the choice, she should realize that her daughter probably disapproves equally of hers, and that the taste of a girl of eighteen is hardly likely to be the same as that of a woman of forty; for in the choice of dress age plays an important part.

But though the choice of clothes and friends often causes bitterness it is as nothing when it comes to the choice of a career. How many parents wish their daughters to work if they can afford to keep them at home? And how many girls wish to spend their days in idleness? It is here, I believe, that the chief trouble lies.

DIFFICULT DAUGHTERS

Another point, too: How many mothers take their daughters' careers seriously? Too often it is looked on indulgently as "Sylvia's latest craze," or, "Oh, yes, Marjorie is taking a course of law, but she will never go through with it, and even if she did I should not like her to practise." Nothing hurts anybody's pride more than being laughed at, and I think that often accounts for a great deal of reserve which is built up between parents and children. Youth is very serious, and it is only those parents who realize this fact who will enjoy the unreserved confidence of their offspring.

When the Mother Ages Quickly

It is a curious fact that in families where there are daughters the mother ages more quickly than where there are only sons. Sons are always anxious that their mother should be the youngest when she visits them at school, and like their mother to be taken for a sister at a dance; a son will always encourage his mother to dress young, to shingle her hair, to play all games, and dance all night. "And so do I," says the daughter indignantly. "I don't want mother to grow old." But is it really true? Personally I doubt it. Daughters do want their mothers to remain young, but only in so far as to enable them to appreciate a girl's desires and pleasures. Their attitude is much more: "Oh, mother's had her good time, now it's my turn," and prefer their mothers to mend their stockings, press their frocks and arrange their parties, etc., than that they should accompany them and attract equal, if not more, admiration. On the other hand, although I believe that daughters are jealous of their mothers, I believe that jealousy exists equally on the mother's side. It is hard for a pretty woman of forty to realize that her daughter of eighteen is now entitled to accompany her to most of her parties. She feels young, as young as her daughter, and yet she knows that she no longer is so, and her daughter by her side is the proof. It is rather hard for a mother to have to give place to a young girl's youth and freshness, and that helps to make her inconsiderate and inclined to override her daughter. There is no doubt that this age question is peculiarly difficult for mothers and daughters of to-day, for young people have not yet accustomed themselves to young parents. Traditionally, when a girl comes out her mother retires,

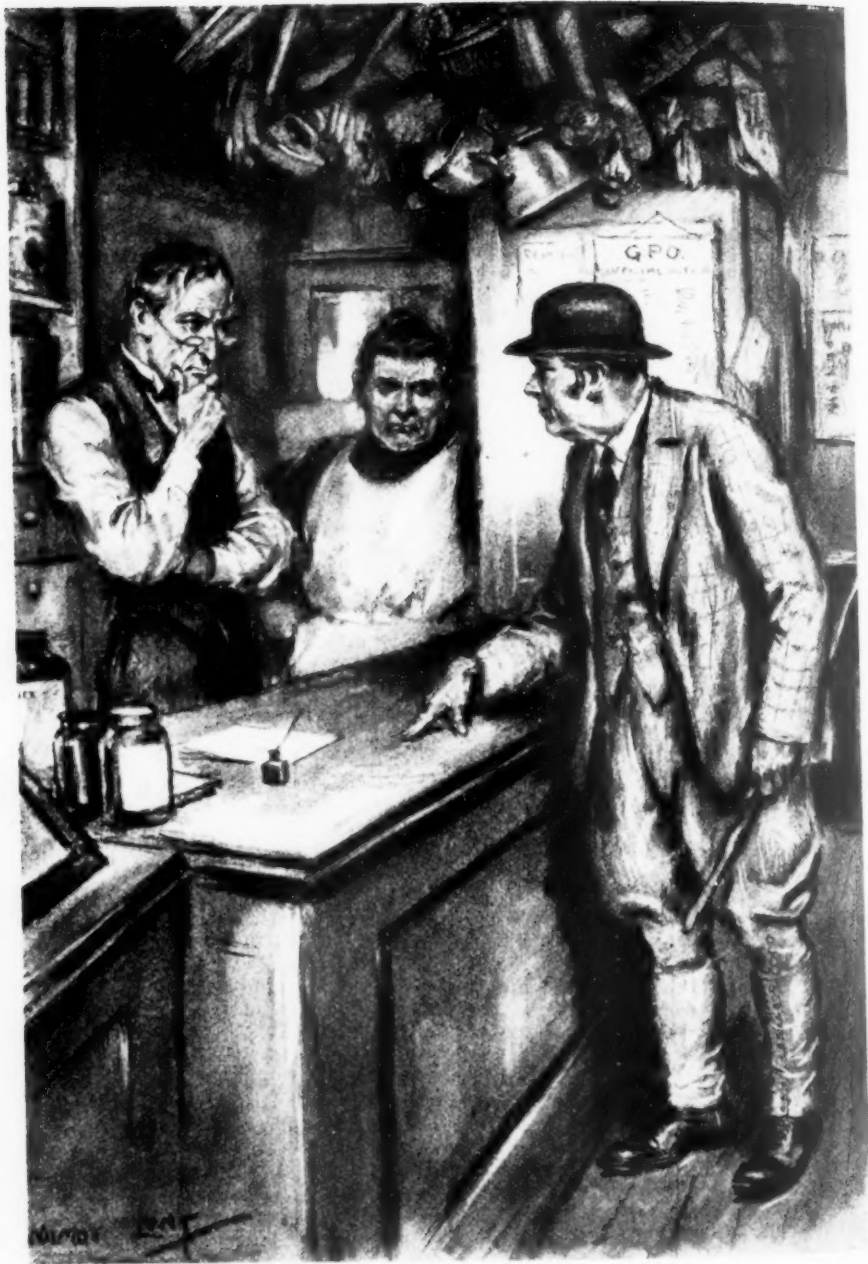
and it being, comparatively speaking, a novelty for a woman of forty still to be attractive, she is determined not to allow herself to be pushed into the background from which she has with so much difficulty escaped. She knows that her sons will encourage her youth, but remembering her own youth she does not feel that she can trust her daughters to behave likewise.

Girls who discourage youth in their mothers are making a great mistake, for it is only by keeping them young that they can hope to retain their sympathy. As we grow older we all tend to become set in our ideas, and the only way to combat that tendency is not to grow old.

Better after Marriage

It is very common when a daughter marries for her to get on far better with her mother than ever before, and I think that goes to prove my argument that it is lack of independence makes the daughter rebel. One mother and daughter I knew quarrelled frequently until the daughter married. The mother made a point of criticizing her daughter's appearance, her manner, her clothes, and her habits, and the daughter was equally frank in her attitude towards her parent. The girl married, and suddenly the mother's attitude completely changed. Where she had complained she now commended. Marriage seemed to have transformed the girl in her mother's eyes, and as the latter's sister said to her one day: "It's a curious fact that Mary had to marry before you discovered that she was a swan. Before marriage you found her a duck, and a lame one at that." This the mother indignantly denied. "I never did," she protested; "but I was her mother, and I was the only person who would tell her of her faults. Now she's married and has a husband, so I've no further responsibility for her. Her husband can look after her, and I don't need to worry." The result is that this particular mother and daughter now get on extraordinarily well and have become real friends.

In conclusion, my advice to mothers is: Try to be a friend to your daughter as well as a mother and so win her confidence; and to daughters I would say: Remember that your mother, in spite of her being your mother, is also capable, provided she is given encouragement, of becoming your best friend.



"'I'll put him in jail for this,' he told Bluey Goodban, the postman, when he called to get the numbers of the five-pound notes"—p. 770

*Drawn by
Wilhelm Lind*

Absalom Sunday

by
MICHAEL KENT

US dwellers in Dunkirk hamlet, we always speak of Mr. Payne as the vicar, though by the rights of it he is curate-in-charge, as I've heard Mr. Shrubsole tell. He has been twenty-seven years here, coming, as I can well recall, when I was rising thirteen, but just beginning to bear a hand about the forge. His wage, according to all accounts, is a hundred and ten pounds a year, which do seem a mortal lot of money looked at all at once, but when you come to reckon how I myself can earn two pound a week and at harvest, being a man what dare meddle with machines, a sight more, 'tis sure a marvel to think how ever he kept young Reg from growing out of his breeches.

Yet I should like to have a bit of what Mr. Shrubsole makes in a good year. Vicar would have more roses in his garden and maybe another set of pipes in the organ. I've figured it all out when I've been blowing for him. They'd stand just atop of old Lord Seele's nose and fit in very pretty. Vicar's main fond of music and roses.

Maybe it seems queer to anyone reading this, if so be one ever does, that I, Reuben Holtham, master shoesmith, blacksmith that can turn his hand to a tin-smith's work and is pretty cunning with clocks, should so demean myself as to blow organ like a youngster what is not yet free of school books and Gaffer Goldack's stick. The way of it was that trouble brought us together, so that, if a common chap can say such about a gentleman that has the book learning of Oxford and Cambridge in his head-piece, we've always been mates.

Vicar, he went back to a lonely vicarage day after I come to a black smithy and a cold forge. I never took wife again, nor will. After that we met often with our flowers for remembrance. Vicar and young Reg and me, all in our black. Young Reg

would be pretty near high as my anvil and fat as a match those days. 'Twas in the typhoid year.

Now first time when vicar had arranged his flowers he traipsed off glum into church and sat at the organ with hands and feet clacking and no sound coming forth, as stands to reason there being no wind in it. It seemed like he was making music in his head for comfort to his heart, poor soul, but there were never a hand at bellows. Young Reg, he'd not got the brawn to pull the handle down, the little shrimp.

So me being in church by chance as you might say, I came forward, which was a mighty foolhardy thing to do by vicar and him pit patting so downcast at the keys.

"Sir," I said, "meaning no offence, if 'twould give you any ease I'll blow."

So I went behind where the great Lord Seele lies in his stone armour, with the name of every organ boy what had learned his letters scratched on his queer hat, while vicar he played so soft and quiet, like pale blue stars coming out dim after sundown, that's how it seemed to me.

It's queer, I can't never get my words to show the rights of it, but there's no gain-saying vicar's a great man and wise and like the prophets of old. If I gave him wind for his music, he gave me healing for my woe. Seems like we each had need of the other.

When it was dark and the cold crept in young Reg he started a tissicking cough and vicar he caught him up afraid like, and so thanking me he went away.

I've not let e'er a soul blow for vicar since.

Well, time come when young Reg grew up. More like his mother he were than his dad, a tall lad, fair and never feared and laughing, a mighty cricketer.

Vicar, he's a cunning man with a bat, but

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me when I hit her she flies, though that's seldom, yet I did break Mr. Shrubsole's glass-house clean as a whistle from the green, which was a wonder to behold and the talk of Dunkirk even to this day.

We had a team then sure enough. Seeling had all its work to stand up to us, and Upwell we beat. That was when Amos Shrubsole was there to bowl. Amos, he's old Jasper's son, and Jasper's been churchwarden here since ever I can remember, a little short cob of a man, very sharp in his talk and quick with his eyes, too. I reckon you'd need eat needle-pie to be sharp enough to get the better of Jasper Shrubsole. "Clipper" folk used to call him, being as everything he touched was clipped, the privet hedge and the yew trees up at Dunkirk Court and his beard likewise, which was dead square like these ancient old Bible kings what vicar's got photographed in his study, Assur Bani Pal and such wonderful sounding names. When Jasper went to church or market he carried a spud stick and clipped the thistles, too. Death on weeds were Jasper.

Talk to him you'd think the world was full of weeds.

As I was saying, we had a rare team and the wonder of all around when young Reg and Amos were there to bowl. But Amos were never there when we went to play away. Reason being he'd never be back at Dunkirk Court in time for milking, and his father never allowed no shirking.

"Work while it is day," said Jasper, "for the night cometh when no man can work."

Not but what Jasper had done right by his son. He had sent him to the college at Exe, where they reckon to teach you farming out of books. Young Reg at that time was going up to Oxford and Cambridge three times a year, being, as I understand, asked there free on account of his scholarship, but in the summer holidays those two young rips was often enough in my forge, seeing they was the same age and both had read more books than anyone in Dunkirk—vicar excepted. 'Twere a sort of holiday like for Amos to get into my forge and gossip with Reg. I've seen those two take trip hammers and drive a two-foot peeler, what we use to bore holes for hedge stakes, turn and turn about, into the floor of my smithy till there'd be no more than a thumb's length showing. Ah, and a rare old time I'd have getting of her out after they'd gone.

Times they'd talk. I call to mind one day

particular. First day Reg Payne came home one summer. It would be the third year he was away.

"Cheerio, son," said he to young Amos. "How's the world treating you?"

"Cheerio, Reg," said Amos. "Oh, things might be better."

Vicar's boy, seeing I was ready for the fire, slips over and lugs down bellows. "Same old trouble?" asks he.

"Same old," answers farmer's son. "It's rather a bore. Wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't been to Exe." He chawed at a straw what he'd got in his mouth, and from what I could see of his eyes I reckon he was glad of the dark. Mind you, the lad was but rising nineteen, and that's a time for a bustling life and gladness. Up at the Court he saw it trickling sure away. "I'm never let off the chain, Reg," he said.

I will say this, for young Amos, I never heard him whine but to Reg, who was his pal. Shrubsoles were ever a stiff-necked sort.

"Oh, brisk up, old lad!" said young Reg as hearty as you please. "I'm fixing up for the matches to be played at home nearly all the time I'm down. We'll have the time of our lives skittling 'em out, and I'll give you a hand with the cows."

But goodness knows, it wasn't a matter of cricket matches. Young Amos never went with his father to market nor yet had any say in the farm, for old Jasper was main set in his ways and wouldn't understand that boys grow up and the world don't stand still. 'Tis mortal strange how fathers can forget the times when they were young and hot-blooded and eager to be a-doing.

Up at Vicarage things went different. I've been hanging about there to give a hand with his traps often enough when Reg came home. He'd always be up on the box, alongside driver, to get the news as he drove in from Seeling station. Leap clear down, he would, and over garden gate afore the mate pulled up.

"Hallo, stout lad!" he'd say to vicar. "You're looking like a two-year-old," and him a gentleman what knows Latin and Greek and a mort of heathen things.

They'd shake hands quiet and understanding like.

"I've had your study distemp'ered," says the vicar.

That's a greeny yellow whitewash, though it does sound like a sick puppy. I put it on myself for vicar.

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"You old scoundrel," says young Reg, "I'll bet my life you've been cutting down your 'baccy to pay for it."

Then they'd both laugh hearty and me fiddling at the old vicar's roses what he loved, thinking of them bitter days when Reg was a little 'un and went in black, I'd have great joy that time is sorrow's healing.

'Twere a joke in Dunkirk how every first Sunday after Reg came back vicar chose "Christian soldiers" and "The good fight" and suchlike hymns that had trumpets and rolling drums all glorious. Sure as death he'd say to me with a grin like a boy you've give an apple to, "We'll send 'em dancing home with Handel's march and Skippy—oh."

'Tis true it was a merry tune and stately.

Those two then would walk through village with a word to all great and small, behind you might think they was both boys, so long legged and slim they were.

I reckon myself that vicar spoke to Jasper Shrubsole about Amos more than once, but there he might just as well have spoken to Jasper Shrubsole's bull.

You didn't often hear folk laugh up at Dunkirk Court in them days.

Naturally such things don't keep hid. I remember Isaac Sandys, Court wagoner, when he brought their great Prince in for to have a set of shoes, told me of a rare old to do. He'd been at work in barn when Jasper and the lad came in. Isaac he were far side of a load of pig feed and quiet like, binding a broken handle, and never heard them till young Amos began to speak pretty loud and high.

"You're not just to me, father," says he. "I never have a chance."

"Not just!" snapped old Jasper mighty fierce. "No one has ever thrown that charge at Jasper Shrubsole. I've fed and clothed and schooled you," he said, "I pay you a bigger wage than the men, more than you're worth for the work you do."

"Tain't that," said the boy. "I'm worth better work with what I've learnt at Exe and from you. I can do better work. Give me the seventy acres down Purlick. It's sodden and you don't take half off it that you might. Let me work that for you."

"Son," said Jasper with a voice like a worn scythe when you set it to grindstone, "while Jasper Shrubsole walks earth he'll till his own acres."

Terrible set up with himself the old man were. "I'll get out," said Amos; "I'll go

to Canada. There's a land where a man can make a place for himself. Or I'll go into Bishopstone and find a farm bailiff's job."

"Then you'll be no son of mine," said Jasper. "'Tis but to waste your substance in riotous living you'd leave your duty here."

Thereon Isaac came round from behind the load and they give over.

But I reckon it was the boy's mother what kept him in Dunkirk. She were little and frail and kind, and all twisted up with the rheumatics. As old Jasper used to say, "The hand of the Lord be laid heavy on me with Martha all crippled." Saving Amos there was none to lift her into her wheeled chair when she came to church on Sunday. Maybe that made Jasper harder than of nature.

'Twere a queer business and it passes me to say the rights and wrongs of it. "Children obey your parents," they say. That's according to nature, and farmer never asked naught of his son but what was right. Yet the boy were like a colt in stall, aching to stretch himself, and that's nature, too. Maybe the world's like a machine what works straight as a die, yet if there's never any play in the parts something'll snap. You take the gear of a reaper. You can get 'em cut so dead true they'll stick.

Yet, mind you, I've heard Jasper say to a butcher over at the Court buying stock, "That boy of mine'll make the finest farmer in East Brant afore he's done. He's a wonderful fine lad, sir." But he'd never say that to Amos, no nor to anyone who might bring word to Amos neither. Maybe if he had there might never have been the black week at Dunkirk.

A black week it were there's no denying.

It began with Monday. First thing I noticed were sun gone down and never a sound of Amos with his "Come along co-op!" calling cows to milking.

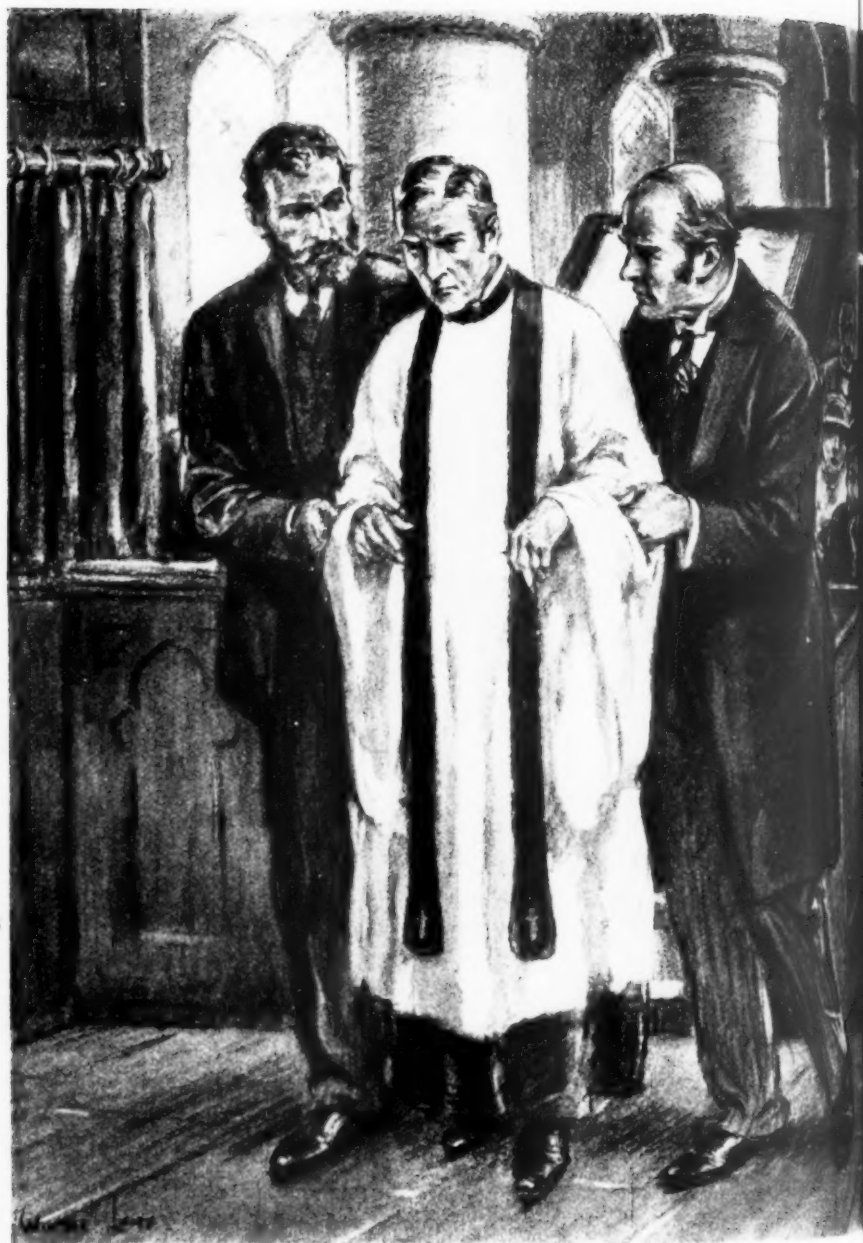
"He's mortal late," thinks I.

'Twere best part of an hour behind when cows came in and Isaac called them up. Jasper, he went by after a bit and never looked right nor left.

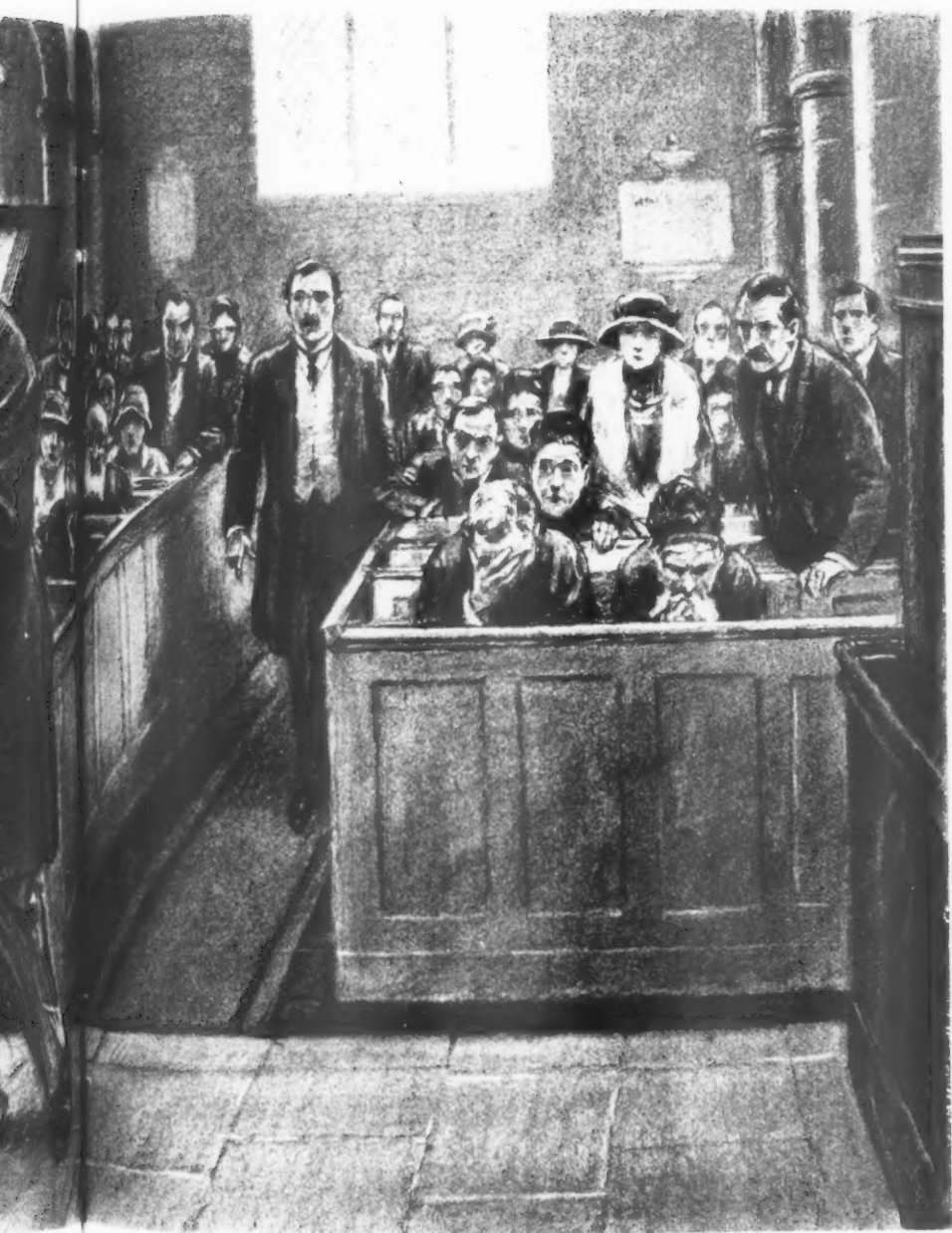
Seems he went to Vicarage, but Amos wasn't there.

Then I heard 'em calling up fields for him. At last it seemed that Bessie Camp what makes butter up Court she found a note from the lad, "I've cleared out. Don't fret, mother. I'll write again soon."

"He can save his trouble," said farmer when he read; "I've done with him."



"Not thinking of my foolhardiness, I came forth and took vicar by the arm. Caffer Goldsack, he took the other, and we led him forth to vestry like a lamb"—p. 772



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They say there was no word spoke in Dunkirk Court the next day bar morning and evening prayers. When old Jasper walked through village the talk died away scared before him. He faced every man with a sort of look as good as to say, "Don't you think I don't dare look you in the face." There's no doubt he took the boy's rash act terrible hard.

Worse came on the Wednesday when he found that the money were gone. He was dreadful to behold. It wasn't the amount. Farmer Shrubsole had no need to worry over fifty pounds. It were the thought that his son what he'd brought up so strict could rob him. 'Twere like a nest of wasps to him.

"I'll put him in jail for this," he told Bluey Goodban, the postman, when he called to get the numbers of the five-pound notes. "But why did he come back and put the money into my hands if he meant to take it out of my desk and cut and run not two hours after?"

Amos, it came out, had been down to post office to cash a money order for his father that Monday. For the matter of that I'd seen him myself going in with young Reg. It was in ten five-pound notes and Bluey, duty bound in His Majesty's service, had taken the numbers. According to old Jasper the boy had brought the money back and counted it over to him all correct. Reg was there too. Two hours later he had gone. Jasper never reckoned on his son doing such till he went to his desk on Wednesday morning.

"I've begotten a waster and a thief," said old Jasper. "A curse is on me."

No one dare speak to him, not even the vicar. Young Reg went up to Court and inside as was his custom with nary a knock, but no one would see him. Poor Martha Shrubsole was nigh stricken to death, not that she believed Amos had taken the money, but on account of Jasper's temper.

I reckon young Reg wasn't least pleased to get away. Friends had asked him to the other side of Bishopstone to play cricket. He stayed close by his books as a rule, young Reg, but once in a while he'd go away. He reckoned on being home Saturday night, to read lessons for his dad. He weren't. I kept an eye lifting. Anyways, there ain't much falls in Dunkirk what I don't see. A smithy at cross roads looking across to Dunkirk Arms and the post office on the Green, why it's the very middle of the earth so to speak. He weren't in by

eight o'clock, and then I see Peter Iddens, what's police sergeant over at Seeling, drive over in his dog cart to Dunkirk Court. He comes out pretty sharp and farmer with him. They drove down t'other side Green, picked up Bluey and off they set with that there high-stepping mare they used to have at Seeling police station.

Going on for nine the mare comes back bringing old Jasper, and, spite of the late hour, there was a terrible lot of folk still up guessing what doings were afoot. Yet much as they reckoned they never came near the direful truth till Bluey Goodban came trudging up lane after nine o'clock had gone. He'd started back afore the dog cart, and seemingly it had passed him in the Seele Arms.

"Terrible tidings," said he to us 'uns, running up. "Vicar's son's in lock-up, and who's to tell vicar?"

"'Tis a lie," said I.

"I seen it," said Bluey. "Detained at Seeling and now on his way to Bishopstone. He'll be up before magistrate on Monday morning," and he told us all the sorrowful story.

It were beyond me to gainsay it, though, thinks I, the vicar will. I ran down lane to him. There were a light in his study, and he came out hearing my steps.

"I've been wondering what's happened to Reg, Reuben," said he. "I expected him by half-past seven."

"Well may you wonder, master," said I, and then he seen my face.

"An accident!" he said. "You've heard?"

"Worse than that," I says, and then, seeing what he thought, for the terrible look flashed on his face like a wisp of wind ablowing standing corn, "No, no, it ain't so bad as that."

"Come," he cried, trying for to be kind and yet terrible eager to hear, "Tell me, Reuben."

"They've put him in jail for stealing Farmer Shrubsole's money," I said. "Bluey Goodban says they took him at Seeling station and put him in Bishopstone jail."

Vicar laughed. "They don't know Reg," he said, very quiet and haughty.

"But hearken, master," said I, and told what tidings Bluey had brought; how, going away on Wednesday the boy had put down a five-pound note for his ticket at Seeling station. It had been one of the stolen ones, but that hadn't come out till it was reported from the Bishopstone bank that the station-master had paid the money

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into on Saturday morning. So it appears that the Seeling police were making inquiries at the booking office just when Reg came back and fell into their hands. Station-master don't see too many five-pound notes up at Seeling, and naturally he remembered who'd paid it in. Then Jasper called to mind how young Reg had been there when he got the money from Amos and put it in his desk. Lastly, this were terrible black against him, he had two more of those notes in his case when he came to be searched.

"I must go to him," cried vicar. "They must let me go bail."

"There's not another train," I said.

Then all of a sudden he turned into his study, me following, and lolloped like a sack into his chair. "My son, Reginald!" I heard him say. "My son, my son!"

You'd never have known how hard that evidence had knocked him else. When Bluey told it I reckoned it were lies.

"We're all wrong," I said. "But vicar'll know."

And vicar couldn't see no more than we. Only he kept his face very set and stern, and once as we talked he gave a little shiver like you'll see a horse do when it passes a place where a body has lain, a shiver all over, very pitiful.

"Reginald, my son," he said.

Sarah Price came through from kitchen and tried to get him for to take some tea, but he just sat with his fists clenched looking at nothing. Every now and again he'd ask a question.

"When did Mr. Shrubsole find out?"

"Wednesday," I says. "He never looked for them notes after he put 'em away till then."

Then after a bit said he "What does Jasper Shrubsole say?"

"He says 'twas sure someone done it privy to his boy's going away and thinking Amos would get the blame and no questions asked. He says it were black treachery to cast the blame on Amos, and he'd have no mercy on him."

After that vicar sat quiet for a long time till it flashed on me sudden like as 'twere Saturday night.

"Oh, master," I says, "to-morrow—I'll take word round as there won't be no service."

He sat up very straight. Most pitiful it were to see him try to hold himself so. "Has church ever been shut in my time on Sunday, Reuben?" he asked.

"Never, master," I said. "But this—Flesh and blood won't stand it."

"I serve my God and my people," said vicar, speaking like as it might have been a king. "Do not try to stop me, Reuben."

Our hearts became as water, Sarah's and mine. We see there was no gainsaying him, so terrible stern he spoke.

So we bided a little while, and only the clock ticking in the corner and me breathing heavy. I tried terrible hard to think of something to say about the afflicted, but reckoned it was over bold to speak of such high things to vicar, so at the last I just gave him a grip of the hand and away without word said, and Sarah, I got her out, too. Seemed to me he was best alone.

That were near half-past eleven and I'd never been up so late since Diamond Jubilee.

When I went forth his head was in his hands.

It came to me at dawn. There was no doubt the poor lad had done it. Vicar could never give him money enough to keep pace with his gentlemen friends. It was a sore temptation.

I reckon everyone had settled it in their minds when they came to church, and many were so taken unawares when they heard first bell that they'd hardly time to get ready. Consequence there was a terrible rush at third bell, and William Stent for one hadn't changed his boots.

Farmer Shrubsole and his lady they came in in pretty good time. I reckon Jasper wouldn't let folk think he'd not dare look vicar in the face. No daring e'er made Jasper turn aside, a hard, just man that had no pity.

But Martha Shrubsole there was like a shrivelled infant all tied up with her distress.

So service started.

Since vicar played the organ we never had a piece in front; only he just comes out of vestry and wires in straight away to "The wicked man." There were no hymns on the board. He played the chants, though. Me standing in my little place for blowing, I could see between the pipes and under Lord Seele's great chin right into the Court pew.

Then just before we come to first lesson there came a kind of stir in the church. Folk sometimes kind of nudge and shuffle if there's a flittermouse fluttering in roof, or maybe Mrs. Goodban's hat and wig slewed caterwise, which is most terrible queer and tickling. It ain't hardly sound nor yet

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sight, but all the same you feel there's something going on.

I felt that, then I see young Elizabeth Youall pointing out the lesson to her mother. Sharp's a whippet I turned it up. Then I saw how it was the death of Absalom and David weeping for him. I said in my heart, "The Lord keep the master this day or it will sure break his heart."

He started as he had been smitten when he caught sight of it. Jasper, he sat up straight with his hand on the pew back in front of him, as if it give him joy to see another man suffer as he himself. But Mrs. Shrubsole she tilted forward as much as she might and hid her face with her twisted and swollen hands all doddering, as her heart was doddering too, poor soul.

The vicar read, telling how the two messengers came to the king, one in pity and one in pride, that Absalom was dead.

Sometimes his voice were fearful to hear. "The enemies of my lord, the king, and all that arise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is."

There he swayed and set a hand on the desk. I very near came forth, "For pity's sake, stop," I says.

Farmer Shrubsole sat at his place, bright-eyed and grim.

Then vicar went on. "And the king was much moved and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept." He set both hands on the desk and his grip made all his knuckles white and shiny like old bone. "And wept," says he, slow and quiet, like as if he were talking, not reading. "And as he went thus he said, Oh, my son Absalom—my son—my son Absalom. Would God that I had died for thee. Oh, *Reginald*, my son, my son!"

All were aghast at vicar's mistake, but he stood stock still like one frozen, and looking out I saw the concourse white and scared and Jasper Shrubsole had his head bent on his hands.

"Twere a terrible thing to see.

Not thinking of my foolhardiness, I came forth and took vicar by the arm. Gaffer Goldsack, he took the other, and we led him forth to vestry like a lamb. It was more than flesh and blood could do to go on. We had hardly set him down when the door opened.

It was Jasper Shrubsole.

"For pity's sake, stay out," I said, and barred his way. "Vicar's stunned. 'Tis no time for you."

"I must speak," he cried. "I'm an evil

man set up in my pride, and my son has suffered for it. I must tell vicar that I sorrow with him and understand. Go forth," he said. "I've forgiveness to ask and to make amends to God's minister."

"But you believe my boy has done evil," began the vicar, astounded at the change in the man's heart.

"I've done evil, too," said Jasper. "Proud of my righteousness and a scoffer at love. My justice has driven my own son out. It's my sorrow and shame. Whatever the rights of it my justice shall not ruin your son, too."

Vicar looked up.

I'd not seen Jasper Shrubsole look thus since he went a-courting. "Twere plain those two must talk. I went into church.

"Twere pretty nigh empty, though folk enough outside. Poor Mrs. Shrubsole stayed, as needs must till carried to her chair. Bluey Goodban he come up aisle to her with a letter.

"Regulations is for Monday delivery," said he, "but being at Seeling with Mr. Shrubsole last evening, ma'am, I took occasion to call at post office and found this. Thinks I she'll be at church Sunday and save my legs on Monday morning."

"Dear heart," cries Mrs. Shrubsole with a queer little squeal, "'tis from Amos!" Then she whispered to herself, "I can't burn it never read, Jasper. It's too much to ask."

She opened it, all twittering like she were doing evil, and she read.

"Sunday midnight," said she in a voice like a child, and all her face what was wizened with what she'd borne looked bright like a child's, too. "Oh, Jasper, Jasper, come to me quick!"

Her voice'd never carry through vestry door. So seeing her so beside herself I took her in my arms as she'd might be the infant I'd never forgotten, and with her waving the letter in we went.

Vicar and Jasper sat at vestry table talking very earnest.

"But I must make restitution," vicar was saying as we went in.

"Hearken unto me!" piped little Mrs. Shrubsole. "'Tis wonderful news. Though you told me never to read a letter of his, Jasper. I'm glad I did. Hearken to this." She read the letter from Amos. "'My dear mother, when you get this I shall be on the steamship *Colossal*, nine hours out on my way to Canada. We sail at midnight on Sunday. Do not worry for me, mother,

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dear. I am off to a land where there is a chance for a young man who knows his work and is not afraid to get down to it. In a few years' time father will hear how I've got on and understand. Maybe then I'll come home to you or you will both come to me and everything will be all right. I hate leaving you, but I had to. Please tell father that I bear him no ill-will. He always acted square according to his lights, but he couldn't understand.

"When I went I reckoned on cashing my post office savings at Seeling, but I got the wind up, thinking people might talk, and if father found out there would be a scene; so I nipped back and took the fifty pounds which I had cashed for father that morning. I will pay him back from my post office money as soon as I can get it fixed. If only father were not so stubborn I would never have gone, but I look forward to coming back soon after proving that I am worth his confidence and, perhaps, living all together happily in dear old Dunkirk. From your loving son, AMOS."

"But the money!" cried the vicar. "Amos says he took it."

"Midnight to-night," said Jasper sharply. "And we can get to Southampton under three hours by car."

"Why, Jasper, why?" asked Mrs. Shrubsole, quivering like an eager terrier, for I'd never thought to set her down.

"I want to ask his pardon and to ask him to stay and take over the stock at the Court," said Jasper. "The farm is getting more than I can do." He turned to the vicar. "Sir, I am glad," he said. "But for your reading that showed me what a father and a son might be each to the other, and what I ought to have been myself, I would never have known, and now comes this letter making all clear."

The vicar smiled. "It's very good of you," he said. "But—the numbers of the notes—my son—I don't understand."

"Nor I, sir," said Jasper, and he laughed like a boy. "Only I know my son's no liar. Bishopstone's on the road to Southampton. We'll drive sharp into Seeling and get Dan Twyman's car; then as we go through Bishopstone we'll call and see."

"Charge withdrawn," says the inspector at Bishopstone. I heard this from young Reg himself afterwards. "Some friends to see you, Mr. Payne."

There was his dad and Jasper holding out their hands to him.

"I've had a letter from Amos and I'm sorry for what I did, my lad," said the farmer.

"Impossible," said Reg. "He'd not write before he sailed."

Then they told the wonderful things that had happened, and how but for his arrest the letter would have been burnt and never read at all, and how they were going to beseech Amos to come back and take his rightful place at Dunkirk Court.

Reg laughed. "Then that frees me," he said. "I've been buying his kit for him from my scholarship money, and he gave me those notes in payment for what I had spent. It was on the Monday. He had just cashed your post office order, and he took the notes from your roll and not from his own savings. When he saw what he'd done he put it right from his own note-case. That was how I had the notes that the post office paid to your order. I'd have told you before, but it meant giving his plans away."

"Splendid!" said his dad. "Now come with us to Southampton and persuade that young friend of yours to stay!"

They ran it pretty close coming back. I don't know what Peter Idden would have said to see that car coming down Seeling hill. But they were back in time for evening service.

Amos was aboard. I'd got to the bell ropes, but, bless your heart, one tang of the bell and all Dunkirk was swarming like a hive. Good news flies like flame.

"We will sing," says vicar afore ever he started service, and I knew from the stops clacking something was afoot. "We will sing 'Now thank we all our God.'"

By jimini, didn't us 'uns just rattle that there roof!



Every year the marvellous tale comes back to me at Absalom Sunday, and so I now make bold to write it down.



Our Unhappy Spinsters

The Frank Confession of A Modern Woman

ALL around me I find that mothers are putting before their young and growing daughters one idea.

That idea may be expressed briefly in these words: "Earn your own living. Sacrifice everything in order to make yourself efficient in the labour market. If marriage comes to you, well and good. But you may not marry, and you must make yourself self-supporting."

These are not the words that any mother would use, because, with few exceptions, mothers do desire, however vaguely, that their daughters shall find their happiness in marriage and motherhood.

Theory and Practice

But there is a wide divergence between the theories of mothers and their practices, so wide that, however high their hope of marriage for their daughters may be, few modern mothers give their girls any training in housewifery arts, and very little direct encouragement to think of marriage as their natural and happiest vocation.

So far back as twenty-five years ago, when I was a very young-hearted girl of fifteen, I was reminded constantly by my parents that I should have to earn my living. An enormous reaction set in towards the end of Victoria's reign against the foolishness of parents who left their unprovided-for daughters with no means of earning their living.

The tired, inefficient governesses, the lady-helps and lady-companions, drifting from one position to another until, in their old age, they ended in almshouses or work-houses, had produced that reaction, and mothers, in the days of better education for women, were determined that their own daughters should not be flung on to a callous world with no means of earning their livelihood.

That reaction remains, only it is more deeply accentuated. Many articles are written with the object of proving that the modern unmarried woman is perfectly content with her life, and that spinsterhood has so many actual advantages that many

women would not exchange their loneliness for wedded companionship.

Glad to be Single?

Middle-aged unmarried women will tell you with a gallant smile that, after all, they are really rather glad that they did not marry. Teachers point out to young girls the splendid opportunities open to women in the commercial, artistic, and professional worlds. But is the modern spinster happy? Is she content with her life? Does she not at times look a little enviously at the busy mother who has no time for intellectual pursuits or amusements such as she herself can enjoy?

As a modern spinster of forty, I am going to answer these questions.

I do not remember if, as a very small child, I ever dreamed of a fairy prince who would capture my heart. I do remember that as soon as I went to school I was encouraged to look forward to the time when I should earn my living. Little expeditions to the kitchen on baking days were forbidden because they interfered with homework. Even in holidays parties were not encouraged. My upbringing was too widely surrounded with love and tenderness to be considered austere; but in all the years of my girlhood I was persuaded to read Latin rather than to sew, to study mathematics—for which I had no aptitude—rather than to make cakes, to look upon an office or a school rather than a home as my inevitable destination.

Independence at Twenty

I began to earn my living soon after the age of twenty, and for the first ten years I was happy. I liked my independence. It was delightful to me to be able to spend my own money. I was interested in my work. I had many friends. I enjoyed the Continental holidays I was able to have each year. Meeting women I knew who were struggling hard to keep up appearances in small houses with two or three babies, I felt glad that I had not married. I believed quite sincerely that I was not

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"cut out" for marriage, and although I liked being with men, and had very many men friends, there was never the least touch of romance in such relationships. I was a modern young spinster earning her own living, and I revelled in the fact.

The Second Decade

The second ten years brought many changes. My parents died. I found myself in London without any relatives. One of my brothers was killed in the war. The other had gone to Australia, where he had married. My only sister, also married, was living in Scotland.

For a time I lived in boarding-houses, and then, finding that I had enough money to furnish a small home, I decided to take a flat, where I could live more freely and comfortably than in a boarding-house, and where, too, it would be possible to entertain my friends.

Let me remind you that tens of hundreds of women live in such a way in London. For, when the first freshness of extreme youth has gone, when the radiant carelessness of the twenties has departed, there comes a longing for a little home, be it no more than one room, where one may be surrounded with one's own possessions.

And then, very gradually, so gradually that the feeling may not be defined for some years, there comes also the consciousness that a home for one can never be a home in the complete sense of the word.

Unless a woman has made a marked success for herself, so that she is able to keep her place despite all kinds of competition, she begins, when she gets to be about forty, to be a little uneasy about her position in the labour market.

The Uncertain Future

If she is just an efficient, carefully experienced secretary or buyer in a big shop, or a teacher in a non-State school, or a professional musician, but undistinguished by brilliance, she imagines—is it only imagination?—that her employer or her public looks at her a little critically. Her future is uncertain. In any reduction of staff she may be included because she is in early middle age. Concert agents may hint delicately that there are so many promising young women eager to perform, that it is difficult to secure engagements for—well, for someone not quite so young.

And for the first time, perhaps, the very modern spinster will regret that years ago

she did not form a life companionship which would have protected her against loneliness, if not against actual want.

She thinks of little Mrs. Smith, who has had such a hard time. They lost their money during the war. One of their children died from scarlet fever. There was trouble over a son. Mr. Smith's salary was reduced at a time when they had every reason to expect an increase. But Mrs. Smith would say quite cheerfully:

"We have been rather up against it, but when there are two of you, it doesn't seem to matter so much. John and I have shared everything—troubles as well as joys, and as long as we are spared to each other, I think we can face anything."

At the age of forty, in an excellent position which I may or may not be able to hold for another ten years, mistress of a very attractive little flat, with many good friends, I would cheerfully sacrifice my independence and freedom to be in the position of little Mrs. Smith.

At Forty

At forty, one has not the buoyancy of twenty. If you are knocked down by one of life's blows at forty, you do not rise quite so easily or so unconcernedly as you do at twenty, or even at thirty. You know that life can be incalculably cruel, and you long with passionate intensity to find someone with whom, in an enduring companionship, you can face things together.

And then comes the tragic knowledge that your appreciation of the values of life has come too late. What do you know of the arts of a wife? You could not make a boiled pudding or roast a joint. You manage to darn your own stockings, but could you undertake household mending? You can housekeep for one, but could you keep house for two, and would you be of any help in sickness? You would have to tell the doctor that you could not take a temperature or make a poultice—if poultices have survived the developments of modern nursing.

Moreover, your long years of independence, your struggle to make good, have given you a surface hardness which does not in the least represent your softness of heart. But to men you probably appear a little brusque, a little aloof, perhaps, even against your inclination; just a little masculine so that men will say of you not "What a splendid wife she would make," but "What a jolly good pal she must be."

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Besides, nearly all the men of about your own age are married, and those of them who are still bachelors would be more likely to take to wife some younger woman.

So at forty you find yourself regarded as a successful business or professional woman, who has made a good, brave thing out of life, content with her lot, when, underneath the mask of gaiety and pride, you would give your all to have the love and the companionship of a Mr. Smith.

Is there any remedy against this pitiful awakening to the fact that one has missed the best in life? I think so; but the remedy is not one that can be applied to middle-aged women. It must be applied long before they are forty.

The Loveliest Relationship on Earth

I should like to ask all mothers of growing girls to encourage them in the belief that marriage is the loveliest relationship on earth. I should like to see mother and daughter interested together in all the little arts of the home: in cooking, sewing, nursing; in the care of furniture; in shopping; in looking after children—where such an opportunity exists. I should like a mother to teach her girls that there is nothing undignified in looking pleasing in the eyes of men, or in learning how to be charming and interesting companions for men as well as for women. I should like mothers to interest themselves in young men and make them welcome at the house; and this care for a daughter's future need not interfere with the training that is given her to equip her as a wage-earner in the years or the months to come.

If such a care is given, eventually you will not have in this country so many women who find how deeply feminine they are only in middle age.

In France mothers have discovered how to give their daughters that admirable training in housewifery for which the French are famous, as well as to fit them for some career. And what is the result? An astonishingly small percentage of middle-aged spinsters.

In England there must always be some unmarried women, for the proportion of women to men in the population is superior. But what of the Dominions? And would it be of any use for a middle-aged Englishwoman, knowing nothing of the arts of home, to emigrate to Canada, or Australia,

in the hope of finding a life-comrade on some lonely farm or homestead?

The thoroughly domesticated middle-aged woman would probably find a place for herself in the physical and spiritual suns; but, if I may again become deeply personal, what use should I be in a country that demands that its women should know, not the art of book-keeping, but the art of the home?

What does the future hold for women like myself? I see before me the long years stretching out into a limitless plain of loneliness, without husband or children; I see my health impaired, my work gone, tragedies that must be faced alone. I see acquaintances who are glad to accept the pleasant hospitality of my home vanishing when they know that I am living on my meagre savings in some tiny room in an apartment house. And, looking back, I wonder if, had I been given a domestic training, had I been taught to regard marriage as my vocation, I should not now be a happy wife, not immune from suffering, but immune, so long as God willed, from loneliness.

A Better Life Overseas

And, so thinking, I might add one word more to mothers: "Send your daughters to the Dominions." The boys, adventurous by instinct, brought up to believe that they must mould the world in its farthest places, will go of their own accord. But the girls must be made to know that there is an England beyond the seas which can give to women a better life than so many of them can ever know here: sunshine and kindness, and a living free from that terrific competition for which they were not emotionally or physically ever intended, and, to crown all, marriage and motherhood.

A sacrifice for parents to make, I know. Were I a mother, perhaps I too would be selfish, and long to have near me the daughter I loved. But I do not know. I think that had I been blessed in a happy married life, I might desire, above all things, that my daughter too should have the same full and joyful happiness, and in my old age it would surely give me a more real satisfaction to know that she were happily wed, ten thousand miles away, than to see her bravely facing a lonely future in the country of her birth.

Felicity Leaves Home

by

Jermyn March

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

FELICITY DALE is the embodiment of the country mouse—beautiful, good, but buried in the heart of the country without a chance of incident or opportunity. It comes as a veritable godsend when her old school friend, Camilla Kelthorpe—a brilliant society girl—descends on her, and proposes that they should change places for a month or two.

The prospect of some weeks in town—halls, parties, theatres—is an entrancing one to Felicity. It seems she has nothing to offer in exchange—but possibly the proximity of the seat of the Montraverses, to which Sir Peter Rainham, a brilliant K.C. and confirmed bachelor, is a visitor had something to do with Camilla's generosity. Whilst she is paying her call on Felicity and fixing up the details of the proposed exchange, Camilla makes the acquaintance of George Bassett. There is some mystery about this man, who is working a small holding near the Dales' cottage, and Mrs. Dale does not allow Felicity to become acquainted with him—a ban which, however, does not affect Camilla, who is rather interested in him.

It is at Lady Montravers' that Camilla meets Paul Vanderlee, a celebrated portrait painter, whose diabolical cleverness is as well known as his success with the ladies.

When Camilla arrives at Elm Tree Cottage, she renews her acquaintance with George Bassett, and becomes very interested in him.

CHAPTER V

Calling on Old Friends

CAMILLA woke to the soft twitter of birds in the thatch above her window.

For a moment or two she lay still in her little, narrow bed, wondering where she was, and blinking sleepily at the dark rafters slanting over her. They were within touch of her upraised arm as she lay. Then, remembering, she turned lazily towards the open window. The pale, early-morning sunlight lay in patches upon the time-worn mat that carpeted the uneven floor, and outside, under the thatch, the confidential chirping continued busily.

"Shut up, you noisy little wretches," muttered Miss Kelthorpe unappreciatively. "Do you think that anybody wants to listen to you at this hour?"

Ten minutes later she decided that it didn't matter much whether the sparrows laboured under that delusion or not; for the farmyard on the other side of the wall was waking up. A cock crowed persistently. His challenge was caught up and echoed by a distant rival, and he repeated it with throaty vigour. Ducks quacked sleepily,

and an unhappy cow, separated from her calf, started once more the plaintive lowings which night had stilled.

Camilla tried to go to sleep again, but it was quite impossible. It was so long since she had stayed at Elm Tree Cottage that she had forgotten this insistent summons to early rising. Did the young man with the sombre eyes and the surprisingly illuminating smile sleep through it, she wondered? Perhaps he didn't want to; it might be that he was up already. Did Felicity always manage to sleep through it?

The question brought a sudden reminder; she raised herself on her elbow and looked at the watch beside her bed. It was past six o'clock.

Of course, Felicity didn't attempt to sleep through it. There was work to be done before breakfast. Felicity always took her share in the dusting and sweeping of the downstairs rooms, so as to leave Elspeth free to get the breakfast ready; and last night Camilla had been very firm in her decision to fill Felicity's place as far as possible, and not to be a burden to the little household.

It was all going to be rather fun, she thought. Elspeth had smiled grimly and

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incredulously at her request to be called at the same time as Felicity usually got up; but she would now prove to Elspeth that there had been no need for that unbelieving smile.

With a resolute jerk she sat up, flung back the bedclothes, and swung her feet to the floor just as a tap at the door heralded Elspeth with early-morning tea.

Felicity, it appeared, had contracted the Spartan habit of rising early without it, but:

"I thoct mebbe ye'd be liking a cup, Miss Cameella," Elspeth said.

"How nice of you, Elspeth!" Camilla drank it gratefully. "You didn't expect to see me up, did you?" she added, with a note of triumph.

"Ye're no that far yet," remarked Elspeth dryly; "and I dinna ken why ye should fash yersen, Miss Cameella. 'Twill be work ye're no accustomed to, and I can varra weel mak' oot wi' me ain pair o' hands."

She cast an indulgently disparaging glance at the visitor sitting on the edge of the bed, her slim feet thrust into black satin mules with high heels, a soft silk dressing gown flung over the filmy night-dress that left her shoulders bare save for a narrow strap of lace and ribbon.

Camilla, though grown from a mischievous tom-boy into a luxurious butterfly of a girl, was still the "Miss Cameella" whom she had once scolded and kept in order. She was also, in Elspeth's eyes, entirely incompetent. How could she be expected to be anything else? Did she *look* as though she could do a hand's-turn of real work? Elspeth would have dismissed the idea with kindly scorn.

Half an hour later she set her self-constituted assistant to work, and found her, as she had expected, entirely ignorant of the very rudiments of household work. Camilla's idea of dusting was an airy flick which merely shifted the dust in a little cloud to settle comfortably down on something else close by; and her well-meaning handling of a broom was calculated to get the least possible results. But she was enthusiastic and teachable; and presently the grim Scotswoman chuckled silently as she heard the sounds of mats being vigorously shaken outside the door to the accompaniment of the latest jazz tune, whistled in cheerful jerks.

Camilla came into breakfast with a sharper appetite than she usually brought to that meal; or was it that Elspeth's

scones, crisp and golden, would have tempted even a dyspeptic?

"Our country air has already given you a colour, my dear," Mrs. Dale said. "I always say that Felicity's a wonderful advertisement for it. I only hope that she won't lose hers in London."

She sighed a little plaintively. Although Felicity had gone with her full consent and approval, and although Camilla—with her first-hand knowledge of contemporary art and politics and her fund of amusing gossip—was an entertaining companion, she wasn't going to relinquish her gently martyred attitude—that rôle of self-sacrificing maternity, which she felt highly necessary at the moment in order to keep her position in the centre of the stage. For she was too intelligent not to realize that Camilla, however attentive and thoughtful she might be, wouldn't be likely to accord her that position quite so unswervingly as Felicity did.

The post arrived at that moment, bringing a batch of letters for Camilla, forwarded on by Miss Wilmot. Several were invitations—one to a theatre, another to a river picnic; but there was one which was addressed directly to Elm Tree Cottage, and bore the local postmark. Camilla put this aside and read the others first, on the principle of the child who keeps the choicest sweet in the box for the last.

"Felicity will enjoy this," she said presently, and read the gist of one of the invitations aloud. "You see, they ask Miss Wilmot, too, and they'll be quite as pleased to have Felicity as me. They're very amusing people, and she'll be sure to like them. Mrs. Dale, I *do* so want Felicity to have a lovely time!"

"That's very charming of you, my dear," Felicity's mother said, "and most unselfish, too, to find pleasure in thinking of someone else enjoying the gay times you might have had yourself."

She spoke with a caressing emphasis. Mrs. Dale was a great admirer of unselfishness in the abstract, though it was a virtue which she never practised herself. For after all, somebody must be obliging enough to accept other people's sacrifices, or half the world's occupation would be gone!

"I'm afraid you'll find it terribly dull down here," she went on. "Felicity and I have grown accustomed to it, but . . ." She left her sentence unfinished, excepting by a resigned and effective little sigh.

Camilla looked up from the last letter,

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written on crested notepaper, in a small, angular handwriting.

"Here is one invitation, at least, waiting for me down here," she said lightly; "an invitation to dinner, and it's from the people who've taken Barstead Grange. They only settled in last week, didn't they? But they're old friends of mine, and they knew I was coming down here on a visit. I think you'll like them."

"Ah, yes; their name is Rainham, isn't it?" Mrs. Dale was only mildly interested. London people, when they came down into the country for peace and quiet, weren't generally much addition to the social life of a neighbourhood. "I gather that the son won't be here very often," she added. "His work is bound to keep him in London."

"Still, you'll find her very nice, I think," Camilla persisted cheerfully. "I suppose you'll call on them, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; I shall call," Mrs. Dale agreed. "But there it will end, I expect. Anyway, the Grange is nearly a mile from here, and of late years I've seldom felt strong enough to venture beyond the garden."

Camilla made no comment on this. She had never been able to gather that there was anything organically wrong with her hostess; and she knew that her own people had always declared that Mrs. Dale's delicacy was partly an interesting pose, adopted in the first instance in order to extract the utmost possible solicitude and adoration from her big, chivalrous husband. No doubt that she wasn't a constitutionally strong woman; but Camilla, fond as she was of Felicity's charming mother, strongly suspected that her confirmed invalidhood was largely due to self-indulgence and long habit.

So she merely remarked that Mrs. Rainham had asked her to dine on Saturday night, if her present hostess would spare her, and that the Rainhams' carriage would fetch her and bring her back. To which Mrs. Dale graciously returned that she would look forward to hearing all about the interesting people who would probably be staying at Barstead for the week-end.

Camilla, however, secretly hoped that there might be no one else there excepting Sir Peter. A little *diner à trois* would be much more intimate and to her liking.

Later, she cleared away the breakfast while Elspeth was still doing the bedrooms, and had already started on the washing-up

when the old servant arrived downstairs again.

"Tut, tut!" Elspeth ousted her peremptorily from possession of the sink. "And a fine mess ye'll be making o' yerself, Miss Cameella, let alone of my clean kitchen. An it's work ye're after, there's the raspberries to be gathered, if ye can be trusted no to eat mair than ye gather, and I'll be wanting some asparagus."

Camilla, full of zeal, felt that she was being ignominiously put off with jobs suited to her inferior capacity; but she assented meekly, and went out into the garden armed with a basket and a knife to cut the asparagus.

"Near the wall, in the back garden," Elspeth had said. What on earth did asparagus look like when it wasn't cooked and on your plate? She realized, with a gurgle of laughter at herself, that she hadn't an idea. Was it a root which you dug out of the ground, like potatoes? She lacked the courage to betray her ignorance to Elspeth, so she walked slowly up the path, humming a quaint, lilting negro melody, and making careful investigations among various patches of vegetables, which proved to be disappointing when stray specimens were pulled up and examined.

Then a voice from over her head greeted her suddenly.

"Why, if it isn't Miss Camilla, surelie!"

Camilla, bending hopefully over a patch of carrots, straightened herself and looked up. A beaming, wrinkled visage was peering at her over the wall from among the lilac-shrubs.

On the other side, as Camilla knew, the ground sloped up into a bank, and nothing grew on that bank except the lilacs and—in spring—a few crocuses. Therefore Mrs. Neale must have climbed it for no other reason but to look over into the cottage garden. It was obvious that Bassett had gone home and told his housekeeper about their meeting, and she wondered what he had said about her. She herself intended to say a good deal about him when she wrote to Felicity. It was absurd to dismiss the man off-hand as socially negligible. She doubted if either Mrs. Dale or Felicity had even seen him as she had seen him last night, or had exchanged more than a brief word or two with him. They simply weren't in a position to judge of his qualifications to be accepted on a friendly footing.

Not that Camilla had any intention of running a tilt against her hostess's preju-

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dices; good manners and diplomacy alike forbade it. But, at the same time, if she could contrive to see more of her intriguing neighbour next door without Mrs. Dale's attention being unduly focused on her proceedings, she meant to do so. He piqued her curiosity, arousing that strong bias in her nature towards the mysterious or the unattainable.

It was that bias which had attracted her to Peter Rainham, who, if he wasn't exactly mysterious, had certainly the reputation of being unassailable where women were concerned.

Be it observed that there was oddly little sentiment in Camilla's obstinate hero-worship of the famous K.C., although she wouldn't have admitted it. In fact, she had almost managed to persuade herself that she was in love with him, her belief being assisted by the fact that she had never been in love up to now, and that she had always thought it would be an interesting experience.

The experience, however, such as it was, didn't prevent her being interested in other people—in Paul Vanderlee, for instance, whose personality affected her rather unpleasantly, and in George Bassett, who presented an enigma which struck a curiously sombre note, suggesting something not unlike tragedy.

Now she put down her basket and went close under the wall, reaching up to shake the knotted fingers that were extended down to her, after a preliminary wipe on a checked apron.

"So you haven't forgotten me, Mrs. Neale?" she returned the old woman's greeting.

"Not I, missie." Mrs. Neale beamed more broadly than ever as the old name slipped from her. "I'm not one as forgets old faces, nor old times neither."

"They were good old times," Camilla said smiling; "at least, for Felicity and me."

"Ah, Miss Felicity . . . !" A cloud passed over the old woman's face. "She's grown out of the old memories and away from her old friends."

"Oh, I'm sure she hasn't, really!" Camilla hastily defended her absent friend. "I know she was very grieved indeed when dear old Mr. Bassett died."

"Ay, he was a terrible loss, he was that," Mrs. Neale said with lugubrious relish. "Oh, I'm not saying as things haven't changed in every way in these parts, Miss Camilla. There's Mr. George now, he's

different to what his uncle was. Not that he isn't a good lad . . . but he's *different*, that's what he is."

Camilla nodded in silent assent to the obvious fact. It was on the tip of her tongue to ask *why* Mr. George was so different, but she found the question a difficult one to frame; so, instead, she remarked that, so far, everything seemed to her to have altered very little, "even to the gap in the hedge where the pigs came through last night," she added lightly. "Elspeth hasn't altered," she added, "nor have you, I expect. Do you remember, when we'd been extra tiresome and mischievous, how you always spoil the effect of all Elspeth's scoldings by petting us disgracefully? Which reminds me"—she lowered her voice to a whisper, with a backward glance of mock alarm directed at Elspeth's kitchen door—"for Heaven's sake, Mrs. Neale, tell me! what does asparagus look like when it's growing? Because I'm supposed to be cutting it now."

Mrs. Neale chuckled appreciatively as she peered over the wall and indicated with a stubby forefinger a patch of tall, feathery sprays not two yards away.

"It looks for all the world like yon," she remarked, her little eyes twinkling; "*that's* sparrer-grass, Miss Camilla."

Then, as Camilla, with a sigh of relief, fell to work upon the patch, she descended from her perch on the other side of the wall and went back to the house, repeating over to herself with renewed chuckles: "What does it *look* like—*sparrer-grass*? Did you ever hear the like? Bless her! Don't they ever see what's under their noses unless it's pointed out to them?"

This was not a fault that could be laid to the charge of Elspeth.

After Camilla's hostess, that afternoon, had retired to her room for her usual rest, Camilla announced her intention of going over next door to see Mrs. Neale, and considerably inquired if Elspeth wanted anything from the farm.

Elspeth, after a moment's thought, discovered that if Mrs. Neale could let her have another half-pound of butter, "she could do wi' it."

For all her agitation over last night's porcine raid, Elspeth had been neither blind nor deaf to the little interchange of courtesies between Camilla and their next-door neighbour. She knew that Mrs. Dale wouldn't have been best pleased if it had been Felicity who had shown such informal

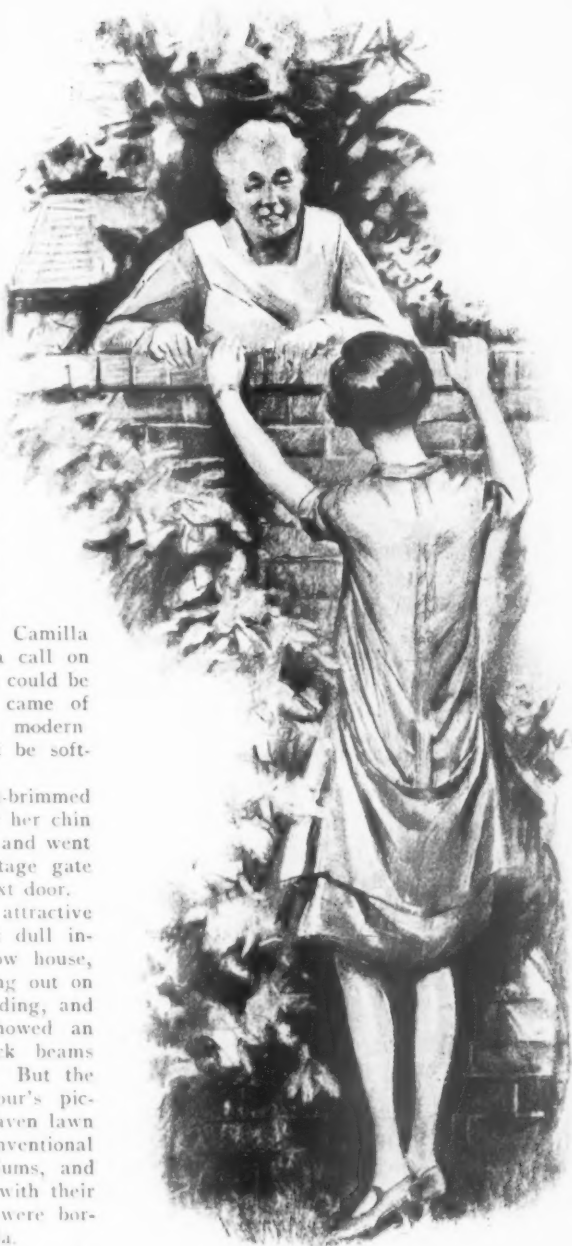
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friendliness; but, in this respect, Elspeth didn't happen to see eye to eye with her mistress. Beneath her brusque exterior, Elspeth successfully concealed a lurking sympathy with youth and its needs. In her opinion, two elderly women were but sorry company for a "bit lass"; she "cudna" see that Miss Felicity need be ony the waur for occasionally passing the time o' day with a decent, well-spoken young man." Less conservative than her mistress, she saw no harm in a mingling of classes with-in reason. Young Mr. Bassett came from respectable, old-fashioned stock; none of your upstart city-folk—clerks and tradesfolk and that ilk. Elspeth stoutly dismissed the possibility of his presuming above his station; and so she was ready enough to provide Camilla with an extra excuse for a call on Mrs. Neale. If the mistress could be got to see that no harm came of "Miss Cameella's" more modern ways, her prejudices might be softened a little.

So Camilla put on a broad-brimmed straw hat and tied it under her chin with a green velvet ribbon, and went gaily out of the little cottage gate and in at the bigger one next door.

Barstead Farm was attractive enough outside, for all its dull interior. It was a long, low house, with two short wings jutting out on each side of the main building, and the whole upper story showed an elaborate timbering—black beams against the white plaster. But the garden lacked its neighbour's picturesqueness. The close-shaven lawn was edged by a narrow, conventional belt of daisies and geraniums, and its two round flower-beds, with their stiff, standard rose trees, were bordered with straggling lobelia.

It was a garden without a soul, missing the inspiring hand of a true garden lover. It gave Camilla a feeling of desolation.



"So you haven't forgotten me, Mrs. Neale?" Camilla returned the old woman's greeting.

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The housekeeper opened the door in answer to her ring.

"I've been sent for some butter, Mrs. Neale," Camilla said smiling. "But I've really come to see *you*, and to sit in your kitchen and hear all the news of the village. Are you too busy, or may I come in."

"Why, sure*lie*, Miss Camilla."

Mrs. Neale moved hospitably aside, and then, with surprising agility, stooped down and caught up a small blue Persian kitten that was tentatively edging its way between her and her visitor.

"Ah, the naughty little thing!" she exclaimed. "Trying to get out in the road again, are you? She's that venturesome, Miss Camilla, as you wouldn't believe, and I'm always in mortal fear of some dog getting her."

"Oh, give her to me!" Camilla cried, extending eager hands to the soft bundle of fur. "What a pet of a kitten!" She stroked the tiny creature caressingly, while it stared up at her with wise, inscrutable eyes that were just beginning to lose their baby tints of blue for the orthodox amber of the breed. "Venturesome infant!" she said softly. "You have my sympathy. The world one knows is always so terribly dull compared with the world one doesn't. Mrs. Neale, tell me"—her voice held the ripple of laughter that had made George Bassett think of a woodland stream—"has everything at Barstead contracted the exploring habit? Doesn't anything *ever* stay at home in its proper place?"

"I'm sure I can't say, missie."

Mrs. Neale, leading the way down the narrow, brick-floored passage, was slightly flustered. To-day, of all days, the master of Barstead Farm *had* elected to stay at home. Whether, at the busy time of hay-making, it was his proper place, was certainly a question. But the question which troubled Mrs. Neale was whether, under the circumstances, it was *her* place to entertain Camilla in the kitchen without letting Mr. George know that she was here.

In the old days life had presented no such problems. Miss Camilla, as a long-legged, shock-headed little girl, had gravitated naturally to the farmhouse kitchen, where any thrilling surprise might be expected—from the delicious skimmings of homemade jam, to a basketful of newly-hatched chicks or ducklings wrapped in flannel.

Camilla, now, quite unconscious of her

old friend's perplexity established herself as a matter of course in the old wooden rocking chair, and wondered what was checking the usually voluble flow of Mrs. Neale's conversation. She tried, unostentatiously, to guide it in the direction she wanted, but the housekeeper had very little that was enlightening to say on the subject that was secretly obsessing them both—the absent George Bassett. Without descending to direct questions, Camilla was able to learn nothing whatever about this anomalous young farmer whom the whole neighbourhood seemed to have accepted unquestioningly for what he certainly *wasn't*.

She gave it up at last, and was just thinking of demanding the butter and departing homewards, when a brisk footstep sounded down the passage.

CHAPTER VI

George Bassett

"A H, it's you, Miss Kelthorpe!" As Bassett paused in the kitchen doorway, his grave, sunburnt face lit up in a way that gave Camilla a ridiculous feeling of guiltiness at having been caught, as it were, pumping his housekeeper about him in his absence. Yet she found herself liking his smile tremendously. He leant against the kitchen table talking to her, accepting her presence there, without any fuss, as the most natural thing; oh, yes, his manner was distinctly good. And she liked the gentleness of the long, brown hand that lightly teased the sleepy kitten as it nestled against her arm.

Mrs. Neale bustled out of the kitchen to fetch the butter; and while she was gone Camilla remarked that she had always thought the kitchen at Barstead Farm was like something out of an old picture.

It had escaped the terrible Victorianizing from which the rest of the house had suffered, and, with its plastered walls and beamed ceiling, was pure sixteenth century. There were rows of great hooks on the beams, some of which still upheld the late owner's old-fashioned gun, while home-cured hams and bunches of herbs and strings of dried vegetables hung from the others. There was a huge old baking oven and a cavernous hearth, and the red-brick floor was matted with patchwork rugs, while a gleaming warming-pan decorated one corner of the room, and a loud-ticking grandfather's clock another.

"It's out and out the most comfortable

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and cheery room in the house," Bassett said. "As soon as I've settled down a bit, I mean to carry out a lot of alterations to the place. It could be made awfully nice, don't you think; or don't you know the rest of the house?"

Camilla answered that she had been in the dining-room.

"The best parlour," he corrected her gravely. "I believe it's been called that for centuries. And certainly, as it stands at present, I don't see how one could possibly call it anything else. Be honest now, and own it!"

"Well, it wasn't very attractive, from what I remember of it," Camilla admitted.

"It's a living tomb—a mausoleum of nineteenth-century atrocities," the proud owner said crisply. "So's the whole house, as a matter of fact. I wonder"—he hesitated—"would you care to see over it, or would it bore you? I'd rather like to show you what I thought of doing in the way of restoring and improving it."

Camilla said that she would be immensely interested, and together they proceeded to go over the whole house, from cellars to attics. A faint smell of apples—stored in one of these last—and a general mustiness that came from perpetually closed windows, pervaded all the upstairs rooms, excepting Bassett's own, whose windows were wide open.

As he flung open the door, Camilla's quick glance took in the impression of a disorder which wasn't habitual to the room. A couple of packing-cases stood in the middle of the floor, one of them still half full of the books which were stacked in little piles among the confusion of straw and paper. The chest of drawers, four-post bedstead, and a couple of chairs were heaped with miscellaneous articles: a silver Georgian teapot and cream jug, a stack of framed prints and photographs, a worn leather jewel-case, some old Sheffield-plate candlesticks, a flounce of lace—altogether a curious medley.

"Rather a mess," Bassett said apologetically. "I've been putting off unpacking these boxes ever since I returned to England. They came from my old home."

"Oh! and I'm interrupting you in the middle of it, and being an absolute nuisance!" Camilla exclaimed.

"Indeed, you're not. I came down to get a duster, and heard your voice, and was thoroughly glad of the interruption. This is always rather a depressing sort of job.

I haven't an idea of what I've got here, and almost everything I've come across so far has brought back memories of things that it only makes one sad to remember. Can you pick your way through all this mess? I want to show you a big cupboard in the wall which I thought of turning into a bathroom. One could make it open into the passage on the other side."

Camilla followed him over the rustling straw and crumpled paper, and, having inspected the cupboard, paused as she turned away to glance at a little pile of pictures on the chest of drawers close by.

One was an etching of part of Magdalen College, Oxford, and she picked it up to examine it. Then, as she laid it down with an admiring comment, her eye was caught by a large unframed photograph of a girl, dressed in the fashion of some years ago.

Camilla stared at it almost incredulously; first at the face, exquisitely sweet and dreamily wistful, then at the name, signed beneath it in full, in a big, black handwriting, and the date—eight years ago.

The same face which had smiled down at her from the easel in Paul Vanderlee's studio looked up at her now from that mahogany chest of drawers in the bedroom of an old farmhouse.

The same face—but with a difference. This presentment of Rosamond Cressitor owed nothing to Vanderlee's ruthless analysis. The "appearance of a strayed angel" was here, and nothing further.

It wasn't a bought photograph; the simplest calculation told Camilla that it had been taken several years before Rosamond Cressitor went on the stage and her photograph became more or less common property. This one had been given personally to George Bassett or his people by the woman whom Vanderlee had painted; the girl whom Peter Rainham had loved.

But where would a nephew of Simon Bassett's ever have had a chance of meeting this girl under conditions that made the gift of her photograph possible? Camilla pondered the question with acute curiosity.

She didn't put that curiosity into words. In the Chelsea studio a week ago she had commented and questioned without hesitation on Vanderlee's portrait of the same sitter. This afternoon, that curious intuition of hers—born of her Highland blood—bade her keep silence.

She turned away; but as she turned she saw that her companion's glance had followed hers, and his expression stiffened

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into the blankness that tells of an unwelcome surprise. Clearly, he had not as yet examined the little heap of pictures separately. She knew that for the moment he had forgotten her presence in the room, forgotten everything but those memories which he had spoken of as saddening.

A flicker of pain passed across his face, succeeding the blankness, and was followed by a sudden hardening of eyes and sensitive mouth. He made a quick movement as though to take up the photograph, but checked himself.

"When I'm gone," Camilla said to herself, "he'll come back here and tear that photograph across and across. I wonder why I feel so sure of that?"

In imagination she saw his strong, lean hands whitening at the knuckles under the pressure which mutilated that artistic camera study into meaningless strips. She could see it as clearly as though it were happening before her eyes.

They went downstairs again, where Camilla collected her half-pound of butter and had a few more words with Mrs. Neale. Then she took her departure, Bassett accompanying her to the gate.

They were standing there together when a victoria and pair came down the road. Camilla recognized the claret-coloured liveries at once. Mrs. Rainham never motored unless it was a question of making a quick journey; and her high-stepping grey horses were well known in London during the season.

As the carriage passed Camilla waved and smiled, and at once a parasol was brandished and a peremptory order was called out by the sole occupant of the carriage, which brought the spirited horses to a standstill after some plunging and scattering of dust. Camilla ran out into the road.

"So that's where you're staying, my dear?" the older woman said, leaning forward to shake hands with her.

"Oh, no; I'm next door," Camilla answered, smiling, and then hurriedly, with a feeling of inexplicable self-consciousness, started to explain her presence at the farm.

Mrs. Rainham glanced past her at the half-timbered front of the farmhouse.

"I adore these old black-and-white houses," she said. "Such a pity that they're nearly always wasted on the kind of person who can't in the least appreciate them."

"They're also often terribly inconvenient

inside," Camilla said. "The owner of this one has just been dilating to me on its drawbacks. I'll introduce him to you, and you can tell him how much you admire the outside, at least." She turned back from the carriage door towards the gate by which she had left Bassett, impelled by a mischievous desire to watch Mrs. Rainham's face, when, instead of seeing the "kind of person" to whom she had just alluded, she found herself confronted with the young man from whom the Dales bought their butter and eggs.

But her late companion had disappeared. Camilla looked impatiently towards the house; there was no sign of him.

"Your friend is evidently shy," Mrs. Rainham laughed. "He has fled at the sight of me."

"I shouldn't have thought he was shy," Camilla said slowly, and with a touch of surprised vexation in her tones.

For after all, her action had only owed half its inspiration to a mischievous spirit. She looked upon George Bassett as in some sort a "discovery" of her own, and she had felt that the discovery would gain added value when once the seal of Mrs. Rainham's fastidious approval was set upon it. That approval might also mean a good deal to Bassett himself. Mrs. Rainham was unconventional as well as fastidious. If a man or woman pleased her, their social status weighed very little with her, and at the Grange he would meet congenial people who would help to dissipate that unnatural loneliness which Camilla sensed so acutely about him.

Altogether she was thoroughly disappointed when, after waiting a moment or two, the carriage drove on without the introduction having been effected, and left her standing in an undecided fashion in the roadway. As she hesitated whether or not to go straight home, leaving her good-byes to her late host still unsaid, he came round the corner of the house and down the path towards her, carrying the kitten.

"Ah, why did you go off like that?" she reproached him. "I wanted to introduce you to my friend, and let you hear how much she admired your house."

"Very kind of you," Bassett said; "but Mrs. Neale's kitten followed us out, and I had to catch it. She gets so desperately agitated the moment she misses it."

"Tiresome little thing," Camilla said lightly, and added, "that was the new tenant of the Grange, Mrs. Rainham."



"Camilla turned away ; but as she turned she saw that her companion's glance had followed hers, and his expression stiffened"—p. 783

*Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills*

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"Yes, I know." Bassett's voice was perfectly expressionless. "I've seen the turnout before, in the village."

But he didn't express any regret for having missed making the lady's acquaintance. The omission was so marked as to be almost a breach of good manners. Did he want her to understand that he preferred *not* to know his neighbours? She would have found the idea difficult to reconcile with his friendliness towards herself if it hadn't been that, for the moment, that friendliness seemed to have utterly vanished in the most inexplicable way.

The man who had played with the kitten and had afterwards discussed so eagerly with Camilla Kelthorpe the possibilities of his old house, had been a different man from the one who stood now looking sombrely at Mrs. Rainham's friend, while the kitten impatiently wriggled under the restraining hand which made no attempt to tease or caress it.

That curiously cynical, defensive expression which she had noticed on his face when he spoke to Felicity, had settled there again, overshadowing and dispelling the charm which she had since seen in it.

Camilla bade him a constrained good-bye and returned to the cottage. But the two things which kept recurring to her mind again and again during the succeeding hours were neither her meeting with Mrs. Rainham, nor even a certain gratifying piece of information which the latter had dropped as to Saturday's dinner-party. Yet, the fact that Sir Peter was coming down for the week-end, and that no one else had been asked, should have given Camilla quite a little food for pleasant thought.

Instead, she was obsessed by an almost angry curiosity to know why George Bassett's expression had altered so suddenly, and what part Rosamond Cressitor had played in his life.

It was extraordinary, when she came to think of it, how the trail of that young woman seemed to be over everything that interested Camilla most at present.

CHAPTER VII

A Moonlight Excursion

THE next morning Camilla's good resolutions as to making herself useful showed no weakening. They had even gained an added zest since yesterday.

Everyone at some time or other has ex-

perienced the sensation of waking up to a feeling of pleasant expectancy, of realizing vaguely that something has happened since this time yesterday which has made the world a rather more exhilarating place than it was.

Camilla, as she banged the sitting-room mats outside the back door and appreciatively sniffed the aroma of coming breakfast, had already reduced that vague feeling to concrete terms. She was meeting Sir Peter on Saturday, and the occasion was to be marked by an informality which made it twice the event it would otherwise have been. Naturally, she was feeling exhilarated! It was exceedingly good to be alive, and to be shortly meeting the man who attracted you more than any other. . . .

At this point, Mrs. Neale's voice next door, calling in agitated tones for the kitten, disturbed the current of her thoughts, switching them off with surprising swiftness in another direction. Her mind revisioned a soft grey bundle of fur lying on her arm and watching with gleaming round eyes a long brown hand that feinted and drew back and then came near enough for little sheathed paws to deliver soft defensive pats.

There was always something nice, Camilla told herself, about a man who was fond of animals, as George Bassett seemed to be. His later solicitude, too, for the kitten's safety, had pleased her; though it would have pleased her more if she hadn't suspected that he had, for some unexplained reason, deliberately sought an excuse to avoid Mrs. Rainham. That puzzled her still. There didn't seem any reason for it, still less for the sudden change in his manner towards Camilla herself. The only possible solution could be that he was a man who disliked the society of his fellow creatures as a rule. Such misanthropes often had a pronounced love for animals, and they were also apt to make exceptions, where human beings were concerned, in favour of a select few.

In that case, she had been wasting her pity on his apparent loneliness. He could, no doubt, get all the society he wanted, if he *should* happen to want it. Since he had known Rosamond Cressitor, it was to be supposed that he had once moved in the same set as the Cressitors; and, surprising though the fact might be in connexion with a nephew of blunt, plain old Farmer Bassett, there was certainly nothing in the young man himself to make it seem incongruous. If there had been, Camilla wouldn't

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have thought of introducing him to Mrs. Rainham.

She wished now that she hadn't tried to. If he really disliked meeting people, he would probably regret his friendliness towards herself as not being worth the risk it entailed of having her friends foisted on him.

Would he give her a wide berth in future? Camilla finished shaking the mats in a rather less exhilarated frame of mind and went back into the house. She was still going to dine out on Saturday, to meet the man whom she most wanted to see—the *only* man she really cared about seeing (she repeated this to herself with some emphasis); but somehow just a little—a very little—of the glamour had been brushed off the perfect summer morning.

Mrs. Neale was still calling the kitten, and she paused in the doorway to listen, wondering whether Bassett would go out and help in the search. In that case, she hoped vindictively that the perverse little animal would give him any amount of trouble to find it. Since he had the bad taste to prefer animals to human beings, it would serve him right. And if the kitten chose to climb over into the cottage garden, she wouldn't trouble to return it . . . unless, of course, for the sake of the old housekeeper's peace of mind.

That day she saw nothing of him; and it was impossible, of course, to know whether work, or a wish to avoid her, were responsible for keeping him out of the way.

While she was weeding in the garden after lunch, she had a chat with Mrs. Neale over the wall, which ended in her going round by the farmyard gate to see the small calf, whose bereaved mother was still rending the air with her long-drawn plaints. She lingered a little, afterwards, to play with the kitten, but Bassett didn't put in an appearance.

The next day, however, she met him. She had been for a long ramble in the lanes, and had gathered an armful of the creamy meadow-sweet which broke into swaying foam on all the high banks. She was returning home by a short cut through the fields, when she came face to face with their owner. It would have been quite impossible for him to avoid meeting her, even if he had wanted to. She had just climbed the stile out of one cornfield into another, and when he came up to her along the narrow pathway, between the rustling cornstalks, she was resting for a moment

or two on the topmost rung, experimentally nibbling an ear of corn. She held it out to him with a little laugh that rang quite creditably.

"The old dishonest habits hold good, you see," she greeted him.

"And the same brazenly honest admission of them?" he queried, smiling.

But if Camilla's gaiety was the least little bit forced, his was transient. Both were still overshadowed by the untoward end of yesterday's visit; and Camilla would have given a good deal to be able to translate the young man's expression as he leant against the post of the stile and stared at her, not rudely, but with an inquiring concentration. Was he saying to himself: "Here's this confounded girl again"?; or was he, perhaps—her pulse quickened unexpectedly at the thought—regretting the fact that she wasn't a solitary person like himself, whose friendship might be indulged in without the fear of any other invasion of his privacy? Restless under his gaze, she rushed again into hurried speech on nothing in particular.

"I've been for a tremendously long walk," she said; "right round by the old mill and past Barstead Grange and on through Furze Woods, and so here. Not bad for a Londoner, was it?"

"Quite five miles," he commented with due gravity. "But"—he hesitated a moment, then—"if you went by the Grange," he said slowly, "I suppose you broke your tremendously long walk by going in and having a rest?"

The flicker of a smile had touched his lips as he emphasized the "tremendously," but it left his face with a curiously tense expression as he waited for her answer.

"No, I didn't!" She refuted the accusation triumphantly. "Why should I? I wasn't a bit tired; and, anyway," she added swiftly, moved by a sudden impulse, "Mrs. Rainham's not the kind of person whom you 'drop in' on, if you know what I mean. I've known her for some years now, but I don't suppose I shall see very much of her while I'm down here, in spite of the fact that she lives so close by."

"But you're dining with her this week, aren't you? Didn't I hear her call back, as she drove off yesterday, that she was sending the carriage for you at seven?"

"That's not till Saturday," Camilla said.

He flushed darkly under his tanned skin.

"Not till Saturday," he repeated, and drew a long breath, staring at her until her

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eyes wavered under his, and a faint colour mounted to her own cheeks. "Till Saturday, then, I may expect to see you sometimes."

It wasn't so much a question as a comment, and the fact struck her with an added puzzlement at his curious behaviour.

"Of course," she said lamely. She slipped from her perch and stood beside him. "If you want to," she added, trying to infuse a note of lightness into a conversation that was threatening to become disturbingly serious. "But it rather sounds as if Saturday would be the limit of your endurance of my society."

"Or yours of mine?" he suggested, with no answering smile.

"Well, one would think that you expected one or the other," she retorted. "Shall I promise to tell you if the limit of my endurance is reached by then?"

"No," he said; "there'll be no need for you to tell me that. But if it isn't"—he gave a short, cynical laugh, as one who implied a most unlikely contingency—"if it isn't, will you promise to tell me, in that case?" He looked straight down into her eyes as though he wanted to read the very soul behind them, and Camilla nodded assent. She couldn't understand why he was so very much in earnest about it; but the man's personality dominated hers to the extent of checking her first impulse to treat his request as a joke. She gave him her promise with a gravity that matched his, and held out her hand to seal the bargain. He took it and held it in his grasp an appreciable moment longer than he need have done before he dropped it.

"To-day's Thursday," he said. "That leaves two almost clear days."

"Well, neither of us are likely to be overburdened with each other's society in that space of time," she remarked. "You've got your work, and I my hostess to attend to."

He nodded.

"And taking into consideration," he added quietly, "that Elm Tree Cottage and Barstead Farm aren't on visiting terms, officially—"

Camilla interrupted him with uncomfortable haste.

"Which is perfectly idiotic, of course," she said; "but then, invalids like Mrs. Dale so often don't care about making new acquaintances."

"Oh, exactly." He was quick to relieve her from the embarrassment of a defence which both knew to be a polite fiction.

"What do you do in the evening?" he asked abruptly.

Camilla answered that her hostess liked to play one rubber of Canadian bridge, and then to read until bedtime.

"She always goes to bed at ten," she added, "and Elspeth soon after. But she doesn't mind my sitting up downstairs as late as I like, if I promise to turn all the lamps out before I come upstairs. Last night I went out into the garden for a little; the moon was lovely."

"It will be even more gorgeous to-night," Bassett said; and added, "there's a simply wonderful view of the country to be got either by moonlight or sunlight up on the hill behind the farm, where the old barn stands. My father told me about it years ago. He used to spend a lot of time by himself there when he was a boy and rather at loggerheads with the rest of the family. Will you come out again to-night and let me show it to you?"

The cool audacity of his request left Camilla, for the moment, without an answer.

To slip out of the house late at night to meet someone of whom her hostess didn't approve . . . could she? . . . dared she? . . . did she really want to?

She played uncertainly with her sheaf of meadow-sweet, then lifted her eyes to meet those dark, compelling ones which demanded insistently the answer which was so slow in coming.



That night she stood beside him out on the hillside by the old barn and watched the moon swing slowly clear of the big clump of trees below, and, rising high in a sky of dim soft blue, transform the sleeping world into a fairyland of sheeted silver, on which the shadows lay like black velvet.

They talked of many things as they stood there. He told her of wonderful tropical nights that he had known, and of his life in the East. She told him of her own life, but only in brief snatches, deep though his interest seemed to be; for, always, as in the days when Othello won the heart of Desdemona on a Venetian balcony, the talk of a man and a maid beneath the moon is apt to be very one-sided talk, and it is the woman who listens.

Camilla had listened to many men in the moonlight, and in many divers places: the deck of a ship in mid-ocean; the shaded recesses of an old garden, while the strains

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of dance-music throbbed in the distance.

Most of her companions had made love to her, or tried to; and in some cases she had been a little flattered, in others she had even felt a trifle sentimental as she listened. But always there had been a touch of impatience in her attitude. Their most passionate protestations woke so little echo within her, it was a relief when they came to an end.

But George Bassett didn't make love to her either in words or actions. He never attempted to touch her, excepting once, when she shivered a little—a shiver born of some vague, subconscious excitement, for it was a warm night, with only the lightest of breezes. Then he was at once gravely solicitous, insisting on her wrapping her cloak more closely round her, fastening it himself at her throat with a deft lightness of touch that left her barely aware of the fact that his arm was round her while he did it. But she didn't really need the cloak; she was curiously conscious of some hitherto unknown force which was enveloping her as she stood there, holding her in its unseen folds, seeming to transmute the cold, clear radiance of the moonlight into a glowing warmth that coursed throbbing through her veins.

She didn't attempt to analyse her feelings. Honestly fancying herself to be in love with Peter Rainham, it never entered her head to wonder whether, had Sir Peter been standing beside her, she would have felt as she was feeling now. Later she said good night to her companion outside the cottage gate and sped, velvet footed, up the path between the pale ghosts of the flower borders that made such a riot of colour in the daytime. Slipping the key



"She went to the window to draw the curtains, and saw that Bassett was still where she had left him"

cautiously into the lock of the front door, she let herself into the little dark hall, and closed it softly behind her. The old stairs creaked a little as she tiptoed up them. The moonlight was pouring into the window of her bedroom, and, having lit her candles, she went to the window to draw the curtains, and saw that Bassett was still where she had left him—a dark, motionless figure, standing sentinel by the gate until she was safely indoors.

He moved away now, vanishing quietly into the night, a creature of mystery, of whom she knew nothing, save what he had chosen to tell her; a man who wasn't ac-

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cepted by some of his neighbours, and who himself shunned others. And with this man she had been foolhardy enough to go, alone at night, to a place out of sight and sound of any other human being. . . .

She caught her breath with a sudden gasp—not at her own foolhardiness, but at a newborn doubt as to the light in which it might have appeared to him. Then, as she undressed and slipped between the lavender-scented sheets, her momentary dismay died down.

"He wouldn't misunderstand," she told herself confidently. "Other men might, but he wouldn't. He's much too straightforward and clean-minded to think anything like that."

But it was some time before she fell asleep. And her dreams were haunted by a girl with angel eyes and a childlike mouth, who stretched out little clinging hands that would not be shaken off, though Camilla herself tried desperately to detach them from their hold.

And the man to whose arm she clung wasn't Sir Peter Rainham. This man had a lean, hawklike profile, etched clear against a moonlit sky.

CHAPTER VIII

Camilla Dines at Barstead Grange

CAMILLA put on her green frock when she went to dine at Barstead Grange; but, for once, she wore no jewellery at all, save a thin gold chain, set at intervals with cloudy chrysoprases.

Mrs. Dale had particularly asked her to leave all her really valuable ornaments in London. She said that the idea of housing such precious things in her small, wayside home frightened her. A thief could so easily break in, if it once got known in the village, as such things have a knack of being known, that one of the three women under that thatched roof had been seen wearing pearls and emeralds that were worth a small fortune.

So Camilla, feeling that in any case they were inappropriate at present, had left them all behind, and had only brought with her a few paltry trifles that were of no particular value.

A dispassionate scrutiny of herself in the glass, however, told her that to-night she had less need than usual of extra adornment.

Mrs. Dale was undoubtedly right in her

idea that the country air suited her guest. Already, in this one short week, the sun had tanned Camilla's naturally pale skin to a warmer tone, through which the heightened colour of her cheeks glowed most becomingly. It seemed to the girl, too, that her eyes were brighter and that the tint of their changing hazel was deeper.

"Early hours and no excitement," said Camilla approvingly to herself.

For after all, you couldn't count the hour as late until midnight had sounded; nor should strolls in the moonlight with a young man whose behaviour could scarcely have been *more* discreetly respectful be considered unduly thrilling.

"And *no* excitement," Camilla repeated firmly as she caught up her cloak and went downstairs and out to where Mrs. Rainham's luxurious little brougham awaited her.

The drive to Barstead Grange took less than a quarter of an hour. When she had last entered its grounds, it had been surreptitiously as a schoolgirl, trespassing, attracted by the fascination of an old house that had been empty for years. The dense shrubberies on each side of the carriage-drive had been overgrown and neglected, the ugly, square white house at the end of it had looked inexpressibly forlorn, with its trailing creepers, its peeling walls, and dark, blind windows. She and Felicity, spurred on by legends of an imaginary ghost and a suggestion of mystery that had no foundations in fact, had prowled cautiously round it, peering into such windows as they found unshuttered, thick with grime, imagining all sorts of romances and horrors in the dim, dismantled rooms.

To-night, as she drove up between closely trimmed hedges of glistening laurel and stepped out of the carriage under a snowily whitewashed portico, that old exploring thrill wasn't altogether absent. The possibilities of romance might still lurk behind the windows whose polished glass now reflected back the sunset glow.

The haunting strains of Rachmaninov's Prelude greeted her ears as she was ushered into the drawing-room, and Mrs. Rainham rose from the piano and came to meet her down the long room, which already seemed to have absorbed some of its new owner's personality. It was furnished with little regard to harmony in the periods of the various pieces of furniture, yet the effect was pleasing and essentially comfortable. It was, in fact, a typical drawing-room of

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the late 'nineties, though the large photographs in silver frames which always crowded the drawing-rooms of that period were dispensed with here. The friends whose photographs Mrs. Rainham cherished were few and far between.

"It was lucky, my dear," she said, "that I didn't arrange for Peter to call for you on his way home. He's been over to lunch at Montravers, to meet a client of his—a man who's mixed up in that big Yorkshire will case—and he's only just back. Dinner will be late, I'm afraid."

Camilla made a polite disclaimer of any undue hunger.

"Your aunt had the usual big week-end house party," Mrs. Rainham went on, as they both subsided into the deep arm-chairs which were as restful as they looked. "The Gilrays came to tea and brought a Czech-Slovakian dramatist, who, according to Peter, looked quite civilized and talked quite decent English; also a Welsh professor who didn't do either."

"Was Mr. Vanderlee there?" Camilla asked idly. "No. Tell me, how did you enjoy your tea at his studio?"

"Very much, though there was nobody there but ourselves. But I should hate him to paint me." Her tone was vigorously emphatic. "He seems so sure," she added, "that I should be what he calls an interesting subject. He didn't say 'for my dissecting table,' but I felt rather like saying it for him!"

"Most young women would feel flattered," Mrs. Rainham remarked.

Camilla shook her head.

"That's what Wilmy tells me," she said.

"But even Wilmy is finding Mr. Vanderlee's persistence rather a nuisance. I heard from her this morning, and she says he called at the flat yesterday, and was very disappointed to hear that I'd gone away."

"Didn't your beautiful friend console him at all for your absence?" Mrs. Rainham asked, with a twinkle in her eyes. Camilla's gurgle of laughter was frankly devoid of any petty resentment at the suggestion.

"I feel quite sure that she would have done," she said, "only, as it happens, he wasn't even allowed to know that she was staying there! Wilmy takes her responsibilities very seriously; her letter is deliciously pompous. She doesn't consider that Mr. Vanderlee would, perhaps, be quite the 'right kind of acquaintance for an unsophisticated young girl.' So, Felicity

being out to tea when he called, she never mentioned her to him. Her conscience must have worried her terribly, poor dear, because Mr. Vanderlee was most solicitous about her being alone at night in the flat, when there have been so many burglaries lately, and she couldn't reassure him by saying that she wasn't."

Mrs. Rainham knew Wilmy, and her face expressed keen appreciation of that poor lady's struggles between an almost morbid truthfulness and a sense of her duty towards her charge.

"What did she say?"

"Oh, she managed to convince him that there was nothing really valuable on the premises except the jewellery which I hadn't taken with me down to the country, and which is locked away in a safe in my room. But she said nothing about Felicity sharing the room with it; and she got rid of him before Felicity came home, with a promise to remind me that he was still hoping to have me for a sitter."

"Who is he painting at present?" Mrs. Rainham asked. But before Camilla could answer, Sir Peter came in, and she was saved the awkwardness of mentioning Rosamond Cressitor.

Dinner was announced immediately afterwards, and as they crossed the big, pleasantly lighted hall, with its pots of palms and its Persian rugs, she looked around her with an amused recollection of the day when she had peered furtively through the windows at its empty spaces of gloom and dust. She gave her hosts a brief description of that youthful escapade.

"Camilla, you see, has known this part of the world since her childhood," Mrs. Rainham told her son. "I found her, the other day, renewing an old acquaintance in the shape of an extremely shy son of the soil, who bolted at the sight of me."

Sir Peter's keen, humorous eyes were turned on Camilla with the quick interest that was one of his characteristics. It was so invariably and courteously ready, that it was difficult to believe in its utter and provoking impersonality.

"Are the natives hereabouts as wild as all that?" he asked with mock gravity.

"I never found them so in the old days," she assured him. "But as a matter of fact, this was really a new acquaintance. It was his uncle whom I used to know—old Simon Bassett. The Bassetts have owned Barstead Farm for generations, and the old man was a typical, old-fashioned sport-

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ing farmer. This nephew, who's got the farm now, is quite a different type."

"Bassett?"

Sir Peter repeated the name in his crisp, incisive voice. "I knew a young fellow called Bassett once. His father was a parson. Had your old friend any relations in the Church?"

"I shouldn't imagine so," Camilla said. The recollection of the painting she had seen at Barstead Farm—the water-colour of Magdalen College—suddenly flashed back on her. But, after all, it might have no personal connexion with any Bassett. "Certainly his successor, this George Bassett whom I was talking to, can't ever have been in Holy orders, because he's lived abroad, working on a rubber plantation, ever since he was a very young man."

"Really?" Sir Peter's eyes narrowed suddenly with that glinting concentration which always put a wholesome fear into the hearts of nervous and hostile witnesses. "In what part of the world?"

"Malay, I believe," Camilla answered; and then, as Mrs. Rainham remarked that it couldn't have been a very useful training for English farming, she added, with a curious feeling that she was somehow being called upon to defend her new friend from some vague, undefined charge, "but I gather that he originally meant to go in for land-agency and was trained for it. He didn't tell me why he gave it up."

She was helping herself to salmon cutlet as she spoke, and so she missed the swift glance of startled dismay which Mrs. Rain-

ham threw at her son. Sir Peter's own glance was riveted on their guest as he went on speaking with that pleasant smoothness of tone which, for the first time, Camilla found oddly ominous. The conjectures which she had often entertained as to how it would sound when uttering lover-like endearments were very far from her thoughts at present.

"Did he tell you under whom he studied land-agency? It wasn't, by any chance, a man called Cressitor, was it—a Captain Wyndham Cressitor?"

Camilla stared at him, wide-eyed. The surprise of hearing him mention a name which she had always looked upon as taboo in his presence, took her so aback that it was a moment or two before she realized that she had just been presented with the key to a riddle that had puzzled her.

If Rosamond Cressitor's father had once been Bassett's instructor, of course that would account for his having her photograph; they had been boy and girl together, probably living under the same roof during the course of his training. . . .

And then, before she could answer, Sir Peter, his practised eyes reading her flushed face, went on:

"In that case," he said, speaking very quickly and incisively, "your friend would be the same fellow that I knew. And—please forgive me for what may seem to you an impertinence—but I feel that I ought to advise you, very strongly, that the less you see of him, the better."

(To be continued)

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HOBBIES for MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN

by
Mrs. Sam Sloan



IT is good for everybody to have at least one hobby upon which they can mount and ride away from "their daily round and common task." But it is most essential that the middle-aged woman should have such a "steed" to carry her into the land of other interests than just those of her own household.

Only in this way will she keep herself young in mind and realize the full joy of living. When she turns from her usual daily work to her pet particular hobby, she puts in motion a new set of brain cells, thus allowing the tired brain and the jangled nerves the rest they require before being ready to take up their task again. But in the choice of a hobby the middle-aged woman must remember her limitations if her hobby is really to become a re-creative one.

Perhaps it would be well to define who are the middle-aged women in these days, when even the grandmothers look and often feel so delightfully young. Physically speaking middle age may be said to comprise the years between forty five and fifty-

five, and however young one may look and feel, Mother Nature resents too great liberties being taken by her children of a maturer growth.

Active Hobbies

Golf—For and Against

Probably golf is the hobby which universally claims the most devotees—and rightly so, because it combines exercise and long hours in the open air. It is a hobby which can be shared with one's menfolk, and therefore an added link 'twixt man and wife.

Most suburbs now possess a golf course, or are within easy reach of the same, and this is another inducement to many. It would seem, then, that golf is an ideal hobby for anyone. But this is just wherein the danger lies. The woman who has played golf year in year out since girlhood can—unless in exceptional case—play with impunity till a ripe old age. But there is the woman who has led a more or less sedentary life at home while her family

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is growing up. Then, when household cares have relaxed and, in years, she is frankly middle aged, she decides to "take up golf." This she does with great zest, tramping miles round the course. In her anxiety to improve her game, or keep her weight down, she misses no opportunity to get out on the links. She rushes about her household duties and shopping in the morning, eats a hurried lunch, and starts off for her round of golf with never a thought of the very sudden and violent change which has been made in her mode of living.

And when Nature steps in and she begins

able for those of middle life; but it should not be taken up seriously by the woman who is not quite strong, for, as it is played by experts to-day, even one game may involve standing for long periods, than which there is nothing more exhausting. Croquet, one may add, is not just that "old-fashioned pastime" for Victorian gentlefolk that one sometimes imagines; but, in its modern form, is a strenuous, competitive game.

Tennis and Badminton

There are many middle-aged women to be found in both these fields of sport; but



A lady champion playing croquet at Roehampton

Photo:
Sports & General

to have that constant tired feeling, or those nasty little attacks of palpitation and shortness of breath, she never seems to realize that her new hobby is to blame, that her middle-aged body cries out for less strenuous recreation.

Of course, plenty of gentle exercise and a great deal of real pleasure can be got on the small putting courses with which many links are provided. Here the woman of any age can indulge in a fine open-air hobby.

And equally of course, if the normal, healthy, middle-aged woman would regulate her golf and take exercise in moderation, no harm would be done.

The Charm of Croquet

Croquet is certainly a game which is suit-

here again the woman who really benefits from these violent forms of exercise is the one whose body has been kept in active training from childhood. They are entirely unsuitable hobbies—from a health point of view—to be suddenly mounted by the woman of forty-five.

Fishing, Shooting, Archery

At this point I can hear my readers say with a sigh: "Well, there does not seem to be much in the way of outdoor hobbies left to us." But let me show there are still many hobby horses left in the stable from which to choose.

Fishing, either from boat or bank, will be found most fascinating when once the mysteries of "casting" and "playing" have been mastered. The long hours of

HOBBIES FOR MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN



The rearing of cats is a fascinating hobby for women

quiet in the open air are most beneficial to the nerves, while plenty of exercise is got, especially when fishing with the fly. People are apt to think fishing is a pastime only for the rich in this world's goods; but this is not the case. There are numbers of little streams, lochs and lakes where, for quite a modest sum, a day's fishing can be had, and many a hamlet where a fishing holiday is possible to the average purse. Fishing is another hobby which can be shared by both sexes. It is also one which can be ridden intermittently, which is a great advantage.

Marksmanship, either as practised with gun or bow and arrows, makes a strong appeal to many women. And here the middle-aged woman can meet her younger sisters on common ground, for, provided her eyesight is not gravely defective, practice is what makes the expert.

There are, of course, archery and miniature rifle clubs to which women are admitted; but those possessing even a small garden can easily rig up their own targets and get plenty of interesting amusement therefrom.

The proper kind of gun for use in a small suburban garden is an air-gun, and this is how a friend of mine set about

making a little shooting range: First of all the neighbours were visited and interested in the project, and were assured of the safety of their gardens. Then, the site being chosen, the rooted stump of a very large tree was procured and set in position as a background for the paper targets which were pinned on to it. Sheets of iron were put up on either side to deflect any stray shots, and the whole was banked up with earth, thus making an admirable butt.

The pellets went through the targets and embedded themselves harmlessly in the tree stump. Soon all this household became quite proficient shots: a good training for eye, hand,



Archery is being revived as an active but not too strenuous pastime for women

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The garden-lover has an inexhaustible source of interest

Every middle-aged woman who can should give her mind to gardening

and brain in concentration, steadiness, and judgment.

Archery is a most graceful pastime, and gives plenty of gentle exercise to the muscles.

Fruit, Flowers, Herbs

The woman who is a born gardener has little difficulty in choosing a hobby, for she will naturally turn to the cultivation of whatever scrap of earth she can find, be it only a window-box. But there are many women who find they have quite a talent for gardening or horticulture when they really begin it as a hobby, and for those on the wrong side of forty it is an ideal one.

It is, however, always more interesting to work with an object in view, and if our hobby can be utilized to increase our income, it naturally becomes more interesting still.

Even a small garden can be made most productive if its crop is confined to one thing. For instance, quite a number of raspberry canes or strawberry plants can be put into a small space. The crop thus gained can either be sold to neighbours as fresh fruit, or, better still, made into jam, or bottled and sold at a good profit. If a spare field or strip of ground can be got later on, the scope of your remunerative hobby can be enlarged at will.

If flower-growing makes a stronger appeal, then set up a few small glasshouses, which can be heated quite inexpensively with many of the modern systems. In these bring on all kinds of bulbs for early spring, and either fill up your customers' own bowls, or sell them complete in dainty dishes. Always be a little ahead of the season with your flowers and plants; be content with a fair profit, and you will very soon establish a good business connexion.

The growing of medicinal and culinary herbs is another delightful hobby for the middle-aged woman gardener to follow, and is one which is rather out of the common.

Specializing in plants for rock gardens is another idea.

Having placed the "gardeners" on their hobby and shown them a few of the avenues down which they may ride, I have no doubt their own thoughts will show them many other roads to traverse.

Live Stock

To the woman who is fond of animals

HOBBIES FOR MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN

there are many fields open, according to her means.

Everyone is familiar with the common hobbies of poultry keeping, dairy farming, and bee keeping; but the breeding of pigs, rabbits, and guinea-pigs is more unusual.

Pig rearing is a good speculation, whether you sell at a few weeks old, or feed up for bacon. If gone in for scientifically, it is as clean and sweet a hobby as any other animal-rearing project, and can be carried on even in suburbia, if a corner of the garden is chosen the requisite number of feet—required by law—away from any house.

Rabbits are bred nowadays principally for their fur, and if from good "strains" are quite a profitable hobby.

The same may be said of guinea-pigs, though their market is small, being only reared for pets. Still, in any neighbourhood where there are many children there is a ready sale, for the majority of little ones go through the white mice and guinea-pig phase of pet-keeping.

Dog and cat breeding have for long been favourite hobbies of women animal lovers, and the daily exercise required by the former makes it a healthful as well as an interesting occupation.

Motoring

There is yet another type of woman who has come much to the fore since the Great War, and that is the woman with a mechanical turn of mind. She not only drives her own car, but she has at last found an outlet for her mechanical "bent," and likes to know her mount thoroughly inside and out.

Many schools of practical motoring have sprung up, and for the woman of any age who can afford a little car, and is keen on learning how to do her own running repairs, these will put her in the right way of really enjoying this hobby.

Hobbies of National Import

Philanthropic work of many kinds appeals to a certain number of middle-aged women. For those with the nursing instinct strongly developed there are the various activities of the British Red Cross and the St. Andrew's and St. John's Ambulance Societies. But there is an even larger field waiting for the woman who takes up Girl Guiding as her hobby and rides it hard. With this hobby she has the added satisfaction of knowing that she is



A Ladder of Fame

The rearing of pedigree cats is a science, and a very pleasurable hobby for those fond of animals

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helping to mould and train the future women citizens of Empire. In "Guiding," the middle-aged woman will find a hobby which becomes increasingly interesting, and one in which she can utilize any special talents she may possess, and also expend boundless energy and enthusiasm. There is a slogan in the Guides to the effect that the services of all womenkind between the ages of eight and eighty can be used in some way for the general good.

Sedentary Hobbies

I think, perhaps, I have said enough about the active kinds of hobbies, and might

were in great demand among her friends because they were generally so original in design.

Leather Work

This is a most fascinating pastime to take up, the number of articles which can be manufactured from the lovely skins now to be had being legion.

Among the prettiest things in vogue at the moment, and which I saw made by what I might call an elderly "middle age," are the girdles with necklaces to match, contrived out of links of soft suede in pastel shades and finished off with tassels.



Feeding
the
ducks



Ducks and other live stock afford not only pleasure but profit, which is a consideration in choosing one's hobbies

now turn to those of a sedentary nature which are likely to prove of interest to the home-loving older women.

A small carpenter's bench in the attic is by no means an impossible hobby for a woman, and after a few lessons in the use of the tools generally, she will find much to interest and amuse, especially if she possesses the creative faculty.

Carving and fretwork have a great charm when the initial drudgery of "learning" has been got over.

I came across recently a woman who had made a very delightful hobby for herself after learning fretsawing. She pasted pictures on to wood, and then with her little saw cut them up into most intricate and absorbing jig-saw puzzles. These puzzles

Worn with some of the stockinette jumper suits and frocks, these are charming.

For the Artistic Temperament

Tapestries and embroideries are coming in again, and for the woman who is clever with her needle there is delight in copying some of the old patterns which have now become famous.

The artistic woman can always occupy her time with her paint brush; but, as she grows older, sketching out of doors, except on a really warm day, begins to pall. To such I would suggest she turns her attention to painting on chiffon, or glass and china. To-day frocks, scarves, evening shoes, etc., all offer lucrative scope for really good work

HOBBIES FOR MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN

Lamp and candle shades of all kinds find an ever-ready market, whether carried out in chiffon or parchment, if the designs are artistic and unique.

Painting the material, and then making these up, is a pleasant hobby all the year round.

Toymaking

Toymaking is another hobby for those with original ideas. The soft ones of the "cuddley" type will attract one set of designers, while another will find they can express themselves better through the medium of wood. Delightful series of quaint wooden animals, gaily painted or dyed with harmless colours, are ever welcomed by the small child.

Hand-made Jewellery

Metal work of all kinds and hand-made jewellery are two more hobbies suitable for the middle-aged woman who has a preference for pursuits of a sedentary nature.



Fresh from the incubator

Rearing chicks is an absorbing hobby. It requires patience, regular attention, skill—and luck.

For the woman who is much alone many games of "Patience" will be found a boon, as they demand great concentration and often much skill, thus taking the player "out of herself" in a restful and healthful way.

One could go on almost indefinitely with suggestions; but I think I have shown in the foregoing pages that there are hobbies in plenty suitable for the middle-aged woman of every kind of temperament.



Dogs, as well as cats, can be reared by women, and the hobby is a fascinating one



""A moment," the minister pleaded. 'For your own sake, I beg you. I cannot believe you will do this thing'""—p. 802

Drawn by
John Campbell

CHANGING HANDS

by Alice Lowther

THE Trustees' Meeting was over. As usual, there had been much talk to little purpose; and the business men present, irritably aware of time they could ill spare wasted, were hurriedly departing to their various tasks. A small group lingered, chatting, by the fire.

"Very sudden, Sidnall's death!" said one.

"Very," agreed the minister. He was a youngish man with thin red hair and moist eyes. "The church will feel his loss."

"So will his wife. Their affairs, I gather, are in a bad way. Money all tied up in the house, you know. Isn't that so, Temple?"

The man addressed shrugged his shoulders.

"That's as may be. The Lodge is for sale, anyhow. I'm instructed to sell immediately."

"That shouldn't be difficult," said the other. He glanced round the fast-emptying room. "Hi! Morton," he called. "Wait a mo'. We are talking about the Lodge. When are you moving in?"

A man near the door turned slowly. He finished adjusting his muffler before replying.

"I don't know yet that I'm buying. Depends. Temple's got my offer."

"Nonsense," rasped the lawyer. "You were joking. Mrs. Sidnall's not giving the house away."

Morton's eyes narrowed; his mouth thinned, grew venomous.

"I never joke," he said. "As to my offer, take it or leave it. I'd just as soon build."

The lawyer and the minister were friends and close neighbours. As they walked home, Temple reverted to the Sidnalls' affairs.

"The business hasn't done well for years. I'm bothered about Mrs. S. There's precious little left but the house, and that's not everybody's money."

"Too big, I suppose?"

"Much. Men who can afford a place that size prefer to live farther out. Residentially, these factories have ruined this end of the town. Sixty years ago the Lodge changed hands for twelve thousand pounds. Last year Sidnall got it for five thousand pounds."

"That was before I came. Wasn't Morton mixed up in it, somehow?"

"Yes. He haggled over the price; but folk say he'd set his heart on getting the house. When Sidnall forestalled him, he was furious. There's been bad blood between the families ever since."

"Hum. A pity! And now he doesn't want it."

"I don't believe it, Mr. Redfern."

The minister's eyes watered; he made a gawky attempt to polish his glasses while he walked.

"Then you don't think"—his voice came vague and thick through the folds of his handkerchief—"that he would prefer to build?"

"I don't. For one thing, there's the time. And it would cost more. Morton hates parting. Besides, the only site available is half a mile farther out, and the man's dead keen on keeping close to his money-bags."

Events justified the lawyer's fears. In the weeks that followed, neither advertisement nor inquiry produced a purchaser for the Lodge. Nor would Morton increase his original offer.

"I tell you the place isn't worth more," he declared roundly. "I shall be out of pocket as it is."

"Perhaps, after all, he would prefer to build," suggested the minister.

The friends were sitting together in the lawyer's snugery, both asprawl and smoking.

"Not he. He turned down the site a week ago. It's just that he's got us on a string and knows it."

"What does Mrs. Sidnall say?"

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"Very little. Her one cry is a quick sale. Ugh!" He puffed moodily at his pipe. "If only he wouldn't cant," he muttered after a while. "He quotes Scripture at me, the old villain!"

Abruptly then, the minister spoke.

"I tell you what, Temple; I'll speak to him."

"You! Eh? To Morton? But I don't see— On what grounds?"

"As a minister," retorted the other. He was sitting upright now. Behind their glasses his eyes shone with a pale defiance. "Certainly I shall see him. It's my duty. I don't know what I've been thinking of to wait so long."

The lawyer looked at him curiously.

"Oh, well," he said, "I don't know that you can do any harm. After all, the thing's no secret. Only don't say I sent you."

The interview took place in Morton's office. The minister decided he would feel freer there than in Morton's house. He wasted no time in preliminaries. Nor did Morton.

"See here, Mr. Redfern. This matter's no concern of yours—it's business."

"No matter that concerns his parishioners, or affects the honour of his church, is outside a minister's province. You are an office-bearer, Mr. Morton, and a man of high standing in the town. If to-day I stood silent and aloof, whether afraid or slothful, I should be doing less than my duty as your pastor."

Morton fumbled under some papers for his desk-bell; his eyes gleamed baleful and keen.

"Ministers," he said with a sneer, "are notoriously ignorant of business." He pushed the bell into prominence.

Redfern dug himself deeper into his chair.

"Commercially," he admitted, "I know little. But I can see as far as most men. Let us discuss this matter quietly, Mr. Morton. Here's a house for which, twelve months ago, you were prepared to give four thousand five hundred pounds. To-day you offer two thousand pounds for it."

"Guineas," amended Morton. "Including fixtures."

"Well, guineas. And it is worth five thousand pounds."

"Pardon me, Mr. Redfern, two thousand one hundred pounds; neither more nor less."

"Yet you yourself offered four thousand five hundred pounds for it."

"Last year," said Morton. "Circum-

stances, Mr. Redfern, alter values. To-day, in the absence of other bidders, the house is worth precisely what I am prepared to pay for it."

The minister bent forward, his weak eyes aglitter, his thin face aflame.

"No, no," he said. "That is unworthy; it is untrue. Be straight, man. If you pay less for the house than you believe it worth, you take a course deliberately fraudulent; you reap advantage from a widow's necessity; you heap dishonour on yourself, discredit on the church of which you are a member."

Mr. Morton rose to his feet.

"That's enough. It is useless to discuss business with a minister. Mr. Redfern, I wish you good morning."

"A Christian cannot separate religion from business."

Mr. Morton struck his bell. As if galvanized, the minister jumped from his chair.

"A moment," he pleaded. "For your own sake, I beg you. I cannot believe you will do this thing. Think, man. You are a Christian. You pray—only last Sunday you engaged in public prayer. Have you no conscience, no fear?"

A sour smile bent Morton's lips. He looked from the minister to his waiting clerk.

"Yes," he said, "I am a man of prayer. I started life as a poor boy, and I attribute my position to-day to the power of prayer. Never have I separated my religion from my business. Every big venture, every important deal have I carried to the foot of the Throne."

"You mean—you dare to suggest——?"

Morton raised a heavy, pompous hand.

"In this, as in other matters, I act under guidance. I have a clear conscience, Mr. Redfern; may all men have the like! If my motives are misapprehended, myself discredited, I must bear it. A greater than I suffered calumny in His time. But this thing is certain: I am a Protestant; I defy any man to come between my conscience and my God. Oakes, show Mr. Redfern the door."

Two days later Redfern learnt from Temple that the Lodge was sold.

"Two thousand one hundred pounds. He gave us a three days' option in the end. I had to close."

Redfern made no reply, he fidgeted with his watch-chain.

"Er—did you see him, by the way?"

"Yes."

CHANGING HANDS

Whereupon the lawyer dropped the subject.

That same afternoon the minister called on Mrs. Sidnall. He found her in the oak-panelled dining-hall.

"So you are leaving us?" he said, when greetings were over.

"Yes," Mrs. Sidnall's fingers twitched uneasily: she was never quite comfortable without her knitting. "I'm glad the house is sold," she went on. "I can take Daisy home to my people now. I've never what you might call settled here." She spoke slowly, with a soft south-country drawl.

Mr. Redfern looked at her gravely.

"There's one thing I want to say, Mrs. Sidnall. You've been badly treated, but I hope—I do hope you won't let it embitter you."

The lady stared.

"Oh, you mean Mr. Morton? Bless you, that doesn't worry me. It's business. A man's no call to pay more for a thing than he's bound."

"It may be business," said Mr. Redfern. "It's not Christianity."

The lady's eyes twinkled. "Well, well," she said, and reached for her knitting. "You don't mind, Mr. Redfern? We are old friends. My hands aren't happy idle."

The minister watched her a while in silence.

"You are a good woman," he said at length.

"Only middling," she smiled, busy now and at ease. "I don't expect much from folk, that's all. Human nature's the same, you know, all the world over. Besides, I've no real quarrel with Mr. Morton. I've money of my own, you see. And I've never liked the house. It was Ben's fancy. Maybe Mr. Morton will find it a bigger handful than he bargains for. A barn of a place! He'll be lucky if he gets servants to work it; I never could. Oh, yes; I'm thinking we are well rid of it, Daisy and I."

Mr. Redfern fell to polishing his glasses on a corner of the tablecloth.

"I'm glad you look at it that way," he said. "Thankful, too, that your circumstances are easy. Still, it's a pity about Mr. Morton. He should have treated you better."

Mrs. Sidnall threw him a shrewd glance.

"He paid as much as his conscience would allow. At least, that's what he said. You wouldn't have a man go against his conscience, surely!" She chuckled softly.

"Consciences are queer things, Mr. Redfern; they speak from such queer places."

"Conscience," said the minister loudly, "is the voice of God."

"Well, well; I don't know. Maybe it takes as many gods to a universe as men." She bent closer over her work, counting the stitches, and frowning. "Dear me," she murmured, "I've got wrong. That comes of trying to turn heels with visitors. I'm well served. Daisy's always telling me." She looked up. "Gracious!" she exclaimed, "what's wrong with the man? Are you sick, Mr. Redfern?"

"No, not sick. Shamed."

"Shamed! What of? You've no cause, I'll warrant."

"I've every cause, Mrs. Sidnall. When a man blasphemes——"

"Oh, come now. Blasphemy! Who's blasphemed? Even so, there are no bones broke. If a dog can bay the moon, a little blasphemy's neither here nor there. God won't hurt, I'm thinking."

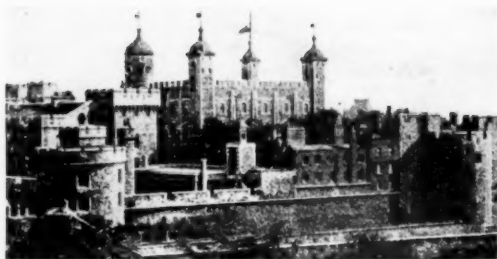
The minister rose slowly to his feet, his eyes wide and tragic.

"It's not God," he said; "not God. It's the church that suffers. Morton has discredited the church. Even you——"

"No, no; come now. I'm not rocking. I'm too old a bird. I was never much of a church-goer, anyway: that was Ben's line. But you are not going, Mr. Redfern? You'll stay and have some tea. Daisy will be in presently. No? Well, if you must. I'm sure it's been nice to see you. Now, don't fash yourself about the house, Mr. Redfern. I don't. In fact, seeing you are taking the matter so much to heart, I don't mind telling you Mr. Morton mayn't have got quite the bargain he thinks. He'd have done better to look into things a bit. There are the drains now: I've had my suspicions of these drains for some time. Then, all this woodwork——" She paused.

"It's very beautiful," said the minister, edging toward the door.

"Oh, it looks well," admitted Mrs. Sidnall. "All the same, it's got the dry rot. We'd a man in a while back, who said that by rights the place should be stripped. I'm afraid, what with one thing and another, Mr. Morton will find himself at heavy expense." Her smile was placid, and quite without malice. "I'm just telling you," she explained, "since you seem so down. Likely it'll make you feel better; it does Daisy. And it makes no odds now. Oh, yes; yes. Good afternoon, Mr. Redfern."



Life in the Tower of London.

A Quaint Glimpse from the Eighteenth Century by F. J. Hudleston

A FRIEND of mine once had the privilege of showing a young citizen of the United States the sights of London. A critical child, he found many faults with what he saw. To him the British Museum was "bunk," and antediluvian bunk at that; he had seen better Zoos; the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's were lacking in "pep" or animation; and, unlike Wordsworth, all he had to say of the view from Westminster Bridge was "Aw, shucks." Really, he was so lacking in enthusiasm that he might have been educated at Eton. But perhaps he uttered his oddest criticism when he was shown, with the pride which all we Londoners take in those sights which we visit very rarely, the Traitors' Gate, at the Tower of London. He contemplated it with no great interest, and then remarked coldly: "I wouldn't have been no traitor: ut looks mighty draughty." Which last word he pronounced "draughty."

Young America was right. The Tower, inside and out, *is* draughty; no doubt this is why a character in *King Richard II* alluded to it as

"Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower."

But you cannot expect central heating and baths (h. and c.) in a fortress where prisoners used to be accommodated (though this, which suggests comfort, is hardly the right word) in quarters bearing such ominous names as Little Hell, The Rats' Dungeon, Cold Harbour, and Little Ease. And yet officials, if not prisoners, have lived pleasantly enough there, as is evident from the Diary of Lieutenant-General Adam Williamson, who was Deputy-Lieutenant from 1722 to 1747. The Constable, the

titular head of the Tower, very rarely visited it, and the Deputy-Lieutenant had to be in permanent residence and to see that things were conducted as they should be. In addition to his pay of £1 a day, there were fees, paid weekly, for "safe-keeping the prisoners." These ranged from 13s. 4d. for a commoner to £2 13s. for an English peer or Archbishop; for some mysterious reason — perhaps they drank more and therefore regarded the stone walls not so much a prison as a hermitage — Irish lords and Scotch peers worked out at £2 4s. 5d. The prisoners were allowed to have their own wine sent in; but it was the duty of the Gentleman Gaoler—that is, the Chief Warder—carefully to examine the bottles by holding lighted candles behind them, lest they should contain something other than wine; and if it was in stone flasks, their contents had to be transferred to bottles.

Williamson evidently determined to make himself comfortable, for soon after he took over his office we find him planting vine trees, "bon critien" pears (which, I believe, still flourish in London), and "young Elder trees in order to have berrys for making wine, which by long experience I found wholsom." He was a good man—so far as it is possible for an inveterate enemy of the Stuart cause to have been a good man—and was just and fair to the prisoners, though sometimes he criticizes them. For example, when Lord Orrery, owing to ill health, was allowed out on bail there is a note: "This poor-spirited Lord did not make the leaste present to the officers of the Tower"; and as for the Bishop of Rochester, the Jacobite Atterbury, Williamson

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writes: "This hypocritical Bishop frequently avered things which he knew to be false and was the worst man I ever had to do with in all my Life." So one is not astonished to read that when the Bishop, on being banished from these realms, left the Tower for good, the Deputy-Lieutenant "gave three huzzas." But the Tower was constantly re-echoing with "huzzas," especially on royal birthdays, when the King would provide "24 bottles of good port and a barill of beer"; such holidays always ended with "a bone fire on the Hill."

There are many curious entries in Williamson's diary, which is to say that it is a very interesting diary: the Gentleman Porter dies from eating too freely of fresh meat noon and night; the Yeoman Warder dies of hard drinking; one, Whitaker, is bitten by a mad dog, and though plunged and dipped in the salt water at Graves End, dies, poor fellow, with all the symptoms of madness, upon which all dogs were ordered to be sent out of the Tower or killed, "except those of Gentlemen and Ladys, which were ordered to be tyed up"; a mean old General, who had lived "allwais in a Most close and avaritious Manner, never having invited me so much as to drink a dish of Chocolate," dies, aged ninety, "in a sort of Stupidity"; and in the severe winter of 1728 a large cormorant perched on the White Tower is shot, and sent to that famous Londoner, the President of the Royal Society, Sir Hans Sloane, who, in his letter of thanks, gives unpleasant details as to the contents of the bird's stomach, which is the least a President of the Royal Society could do.

Later on, there is a more important visitor than a cormorant; this was the Duke of Lorraine, who was hugely delighted with the Menagerie in the Tower, which was to Londoners of those days what the Zoo is to us. The Duke was introduced to "a young he Lyon, whelp'd four months, which he strok'd, kiss'd, and pulled by the whiskers, and said he was a great curciosity to him." The Duke, by the

way, left England in the delightfully named "Fubb's Yacht," a neat little, sweet little craft built by Charles II, and so named in honour of the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was, as you can see from her portraits, a very decided "Fubbs"; that is to say, a small, chubby person. Another distinguished visitor to the Tower was the Prince of Orange, who came to England to marry Anne, the Princess Royal. He came down the Thames to see the Tower, and so great was the crowd of curious spectators in boats and barges that "we were forced to pelt 'em off with Stones."

The garrison of the Tower, drawn from the Foot Guards, was sometimes called upon to perform odd duties; on several occasions Williamson records that they were lent to deal with smugglers of tea; once they were sent to Ilford, where they seized "fifteen oyld skin bags, each weighing 100 lbs," of what our ancestors used to call "tay."

It is curious to read that, not long after-



Calmly walked out.

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wards, it was deemed necessary by the Government to strengthen the garrison at the Tower, owing to apprehension of "Riots and Disorders from the gin Act." This was in 1736. We do not realize, nowadays, the appalling state of London in the eighteenth century in the matter of drunken-



*"Said he was a great
curiosity to him"*

ness. In 1689 the importation of spirits from foreign countries had been prohibited, and distilling in Great Britain encouraged with a view to revenue. Gin drinking spread like a prairie fire. The historian Lecky says: "It was probably the most momentous force in the history of the eighteenth century, incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annals of the country." Retailers of gin—anybody could sell it—used to hang out boards announcing that their customers could be made drunk for a penny, dead-drunk for twopence, and should have straw to lie on and sleep it off for nothing. And yet the eighteenth century has been called the Age of Reason, which is difficult to understand if you look at Hogarth's grim picture, "Gin Alley."

However, the Government got alarmed, and Sir Joseph Jekyll's Act of 1736 prohibited the selling of gin in less quantities than two gallons without taking out a licence. So attached was the London popu-

lace to Mother Gin, or Madame Geneva, as they called it, that it was feared serious rioting would take place.

But what caused the Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower more anxiety than possible gin tumults was the behaviour of one of his prisoners, the Rev. George Kelly, a non-juring parson, and a very ingenious man, for he managed to escape from custody. This is how he did it. He had made for himself "a great Horseman's coat of red Rugg" (i.e. coarse cloth), and, being in poor health, was allowed out one day in a hackney coach with a gaoler to take the air. Returning late to the Tower, he made some excuse to leave the gaoler, who imagined that, as his charge was inside the Tower precincts, he was safe for the night. Not so. That day the garrison had been relieved by a fresh battalion, and the place was full of unfamiliar figures in red. Kelly put on his red cloak and, being mistaken by the warders for an officer, calmly walked out. He made his way to Broadstairs and got two fishermen to take him over to Calais, giving them five pounds, and saying, should inquiries be made for George Kelly, they could answer he was safely landed in France. And

the first thing the fishermen heard when they got back to England was that there was a reward of £200 offered for his capture. He joined Prince Charles Edward, and came over with him in the '45. If you want to know more about him, read that excellent novel, "Parson Kelly," by A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang.

The "Highland Deserters"

In 1743 the Tower saw the sad case of the "Highland Deserters." In 1725 there had been raised in Scotland certain Independent Companies, the ancestors of one of the most gallant regiments in the British service, The Black Watch. Most of the men were related to their officers, and were known as the "Gentlemen Highlanders." Early in 1743 the regiment was ordered to London, and at Finchley Common was reviewed by General Wade. Here some agitators got access to the men and told them that they were to be sent to the Plantations—as the Colonies, or rather the Dominions,

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to give them their present name, were then known—to be sold there as slaves. Over one hundred of them deserted and marched back to Scotland; but, being pursued, surrendered, and were committed to the Tower. Here a court martial was held upon them, they were all found guilty, and three of them were ordered to be shot. This was duly done; their comrades were present, and Williamson bade them kneel with their unhappy fellows and join with them in prayer before execution was done upon them.

Tragedy

But in 1746 Tragedy was to play a part on a greater scale in the Tower after the failure of the '45. The Deputy-Lieutenant had committed to his charge the Jacobite peers Cromarty, Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Traquair, Tullibardine, McLeod, Simon Lord Lovat, and lastly, the infamous Murray of Broughton, a name which is still, I hope, execrated in Scotland. He had been the Prince's secretary, and, turning King's evidence, saved his wretched skin. Lord Lovat called him "The true disciple of his master, Iscariot." That must have been a dramatic moment when this cowardly traitor appeared before the Privy Council at the Cockpit in Whitehall, and was confronted with Sir John Douglas of Kelhead; the latter was asked: "Do you know this witness?" "Not I," was the answer. "I once knew a person who bore the designation of Murray of Broughton, but that was a gentleman and a man of honour."

Scorn

Readers of Lockhart will remember the story of Sir Walter Scott's father, who had been Murray's solicitor. One day a mysterious stranger came to see him, and Mrs. Scott, not knowing who he was, gave him a cup of tea. As soon as he had gone Sir Walter's father took the cup and flung it out of the window, with the words: "Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Murray of Broughton's." He received a

pardon in 1748, came into the baronetcy in 1770, and died in 1777. The last two lines of a Jacobite ballad on him may serve as his epitaph:

"If crimes like thine hereafter are
forgiven,
Judas and Murray both may go to
Heaven."

The account of the trial of the Jacobite peers, whom Williamson conducted daily from the Tower to Westminster Hall and back again, is pathetic reading, and supplements the rather unfeeling account given by Horace Walpole in his Letters; the description of their execution is rather gruesome, as Williamson gives minute and dreadful details of their "Decollation," as he calls it.

A Curious Note

There is one curious note which shows that human nature liked to be horrified in 1746 as much as it does nowadays. "The Gentleman Gaoler came to Me to beg I would give leave for the building Shedd's or Scaffolding from which to see the Lords beheaded"; the Lieutenant-Governor consented, and the Gentleman Gaoler "made a good hand of it"; that is to say, he made good profit by letting standing room to sightseers. As, indeed, was usual in London, until Charles Dickens, with a letter of burning indignation to the press, put an end to this abuse; as he did, whether by indignation or ridicule, to so many others. The anxiety connected with the sojourning in the Tower of Prince Charles Edward's unhappy supporters seems to have been too much for Williamson, for the Diary ends abruptly in April, 1747, and he died shortly afterwards.

Though he was a bigoted fanatic where the Stuarts were concerned, one cannot help liking Williamson for his simplicity and his kind heart. He did not, of course, write so good a Diary as Samuel Pepys; but he was as good a public servant as that pleasant and garrulous old gossip. And he was certainly a better husband.

"THE SHIP'S KITCHEN"

How a lady added a "Ship's Kitchen" to her small bungalow, thus enabling the former kitchen to be used as a dining-room, is described in this month's

"TOWN AND COUNTRY HOMES"

the magazine for home-lovers (1s. net)

THE PROPER PLACE by O. DOUGLAS

CHAPTER XXXII

"You to your land and love and great allies."
—*As You Like It.*

THE Harbour House was in a state of pleasant turmoil until the wedding was over.

To Alastair it seemed as if Paradise had opened its gates prematurely. There was no time to think of lessons, so he and Gentle Annie spent hectic days flying backwards and forwards with parcels and telegrams, and two days of pure bliss helping the man who came from Edinburgh to pack the precious things safely. Alastair was hopelessly at sea about the reason for the preparations, and when he heard Christina talk of "Miss Barbara's bridegroom," he said: "Oh, so she's going to marry Mr. Innes too?"—the word "bridegroom" suggesting to him only the frock-coated Samuel.

"I dare say no," said Christina, tossing her head in an affronted way. "Miss Barbara's marryin' a braw young man."

An anxious frown puckered Alastair's brow. "But, Christina," he said, "where'll we find him? Will he be walking about?"

Christina laughed. "Oh, she's fand him richt eneuch! . . . Eh, I'd like fine to gang tae Rutherford to see the weddin'! It's sic a bonnie wee kirk, an' a' greer an' quait about it; an' the windays are clear, a' but the big yin at the end, an' ye can see the sheep feedin' on the knowes sae canny-like, I dinna like thae stained-glass windays!"

Alastair looked interested. "Church can't be so bad," he said, "when you can see out; not so like being in prison. Tell me more about Rutherford."

"Och," said Christina, polishing a glass—they were together in the pantry—"I'm

nae guid at describin' things. Ye'll see it for yersel, for I heard Miss Nicole sayin' that Mistress Douglas had askit ye to Kings-house. It's a braw bit, I tell ye; ye've naething like it aboot here. . . . But it's a' different yonder. The roadsides are fu' o' flowers, buttercups, and ragged robin, and crawfit, an' they smell sae bonnie. An' on the hillsides ye find wee yellow pansies, an' thyme, an' heather-bells, an' whiles"—she nodded her head at the Bat—"an' whiles ye get a deil's snuff-box."

"Ooh! What is it, Christina?"

"They're broon things juist like wee bags, an' when ye squeeze them stuff like snuff comes oot."

Alastair drew a long breath, and presently said: "And is there a sea?"

"Na." Christina pursed up her lips and shook her head. "There's nae sea, but we can easy dae wantin't, we've sic nice burns gaun jonkit through the heather and loup-in' ower linns. Whaur ma hame is there's a burn juist at the back door, an' a brig, a wee wudden brig wi' steps up an' doon, an' there's a muckle flat stane whaur ma mither kneels when she taks oot the pots an' pans to scour them in the pool. An' mony a time I've guddled under the stanes—ye ken ye lie doon on the bank an' pit baith yer hands verra cautious round a stane, an' whiles ye catch a troot."

"Yes; Arthur catches trouts with a fishin' rod; he told me. They're like poddies, aren't they?"

"Poddies! Na! They're a faur higher breed o' fish. They're brown backs, an' they're speckled wi' red and white, an' the big yins lie in the pools an' launch at ye; but the wee yins are easy cacht't, bein' unnocent."

Christina put the silver forks and spoons carefully into the baize-lined basket, and Alastair sat watching her.

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"Christina," he said, "why did you leave your home at Rutherford?"

"Deed, I whiles speir that masel. But ma mither said: 'Gang wi' her leddyship, Christina,' an' there, ye see, I was better-in' masel. An' I like Kirkmeikle no that bad, and it's no as if I was wi' strange folk. I've Beenie beside me, and her leddyship and Miss Nicole tell us a' the news they hear aboot hame, an' there's auld Betsy Curle aye glad to crack aboot it—but I wadna settle here. Na. Ma laud's at Rutherford. He's a mole-catcher."

Alastair gasped. The fascinating and unusual things they did in that wonderful place that was called Rutherford—guddling and mole-catching, and looking for "deil's snuff-boxes."

"Ay, an' when we've gethered enouch we'll get mairret—aboot the New Year I wad like it to be, I've aye a notion to be mairret then—an' live in a wee hoose beside a burn: I ken the yin I want, an' it'll mebbe be empty when we're ready for't."

"And is there a flat stone for you to kneel and scrape your pots?"

Christina laughed. "Ye're a queer bairn. Ay, I'll see to that, for I maun keep a' thing terrible clean. I'll hae nae siller forks an' spunes an' teapots; but I'll scrub ma tables while, an' aye hae a tidy fireside an' a warm denner for ma man."

"It'll be lovely, Christina; and will Barbara do that when she's married?"

Christina laughed in rather a shocked way, and sketched for Alastair the sort of life "Miss Barbara" would lead, with motors and balls and troops of servants.

To Alastair it sounded deplorably dull.

"She won't have half such good fun as you'll have, Christina. But I don't suppose there are many mole-catchers to marry. . . . Could I be a bridegroom, Christina?"

"Oh ay, some day—"

"Then I'll marry Annie."

"Ye'll change yer tune or then, ma man," Christina said, as she folded away her dusters. "Awa noo and find Annie, I'm gaun to lay the lunch."

When everything was more or less packed and they were ready for the removal to



"She felt numb now with that merciful numbness which comes after the first sword-thrust"—p. 815

Kingshouse for the wedding, Barbara went with Nicole after tea one evening to pay a round of farewell calls.

"Isn't it odd," she said as they mounted the brae, "how quickly a place takes hold of you? Only eight months ago we had never heard of Kirkmeikle or any of its people, and now we're bound to them by ties of kindness and sympathy—they *have* been decent to me at this time."

"My dear," Nicole reminded her, "eight months ago we had hardly heard of the Jacksons, and now—"

It was odd to see Ravenscraig shut up, and Barbara expressed a hope that all was

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going well with Mr and Mrs. Innes at Crieff.

Nicole laughed. "I do hope so. I can't think why that sober, well-reasoned union should seem to me so farcical. I do wonder how that household will work."

In the Knebworth drawing-room Mrs. Heggie archly asked Nicole when they were to have the pleasure of presenting her with a wedding present.

"Surely," she said, "you're not going to let Miss Symington beat you, as I tell Joan."

Joan sat with a disgusted face in a window, looking down at the sun on the pansies that filled a plot just beneath her, and to change the subject Nicole turned to her and said:

"I was just thinking, as we passed Ravenscraig, that you should write a story about Miss Symington's marriage—I mean, rather, about the household after the marriage; Samuel and his two daughters and the house in Morningside with a basement. Wouldn't it make an interesting study, Miss Heggie?"

"It ought," said Joan. "But why don't you try it yourself, Miss Rutherford? You must have gained such an insight into the lives of villa residents in the last few months that you should be quite competent to do it. It would be rather interesting if we both did it, and I'm quite sure no one would recognize it as the same household. Yours would be such a sweet picture of family life, and you would throw a glamour and a charm over those exceedingly ordinary people and transfigure even the basement. Mine would be a merciless study: I would enjoy doing it. I wouldn't leave a rag on Samuel, and I'd lay bare the barren recesses of Janet Symington's soul."

Mrs. Heggie clicked with her tongue in a shocked way and murmured: "Did you ever hear the like?" while Nicole laughed aloud.

"I believe that's a very true picture of what my attempt would be. Somebody told me once that I was meant to be satirical, but that I varnished all my statements over with so many coats of the milk of human kindness that they became without form and void. But I don't believe in your merciless study either. You know, and I know, that Samuel is no villain, but a decent dull man, a little puffed up with conceit about his gifts as a speaker, but honestly striving to do some good. His wife is a good, sincere, limited woman. Let live—what's the

good of being clever and merciless? But I admit that may be sour grapes on my part, for I couldn't be either if I tried."

"And this is really good-bye," said Mrs. Heggie, who was much more anxious to discuss details of the wedding than to talk of cleverness. "When d'ye go?"

"To-morrow," said Barbara; "to-morrow as ever was. I can hardly believe that I'm really leaving Kirkmeikle for good and going back to my old home. It will be nice having the few quiet days at Kingshouse before the wedding, and it won't mean such a rush for my aunt; but it has been a business deciding what is to be sent to Kingshouse and what will go direct to Rutherford. I'm quite prepared to find we've confused everything and that my wedding-gown and my cousin's dress will arrive here after we've left."

"Oh, I hope not. What's Miss Nicole to wear?"

"Blush pink and a very pretty head-dress of pink rosebuds, and roses in her hand—I wanted her to look like a rose at my June wedding."

Mrs. Heggie nodded approval. "And I'll mebbe see the dress later on. . . . What about the cake?"

"The cake? Oh, it's going straight to Kingshouse. We're having an extra tier to please Andrew's mother. She wants all the people in the place to have a good slice, and she and Mr. Jackson are giving a supper and dance on the night of the wedding at Rutherford."

"Very nice. You're evidently fortunate in a mother-in-law. And I hear from Lady Jane that the parents are leaving the place to you young people at once. That's very wise, I think, and unselfish. What! Are you going already? It was good of you to spare the time. . . . Well, I can only wish you health and happiness. . . ."

There was something wistful in her face which made Nicole say: "I wish you had been coming to the wedding, Mrs. Heggie; but I'll tell you every single detail when I get back, and take snapshots for your special benefit of the happy pair."

As they made their way to Lucknow, Nicole said. "I rather think that Mrs. Heggie and her daughter are inclined to get on each other's nerves to-day. Poor Mrs. Heggie would so love to have a daughter who was going to be married; a nice, pretty come-at-able daughter, who would sit beside her and make *crêpe de Chine* camisoles and talk about really in-

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interesting things like clothes and weddings and cooks; and instead she has the plain-faced Joan, who affects to despise men and shuts herself up in a room and writes. And Joan, I am sure, realizes this, and feeling that she comes short, gets bitter, and talks nonsense about 'merciless studies.' She doesn't like me much—I don't blame her, as the Bat said when I told him that Mrs. Fred Erskine had three little boys and no little girls—and suspects me of taking an interest in Kirkmeikle people in order that I may laugh at them, which doesn't worry me at all; it's too far from the truth. . . . Now for the Shield and Buckler. . . ."

Having received the parting blessing of the Bucklers, the Kilgours, and the Lamherts, Barbara thankfully turned her steps homewards; but her cousin begged her to tarry for a minute at Betsy Curle's.

"Five minutes, Babs, not a moment more. And she's so old and frail and crippled, and it would be such a joy to her."

But Betsy betrayed no signs of considering the visit a joy.

Her little room, which seemed cosy enough on a dark winter day, was stuffy and dark to come into from the shining June day outside, and she herself sitting crippled and helpless by a handful of fire, wrapped in a grey woollen shawl, seemed to belong to a different sphere from the two happy-eyed girls in their light summer frocks.

"I've come to say good-bye, Betsy," Barbara said, bending to her. "You know that I'm going to be married and going back to Rutherford."

" . . . Gaun back to Rutherford! It's guid to be you. I'll never gang back to Rutherford—"

Nicole broke in. "Nothing but marrying and giving in marriage, Betsy. First Miss Symington, now my cousin—"

"Ay, I doot their wadna be muckle competition for Miss Symington, rich as she is. Never mairry for money, ye'll borrow it cheaper, that's a true sayin'."

"Why, Betsy, I don't believe you ever saw Miss Symington."

"I've heard plenty aboot her onyway—hard, clippit cratur! Nae servant wud hide wi' her she was sae suspicious. Ou-ay!"

"Well, now I want you to say something very nice to Miss Burt."

Betsy fixed her dim eyes on Barbara. "I wish ye weel, Miss Burt; but I wish a Rutherford had been gaun back to Rutherford."

Nicole hastily broke in. "You can't possibly say anything against Kirkmeikle in this weather, Betsy. It isn't cold and it isn't dirty, and just look at the sea to-night."

"I dinna want to look at it," Betsy said. "I tell ye I dinna like it. It wasna for naething the Book said that the wicked were like the sea."

"Like a troubled sea, Betsy; to-night it's like the sea of glass mingled with fire. . . . Oh, Babs, I do hope we get a day like this next Wednesday. Rutherford kirk is perfect when the sun comes through the end window. You know it well, Betsy."

"Rutherford kirk," said Betsy to herself; then to Nicole: "But ye'll no mind what it was like afore they spiled it—ye werena born, an' I was but a lassie. I sat in a sate under the poopit, an' the precentor, auld Jimmie Hislop, aye haunded ma faither his snuffbox afore the sermon stertit. An' in thae days they took up the collection in boxes wi' lang handles, an' ae day Dr. Forman forgot an intimation aboot some collection an' he got up efter to gie it oot. Adam Welsh, the beadle, was pokin' the box up the pews sae pushin' like, until the auld doctir got fair provokit and cries: 'Stop, Adam, that's just what I'm talking aboot.' . . . Aye, they spiled the kirk when they took oot a' the auld straight-backit gates an' put in new wide yins. Tam Moffat, the shepherd awa up Harehope Glen, he juist cam the yince efter the alterations. 'I canna find ma sate,' he said; 'it was in that sheuch by the poopit an' it's gane,' an' oot he walkit."

The two girls laughed, and Barbara said: "But, Betsy, Rutherford kirk is still bonnie. You'll wish me well when I stand there next Wednesday, won't you?"

Betsy looked at the bright face bent to hers and smiled a little grudging smile. "Ay," she said, "I wull that; but ye're gettin' a lot o' this world's guid, an' mind—a full cup's ill to carry."

The sun did shine through the end window in Rutherford kirk when Barbara stood up beside Andrew Jackson. It fell on the bride tall and straight and beautiful in her wedding-gown, on Nicole's rose-crowned head as she stood with serious eyes, listening to Mr. Scott's precise voice as he talked of the duties of the married state, on Lady Jane dreaming of days that were gone, on the Bat enjoying the rapturous present.

Though Nicole looked so intent, it is doubtful if she heard a word the minister

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said. She was imagining another wedding—a quiet ceremony in a bleak little church by the sea, with no guests to speak of, and no parade. John Lambert to marry her, a few friends round her who really cared and were glad in her happiness—then to go away with Simon. She crushed the roses in her hands as she thought of it. Would it ever be?

It was the prettiest of weddings, everyone said so. A young and happy couple in a perfect garden, in June sunshine; it was "roses, roses all the way."

And it was all so beautifully arranged. When Jean Douglas entertained there was no crowding, no dull waiting, no lukewarm tea or tepid ices. There was an abundance of little tables placed in the shade with steady chairs to sit on; the sandwiches were of every variety, and all appetizing; the cakes fresh and crisp; the strawberries were abundant, the cream sweet, the sugar within everyone's reach. And, as always happened at Kingshouse, people found the people they most wanted to talk to miraculously beside them, so that there was that look of content on the faces of the guests that makes any gathering a success.

Mrs. Jackson was resplendent. Andrew had not had the heart to restrain his mother on this occasion, and for once she felt herself really smart. Her dress, which she would have told you was of "champagne shade," was most wonderfully embroidered. Over it she wore a coat also of champagne, and a large hat covered with paradise plumes. Her shoes, which were of the same pale shade, were so tight that her feet seemed to bulge out of them; she carried a bouquet of orchids.

Mrs. Douglas and Nicole saw to it that every possible attention was paid to her. The duke, who happened to be paying one of his infrequent visits to the neighbourhood, had ten minutes' conversation with her on the lawn, and Mrs. Jackson was happily aware that she was the cynosure of all eyes.

When the guests were beginning to depart Nicole missed her friend, and after some searching found her in a corner of the deserted drawing-room. She had last seen her smiling bravely and waving her bouquet after the newly-married couple as they drove away; but now dejection was in every line of her, and Nicole saw that large tears were rolling over the flushed face, tears that she was making no effort to deal with.

And as Nicole looked, a deep depression that she had been grappling with all day rose up and conquered her, so that she went up to the fat, homely figure, so smart in "champagne shade," and laying her head on the broad bosom, she too began to cry. Mrs. Jackson's arms went round her, and she at once roused herself to try and comfort.

"There, there! Don't you cry, my dear. You're my girl and always will be. Never you mind. There's good fish in the sea. . . . You'll be the next bride and my!—you'll be the bonnie one!"

But Nicole shook her rose-crowned head and said: "Who knows?"

Then they both sat up and mopped their faces and laughed a little. "I don't like weddings," said Mrs. Jackson, sniffing. "I sometimes think a funeral's cheerier; but what can you say? People will always marry. . . . And this is a sort of end of things, if you knew what I mean. It's the end of Andy as my boy, the end of our life together. Father and I'll just be left like two paling staps."

"What nonsense!" Nicole said. "Andy will be more to you than ever, you'll see. Barbara would never want to take a man away from his mother. And you will pay them long visits and see that they do things as you would like them done. And they'll visit you in your new house. . . ."

"Well, we've got a nice house. . . . Here, listen, will you come and stay with us sometime? That would be something to look forward to."

"Indeed, I'd love to. And you'll give tea-parties for me, won't you, and show me all the sights? Oh, believe me, dear Mrs. Jackson, I know very well what you must be feeling just now; but you'll look back on this day as one of the happiest days of your life."

Mrs. Jackson straightened her hat, gave her face a rub with her handkerchief, and said: "Mebbe I will! I'm sure I hope so. Now, I must find Father and go away home."

"Come and say good-bye to mother first. She will want to see you, I know"; and having deposited Mrs. Jackson beside Lady Jane, Nicole went to look for Mr. Jackson and found him wandering lonely as a cloud. She also collected Jean Douglas, so that when the couple drove away to Rutherford, they were tucked into their car by kindly hands and sent on their way a good deal comforted.

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CHAPTER XXXIII

"Farewell!

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile!"

—Julius Caesar.

NICOLE sent her own account of the wedding to Simon: "... I feel that I am scattering bread on the waters when I write these letters, and when I watch them slide down the brass maw of the post office, I wonder if it is possible that they will ever reach you. But, anyway, I must go on, for writing to you is my one comfort.

"We have just got home again, all the excitement of the wedding behind us. The nicest thing about the wedding-day to me was that that very morning I got a lovely thick letter from you, from Darjeeling. I should like to have done what all well-conducted young women in novels do—worn it next my heart. But I think that could only have been successfully done when they filled their clothes; or, to be exact, had clothes to fill! In the wisp of a dress I wore as bridesmaid—blush pink, Simon, with roses round my hair!—there was nothing to hold a letter in its place next my heart, it would simply have slipped through and got lost; but, anyway, I thought of it all the time.

"It really was a very pretty wedding. Barbara never in her life looked so well, and I was proud to stand behind her and contemplate the grace of her bearing. And Andrew Jackson looked so nice and listened with such a serious good face to Mr. Scott's homily. I'm afraid I didn't listen much; I was thinking if it had been our wedding-day, Simon—Simon. . . .

"All the old friends were there, and Jean Douglas had spared no pains to have everything perfect. I was so thankful Providence seconded her efforts by sending a good day.

"Mrs. Jackson was gorgeous in apparel, and seemed in tremendous spirits, very jocose—embarrassingly so—and quite the life of the company. But towards the end I missed her, and discovered her alone in the drawing-room crying quietly. I was so sorry for her—or was it only that I was sorry for myself?—that I sat down beside



"And what is your proper place, my Nikky?"—p. 818

her and there together we mingled our tears!

"We are settled in the Harbour House until August, when we go to Lochbervie, away up in the north, where Bice Dennis has a small place. It will be fine for the Bat to be with Arthur again, and there is a smaller boy, Barnabas, who will make an excellent companion for him. Alastair—he prefers to be called 'the Bat,' because it was your name for him—is really in great form. I think you would know a lot of difference in him. He has lost that repressed look—indeed, he is getting quite upsetting!—but he still has the small concerned face and anxious blue eyes. He and I are reading just now all sorts of books on mountaineering: Whymper's 'Ascent of the Matterhorn,' and Sir Martin Conway's wonderful books, trying to bring ourselves a step nearer to you! The Bat has almost decided to adopt mountaineering as

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his profession in life; but he is also allured by the thought of being a mole-catcher! Christina's 'lad,' he tells me, is a mole-catcher, and he regards it as an ideal life!

"It is a queer Kirkmeikle now with Ravenscraig shut up, and no tall figure going in and out of Miss Jamieson's. Looking back on last winter, it seems to me that I ought to have been ideally happy. You were here; I saw you nearly every day; you sat in this room and we talked; I can't think why I wasn't down on my knees thanking Heaven fasting.

"Do you remember that day we were in St. Andrews with the two boys? I think of that day so often. Why is it that some days shine out like gold among dross? The sea was grey, and the sky was grey, and we stood among grey ruins and looked at tombstones. Then we sat together in a Cinema and laughed at the Bat—not very much to remember, perhaps; but I was happy, happy.

"Your letter from Darjeeling cheered me a good deal. I had been dwelling too much on the grim side of the Expedition, on the danger, the hardships, and had forgotten how much fun there must be in it. All you tell me about—the funny ways of the porters, and the humour and the cheerfulness of everyone heartens me. It is a great adventure. . . . I am counting that when this letter reaches you the attempt will have been made. Perhaps you will be in Darjeeling on your way home. . . ."



It was an odd life Nicole lived at this time, filling in the hours with small domestic cares—she had taken on Barbara's house-keeping—visiting, helping Alastair with his lessons and playing with him, while all the time her mind was filled with thoughts of the expedition that would now be wending its way towards the eternal ramparts of snow where Everest waited.

Barbara wrote very happily from Venice. They were having a leisurely trip and did not mean to be home before August.

Mrs. Jackson was having Rutherford swept and garnished preparatory to leaving it. The new villa, which she had christened—surprisingly—The Borders, was now ready for them. She wrote that it had every known comfort and labour-saving device, and was furnished straight out of Wylie and Lochkhead's showrooms. Everything was as new and as bright coloured as possible. "Be-

cause," said Mrs. Jackson, "there is always Rutherford to show that we have taste; here we go in for pure comfort." She had renewed her interrupted friendship with Mrs. McArthur, who, glad at signs of returning sanity, had been graciously pleased to hold out an olive branch in the shape of an invitation to stay with her while the furniture was being put in The Borders.

"And I know now," Mrs. Jackson said to her husband, "what the Prodigal Son felt like, even to the veal, which we had three days running. And I never could abide veal: calves are such nice wee beasts."

The Times began to print dispatches from the Everest Expedition. The sight of the large-type heading brought Nicole's heart to her throat, and it was always some time before she could steady her voice to read them aloud to her mother and the Bat.

One morning a letter came from Simon describing the beginnings of the journey. It finished with: "I feel oddly happy, a care-free happiness that I haven't felt since I was a boy setting off with my father and brothers for a long day on the moors. Since the war I have felt so old; but I've suddenly been able to recapture if not the 'first fine careless rapture,' at least something remarkably like it. And this time I'm enjoying every bit of the way, savouring it, appreciating the beauty, and I feel confident as I never did before. . . . Your face is with me always. I see it painted on the darkness as I lie in my tent at night, and in the day you seem to walk before me, just a little way before me, looking back and smiling, as you used to walk on the rocks at Kirkmeikle. God grant that we walk there again together. . . ."

That afternoon *The Times* was laid as usual on the oak chest in the hall. Nicole, coming in, carried it up-stairs to read in the drawing-room; but her eagerness would not let her wait, and she opened it as she went up the stairs. Yes; there was the large-type heading. She began to read and stopped. *Beckett* her eyes saw—what next—*Disaster—Beckett dead*.

She folded the paper carefully and laid it on the back of a sofa.

She was surprised to find herself standing upright, for she felt bowed like an old woman. What had happened to her? Then the knowledge that Simon was gone pierced her heart like a sword, and in her pain she ran to the window for air. . . . She looked down at her hands which, unconsciously, she had been twisting together, and said to

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herself: "That must be what people mean when they talk about wringing their hands. I'm wringing my hands for Simon. . . ." She felt numb now with that merciful numbness which comes for a little after the first sword-thrust. Hardly knowing what she did, she went downstairs and out of the house. The sea was lying blue and still. Over the rocks she went to the seat that was like a throne, where she and Simon had gone hand in hand. What had he said in his letter this morning? . . . *God grant that we walk there again together.* Poor Simon. Poor Nicole. They would never walk anywhere together again. It was very sad, she knew; but it seemed far away from her as she sat idly picking up little stones and throwing them into the shining summer sea.

How long she sat there she did not know. A step behind her on the rocks made her leap to her feet, every pulse in her body bounding, a wild unreasoning hope in her heart. She half turned, and was confronted by the Rev. John Lambert.

"This is a good place to enjoy a perfect evening, Miss Rutherford," he said, seating himself beside her.

She looked at him in silence for a minute, and when she spoke he hardly knew her voice, so jangled and harsh were the sweet notes of it.

"I've just read in the papers that Simon Beckett is dead." The words as she said them seemed to chill her very soul, and she shivered violently.

"But—are you sure? It wasn't in the morning papers."

"It may have been in the later editions. *The Times* gets the news first. But what does that matter?" She turned impatiently and looked at him. "It's true, I tell you."

Mr. Lambert was staring at her, his funny little puckered face quite white, tears in his eyes. Was he crying for Simon when she had not shed a tear? "Dear me," he said; "dear me!"

Presently he began to speak, as much to himself as to his companion. "I had a great liking for Beckett, and a great respect. . . I couldn't help envying him his chances. . . It's a great end. . ."

"What was the use of it?" Nicole asked wearily.

Mr. Lambert shook his head. "I don't know. How can we judge with our small ideas of values? I only know that high endeavour, splendid failure such as this, keep the ordinary man from feeling that

life is nothing but a sordid struggle for bread and butter, a sort of game of Beggar my Neighbour. . . . It makes one think better of oneself and everyone else. Each one says in his heart: 'Perhaps it is in me to do this great thing, given the opportunity'; and the very hope that we might act greatly, makes us not so small."

His voice died away thoughtfully, and the two sat looking out to sea together.

The human, halting little man vaguely comforted Nicole; his voice seemed to melt a little the ice that was round her heart. Suddenly she asked: "Do you suppose God means anything by it at all?"

The minister was silent for a minute, then he said:

"Some day you will answer that question yourself. I don't dare to try."

"Tell me one thing—do you honestly believe that there is another life, where we shall know each other again?"

"I can only give you Christ's own words: '*I go to prepare a place for you.*'"

"How glibly you say it! It's your job, of course, to preach that; but you're a good man and you wouldn't lie to me, tell me—*does Christ really mean anything to you?*"

The minister took off his shabby felt hat and held it in both hands as he said: "I am His joyful slave, and He is my Lord and my God."



Dusk was beginning to fall when Nicole stumbled into the Harbour House, into the arms of her mother.

"Simon is dead, mother. I loved him, but I didn't tell you. . . ." Then the tears came.

And Lady Jane cried: "My dear, my dear, do you think your mother didn't know?"

CHAPTER XXXIV

"Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my comely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair,
I'll chain ma hert for evermair."

—THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

IT was October again in Kirkmeikle.

The ill-fated attempt on Everest was long since forgotten except by the few. For a day or two the papers had been full of it, and some people had preached the gospel of high endeavour, and the value such gallant attempts had in adding prestige to Britain among nations that did not hesitate to call us effete; others blaming

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such reckless throwing away of life. But it mattered little what anyone thought or said to Nicole, as she battled among waves of despair that seemed as if they must overwhelm her.

In time, because her heart was high, she won her way through to quiet waters and a measure of peace.

She and her mother, with the Bat, had been away for three months, first in Ross-shire, then in Surrey, and had just got back to the Harbour House.

On the way from the south they had spent a couple of nights at Rutherford and found Barbara reigning there in great dignity, a most calm and confident young matron. Andrew made a decidedly subdued husband. Barbara knew so very well what was best for him and told him so with such firmness that, liking a quiet life, he nearly always acquiesced. It was odd to see her so entirely head of the house: she talked of "my" house, "my" car, "my" gardeners, until Nicole longed to make a face at her and beg her to desist.

They had two whole days at Rutherford, and every minute was planned for them. Lady Jane, who would have enjoyed wandering about the place and going quietly in and out among the old friends in the cottages, was told at breakfast:

"I knew, Aunt Jane, that you would want to go to Langlands, so I rang up and suggested ourselves for luncheon to-day. Then I thought we would go on to tea at the Kilpatrick's, and it seemed such a good opportunity to work off some of the people I owe, so I've asked some people to dine. Andrew, you have a meeting at St. Boswells, you remember, at twelve o'clock. I think you'd better lunch there and come on to tea at the Kilpatrick's."

"But—must I go to Langlands?" Nicole asked rebelliously.

Barbara looked surprised and said in her cool, crisp voice: "Of course, you must do just as you like, but it wouldn't be very polite to such old friends as the Langlands to disregard their invitation."

"But it wasn't so much an invitation on their part as a suggestion on yours; however, perhaps I'd better go. To-morrow I shall visit my old haunts."

"Yes," Barbara said, as she helped herself to marmalade; "you will have time for a nice walk to-morrow morning. We're going to Kingshouse to luncheon and—I do hope you won't mind, Aunt Jane—I promised to take you to tea with the people

who have bought Greenshaw. They've heard so much about you and Nicole they begged me to bring you. They're really not bad sort of people, very new and terribly rich, but not too obtrusive, and frightfully appreciative of Rutherford—I suppose that is what softened my heart to them. *Must you go on Thursday?*"

"I'm afraid we must," said Lady Jane.

"But—why? There is nothing to hurry you back, surely?"

"We've been wandering for quite a long time, and I confess I'm longing to get back to our own little house. It's odd with what affection I think of it."

Barbara turned to her husband. "Think of it, Andrew, hurrying back from this to a tar-smelling, east-windy Fife village! I feel rather aggrieved! I can't understand it."

"Oh, I can," said Andrew, who was helping himself at the sideboard. "Naturally Lady Jane longs for her own place and all her own things round her, and I thought the Harbour House the jolliest place I'd seen for a long time."

"Ah, but you should see it in winter," said Nicole. "Then you would say it was jolly. When the waves come rolling in, and the spray dashes against the windows, and the wind howls round the steep roof and whistles down the chimneys and the logs burn blue, and we are all so close together, the little houses and ourselves. Your mother is coming to see us one day. I think she'll like it."

"Oh, yes," said Barbara, "looking back it seems quite nice, but, of course, it was cramped," and she looked round her own spacious dining-room and sighed contentedly.

Nicole had a few words alone with Andrew before dinner in the evening before they left. They were standing under the picture of the Queen of Hearts, and Nicole looked up at it and smiled.

"My Lovely Lady! How long ago it seems since I was at Rutherford last. So much has happened you and Barbara settled here. . . ."

Andrew took a step nearer her. "Perhaps you won't like me speaking of it, but I wanted to tell you how sorry I was when I saw—"

"Yes . . . Simon didn't come back."

"It's awful for you," Andrew said; and as he said it he remembered Barbara's words when she saw the news in the papers. "*Poor Simon Beckett!*" she had said.

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"You know he was a great friend of Nicole's? Yes, it is sad for her; but Nicole manages to take everything so lightly, she will soon forget."

"Oh, I'll get through somehow," Nicole said. Then she put out her hand and grasped his. "Thank you, Andy."

As they set off next morning in the train to Edinburgh, Nicole looked across at her mother and said: "Matrimony doesn't always improve people, does it, Mums?"

"Not always," Lady Jane said; and they let the subject drop.

Nicole had both yearned for and dreaded the return to Kirkmeikle, but once back she wondered how she had been able to stay away so long. To her it was a place apart, this place that had known Simon. Here they had walked and talked and laughed; here they had loved and parted; to this little sea-looking town on the green brae had Simon's thoughts turned at the end.

And the Harbour House had lost nothing of its spell. Mrs. Martin and Christina and Beenie had, on their return, cleaned it from garret to basement, so that it shone a welcome. And the Bat and Gentle Annie were glad to be back; visiting was all very well, but this was home.

Mrs. Heggie had arrived almost at once to give them the news. She began before she was well in the room. "Ravenscraig's let. A family has taken it for a year. Sherwood is the name. Three servants, and nice-looking people. I'm longing to call and ask them to a meal, but Joan won't let me. She says I've got to give them time to settle down before I rush at them with invitations. Perfect nonsense, I call it. It's always nice to give people a welcome early, don't you think so, Lady Jane?"

"I do indeed. And how is your daughter?"

"Quite well, thank you; but she's shingled her hair." Mrs. Heggie shook her head. "Not all I could say would prevent her, though her face isn't the right shape. A little round face with small features is all right shingled, rather pretty and boyish; but Joan's long chin and long nose—well, well. However, she's in great spirits. You know, of course, that the Bucklers had some money left them; yes, wasn't it nice? And they're wintering in Italy. Well, they've had the good fortune to let Lucknow—a really good let, Mrs. Buckler told me—to people called Beatson, a brother and sister, and the brother writes and the sister paints! ... You can imagine how pleased Joan is!

She's just been panting for someone like that to be friends with. I think myself they're rather peculiar looking, almost Jewish, and Joan says they're modern of the moderns, and I can't say that appeals to me either; but you can't have everything, and Joan thinks she's found kindred spirits, and I'm glad to see her pleased. ... Well, I needn't tell you I'm glad to see you back, and I'm not the only one; we've missed you terribly. Mrs. Lambert was just saying to me that she woke so cheery the other morning, and couldn't think why till she remembered that you were expected back."

"How are the Lamberts?" Nicole asked. "I heard they were having a good holiday."

"Yes; and they're well and settled down to their winter's work. Have you heard anything of Miss Symington—Mrs. Innes, I should say?"

"I had one letter," said Nicole, "from North Berwick, where they had gone as a family."

"Ah, but I've seen her," said Mrs. Heggie triumphantly. "I met her in Princes' Street one day last week. How she has changed!"

"Changed?" said Lady Jane. "In looks or what?"

"Looks and everything. She is very well dressed now, and carries herself with such assurance. I used to try to be kind to her when she was Miss Symington and so dowdy and uninteresting; but I was quite amused at the way she condescended to me when I met her. Oh, Mrs. Innes is very well pleased with herself, I can tell you. ... And how is the other bride, Miss Barbara?"

"Most flourishing," said Nicole; and laughed, as if at something she had remembered. "We've just come from visiting her. Barbara had always a genius for managing a house, and she has everything perfect. I wish you had been with us, Mrs. Heggie; you are so appreciative about nicely-cooked food and pretty table appointments, and everything as it should be. And Andrew got her some lovely clothes in Paris, and she looking so well; an absolute model of a young wife in every way. Isn't that so, mother?"

"Quite so," said Lady Jane. "It is all most satisfactory."

"Well, I'm glad," Mrs. Heggie said as she rose to go. "Here we are beginning another winter, and it seems no time since last October, when we were all wondering

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about you. A lot has happened, too. I don't mind pleasant changes—like people getting married, but I'll always regret poor young Mr. Beckett. And you saw such a lot of him; it must be a very sad loss to you."



It was a night or two later, about six in the evening.

Nicole was playing with the Bat, his good-night game. He had a regular performance which he went through every evening. He had tea in the drawing-room, after which he switched on the lights. Then came a story from Lady Jane, either read or told, and a game with Nicole; a quiet game it was supposed to be, but even Halma or Tiddley-winks can be made quite exciting if played with spirit.

"Now then," said Nicole, "you've beaten me fairly. Put away the table. Gentle Annie will be here in a minute."

Alastair groaned. "I wish it never came night. Why can't it always be morning?"

Nicole laughed. "Everybody hasn't your passion for early rising, my bat-like one. In fact, I think it would be rather a good plan in winter if we only rose twice a week."

"Now that," said Lady Jane, looking up from the letter she was trying to write, "is a really attractive idea. Rise, say, on Mondays and Fridays."

"Yes," said Nicole; "and the rest of the time we would lie in bed and nourish ourselves with water-biscuits, because, of course, there would be nobody up to light fires or cook. What a lot one would save in coals and lights and food and clothes."

Her mother protested. "Look at the child's face! Don't send him to bed with such a nightmare thought. Here is Annie. Run along, darling; the sooner you fall asleep, the sooner morning will come."

"But it's so jolly here," Alastair sighed. "I've got whole six pennies in my pocket, Aunt Jane." He jingled them for her benefit, and added meditatively: "Jackie Coogan, poor fellow, is so rich that he can't carry his pennies in his trouser pockets."

He looked seriously into Lady Jane's face, and she bent down and kissed him, saying: "Yes; but even boys with whole six pennies must go to bed. I'll be up to say good night."

Alastair caught Nicole's hand. "Come, and see me bathed."

"All right, but run now. I'll be up before your dressing-gown's on."

The bath over, and Alastair safely tucked up and kissed and blessed, Nicole said to her mother as they came downstairs together:

"Poor little Bat, though he sleeps like a top the night seems endless to him, dividing him from another happy day. I can remember, too, feeling that sleep was a terrible waste of time."

They entered the drawing-room and found that the careful Christina had tidied away all traces of Alastair's play and made the fire bright and laid the papers and the letters from the evening post on the bureau. The curtains were not drawn, for she knew Nicole's love for the lights on the sea-front. The two women sat down together by the fire still talking of the child that they had taken into their keeping.

"Arthur is keen that he should go to his own old school beside Barnabas," Nicole said. "He told me very seriously that he and Barnabas thought highly of the Bat, and believed that Evelyn's would be the very place for him. It's the child's courage that impresses them. They're afraid, but make themselves do things; but the Bat doesn't seem to know what fear is. And no matter how much he has hurt himself, he only grins, so Arthur tells me. . . . Miss Symington had no good to tell of his parents, and it is difficult to understand how the unstable David Symington and his impudent war-flapper of a wife could have produced such a grave, fearless little spirit. He must be a hark-back to some remote ancestor, probably a Covenantan. Now that I think of it, the way that the Bat has held on to the fact that he's a Liberal in the face of all the arguments and persuasions of Arthur and Barnabas, whom he so admires and desires to please, shows quite the Covenantanting spirit. 'If I had money,' I heard him say one day, 'I'd buy the House of Commons and fill it full of Liberals.' Arthur intimated rather coarsely that he was going to be sick. . . . Yes; the Bat's a big extra—Simon's little Bat."

"I've been wondering," Lady Jane said in a little, "what we ought to do this winter. Shall we go abroad after Christmas? The only thing is that neither of us care for the noisy, smart places, and the quiet places are so full of unattached women. . . . It's quite all right for me, but not much fun for a girl like you."

"Oh, I don't know. At present I'm tak-

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ing what almost amounts to a morbid interest in unattached women. I look at all the spinsters that I meet and wonder what story attaches to each. What a lot of different types there are! I like best the solid, quiet, dependable ones—those the world simply couldn't do without. The worst type is the persistently bright and vivacious, the arch, old-young women who hint at many sighing lovers in the past. If ever you see me getting like that, mother, for any favour stop me! But I've got about fifteen years to study the art of becoming the perfect spinster; you're not really a spinster till you're about forty in these days, are you? I may learn to wear my rue with a difference."

"Ah, my darling, don't talk like that. Time heals; you can't tell now what you may feel later on. . . ."

Nicole shook her head. "It's not a thing to talk about, but one knows oneself. When I saw Simon's name and '*dead*,' something seemed to snap. It's absurd, of course, to talk of broken hearts—perfectly normal people's hearts don't break; but all the same something finishes. I don't believe that if you had been twenty-five instead of fifty-five when father died that it would have made the slightest difference. We're born steadfast, you and I. It's not a thing to be proud of, or to deplore. It just happens so. I'm not going to pose as any sort of heroine. After all, the love between a man and a woman isn't the only thing in life, by any means. I must fill my life with other things, that's all. What would you like best to do this winter?"

"I want to do just what you want," said Lady Jane.

"Mother, if it is ever my painful privilege to write your epitaph, d'you know what I'll put? '*She never made a fuss*.' And I can't imagine a nicer thing to have said about one."

Lady Jane smiled rather sadly as she picked up her work, and said: "Ah, my dear, my life is finished, and it has been a very good one; but I can't bear to think that you—"

Nicole left the arm-chair in which she

had been sitting, and curled up on the rug beside her mother.

"Honestly, mother, I don't need pity. They were pretty bad those endless summer days, when beauty was everywhere and I walked alone in desolate places. I was bitter and broken, and there seemed nothing ahead but the same dry misery; but gradually I began to realize things a little. Simon has gone on ahead and I'm left; but he's still my Simon. Sometimes I feel rather like a sentry waiting for the dawn. . . . It isn't, you know, as if we could give our souls their discharge: we've got to stand steady through the night, and fortunately, fortunately, Mums, the night is not without stars. It's a wonderful world for compensations. I couldn't live if I were always sad—*werna ma hert licht I wad dee!* D'you remember how angry I used to make Barbara with my stupid gladness? Well, that sort of fizzy light-heartedness is gone, but I'm acquiring a still happiness which is probably more enduring. I'd be the most ungrateful being on earth if I moped and whined when I've so much to be thankful for."

Lady Jane laid her hand on her daughter's head.

"My darling, you make me very thankful, too. I never spoke, but I knew how hard these past months were for you, and now to hear you say that you can still be happy—" She stopped, and then said slowly, as if the words were coming back to her one by one: "*To the supremely happy man all times are times of thanksgiving, deep, tranquil and abundant, for the delight, the majesty, and the beauty of the fullness of this rolling world*"

Nicole nodded. "Yes, all times are times of thanksgiving—and everything is in its proper place! And if the square peg is in a round hole, it's for some good reason."

"And what is your proper place, my Nikky?"

Nicole looked up at her mother and smiled her impish smile.

"Where I am, of course," she said. "And very nice, too!"



THE END



PRACTICAL HOME-MAKING

Pots and Pans

From Iron to Glass
By
M. G. Hand

IRON versus glass! It doesn't sound as if the glass had much of a chance where choosing pots and pans was concerned. And yet I'd put my money on the glass every time. And so would my grandmother if she'd had the chance; but she didn't, poor woman, and I cannot imagine how she managed to be the miracle of a good housewife that she was, considering the difficulties she had to work under.

Let us leave the difficulties, however, and discuss the amenities that the kitchen equipment stores can offer the housewife of to-day.

Iron, copper, enamel, aluminium, glass, solid nickel, earthenware casseroles and fireproof porcelain! And in a bewildering variety of shapes, sizes, and prices. Let us endeavour to sort them out.

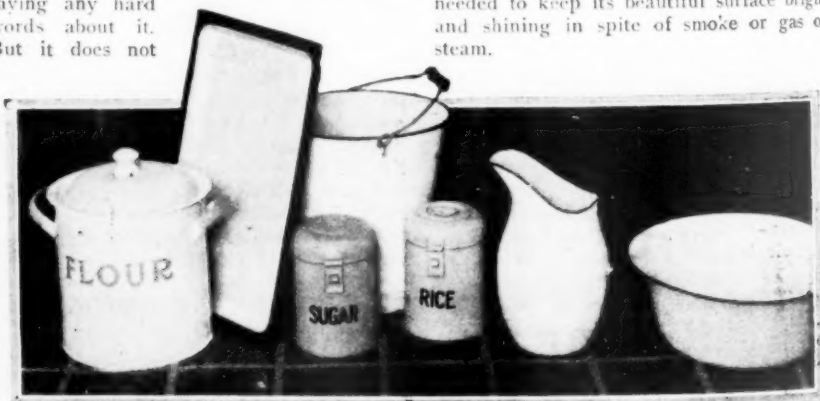
Iron first. It has been a good friend, and for that reason I will refrain from saying any hard words about it. But it does not

appeal to the up-to-date housewife, for it is very heavy and clumsy and not beautiful. It does not accord well with the brightness and the lightness and the colourful attractiveness of the modern kitchen.

Copper then. No one can say that copper is not bright and light and attractive. Nothing is so warm and cheery to behold as a glowing kitchen fire dancing in the polished surface of copper.

Copper wears well, too; and it is a good conductor of heat. It is also nice to cook in; but care must be taken that the inside is kept well-tinned, otherwise there is risk of poisoning from certain salts that are given out by the contact of acid foods on copper.

But copper is expensive, too; and it is certainly a source of much more labour than should be necessary, for a great deal of care and polish and elbow grease is needed to keep its beautiful surface bright and shining in spite of smoke or gas or steam.



Enamel is ideal for such articles as these: it has its uses and its limitations

POTS AND PANS



Fireproof casseroles can now be obtained in a variety of beautiful colours and shapes

Solid brass was one of the good old-fashioned stand-bys, and with reason, too, for although it is heavy, it is easy to keep clean, it looks nice, food doesn't burn in it, and its wear is, literally, unending. But when it is seen that a small saucepan costs 30s., it will be understood why its use is not more general.

Enamel is quite a useful material for kitchen ware; but it is very important that it should be bought in the very best quality, otherwise it is liable to chip, and thus lay bare the sheet-iron foundation. Once a piece of enamel has been chipped off, the surrounding portion is liable to go on chipping, thus creating the unpleasant possibility of pieces of enamel in one's food. It is light, though, and has the advantage of looking bright and clean, with its smooth, shining, white or pale-blue surface, and it is fairly easy to wash. It can be strongly recommended for such things as flour bins, hot-water jugs, cake tins, and the like.

Aluminium comes next on the list, and perhaps it is at present the most popular of all wares with the housewife who is planning or renewing her stock of kitchen utensils, such strides has it made in recent years both in quality and in the innumerable fresh uses to which it has been put. Its advantages are many. It is light, it is a very good conductor of heat, it is easily kept clean—and nothing looks more attractive than its shining silver-like surface—and it is not unduly expensive. Its only drawback—if it may be counted a drawback—is that it must be carefully used by a careful and intelligent person, for there are one or two substances which are fatal to it, as, for instance, soda. This means that soda must not only not be used for cleaning it, but it must not be put into the water for cooking purposes—with cabbage, for in-

stance. Sometimes it is difficult to make people understand this, with the result that the aluminium gradually begins to corrode and wear away. Salt has the same effect in a very much smaller degree. So has any other metal, such as a knife or spoon, if it comes in contact with it while it is in use. For this reason a wooden spoon should be used for all cooking purposes where possible.

In choosing aluminium, like most other things, it pays many times over in the long run to buy the best and the purest quality. The thickness of the metal should be carefully examined, and it should be asked if the aluminium is spun, stamped, or cast. Remember that the base is the most important part. Look at the handles and knobs, and make sure that they are made either of some non-heat-conducting material, or otherwise hollow inside.

The number of inventions for saving labour and fuel that have been put on the market recently is amazing, and each one should be examined to see whether it fits in with your own particular needs. There are kettles, saucepans, frying pans, deep frying pans, steamers, boilerettes, jugs, tea-pots, pie-dishes, and even "glasses." There is one invention that actually stews, boils, steams, roasts, or bakes!—an invaluable addition to one's kitchen when one is reluctant to put on a big gas oven or light a huge fire merely to roast one small joint.

The saucepans, too, are interesting to observe. Square saucepans are the idea of one woman. These fit on to one burner, which keeps them all four boiling where formerly it would have kept only one round one. They are quite the best type to use where space is limited, and have the further advantage of being easy to pour out from without mishap through one of the corners.

THE QUIVER

Being aluminium, they are so easy to clean that the square shape is hardly any disadvantage.

Another woman's invention is the "double" saucepan and the "double" frying pan. This is a round pan in two portions, which is so constructed that it may be used for frying or boiling two varieties of food at the same time. It is, of course, not a very practical thing where large quantities of food are to be cooked; but it is a splendid idea for small courses.

The aluminium cooker already referred to, which will boil or bake, is quite simple in construction, and cheap though effective in use. Whatever cooking operation it is performing, it is very economical in the use of fuel, and it can be easily understood how specially this applies to roasting, for one can roast a whole joint over a small gas-burner turned low—no small thing when it is realized that the joint would otherwise require a whole oven.

Another useful aluminium utensil is the very deep frying pan, lined with asbestos (to retain the heat), and with an aluminium wire basket. Things will cook very rapidly in this, and it is not wasteful, for the fat can be used several times over.

Such, however, are the uses and charms of aluminium that I have already dwelt too long on them. Before we pass on to another and equally fascinating ware—heat-resisting glass—mention must be made of the solid nickel ware that is now being made for the kitchen. This possesses the same virtues as aluminium in the main, and is also

claimed to be of absolute durability. It is more expensive, however, a saucepan, with lid, to hold $2\frac{1}{4}$ pints costing 17s. 6d. A good quality aluminium one, to hold 3 pints, costs 5s. 9d.

What of Glass?

And now—what of the glass?

Perhaps the quality that attracts us most about glass cooking utensils—and glass kitchen ware in general—is the fact that we can see what is "happening." That is something which not only pleases a childish curiosity, which even the most grown-up of us possess, but is of a really practical value.

It is fireproof; it is guaranteed for six months against oven-use; it is transparent, clean looking, easy to wash, and thoroughly durable, though not, of course, unbreakable if dropped on a brick floor! Its use has been practically extended to every kitchen utensil: bowls, dishes, meat dishes, pastry "boards" and rollers, teapots and coffee pots, lemon squeezers, and even tanks for preserving eggs. This last is infinitely preferable to the old crock basin, for you can see just how low your stock of eggs is getting, and whether any of them are cracked or not.

One special virtue I have noticed about these glass fireproof pie dishes and basins is that they retain the heat so well. A pudding will actually go on cooking after it has been taken out of the oven. Food seems to cook in a remarkably even manner in them, too. There is the further advantage



Glass ware for oven use is not out of place in a dainty setting

POTS AND PANS



Some of the latest shapes of aluminium utensils

that it may be sent straight on to the dining-table without transferring it to another dish, for such is its attractive appearance that it fulfils the double function of being both kitchen-ware and table-ware, thus saving for the housewife time, labour, and money!

The prices vary according to the sizes. A pudding dish, to hold $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints, costs 4s. 3d.; a casserole, with lid, in the same size, 7s. 6d. Quite within the reach of the most ordinary purse, you see, thus adding a final charm.

The Casserole

At last we come to the casserole. Now, much has been written about this. Books have been written especially on casserole cookery—long practised by our economical French cousins, but even now not sufficiently appreciated by the more conservative British.

The chief point, to my mind, about a casserole is that there really is nothing like it for making the best of inferior cuts of meat and delicious tasty dishes out of odds and ends. The ease with which these are cooked, the saving of labour—for once in the casserole they may be left undisturbed to simmer gently until quite done—and the fact that not one single degree of the vital juices of the food are wasted in the process—these things alone would be enough to convince any housewife of their merits, leaving out of the question the fact that the casseroles are cheap and picturesque-looking,

and can be used as table-ware in the same way as glass.

It must not be imagined that "casseroles" are all made of coarse, brown earthenware, by any means. They can now be obtained in the most beautiful shades of blue or green, with white insides, or glazed brown outside and yellow glaze inside. Another variety is a delicate biscuit-orange outside and white inside. Still more delicate looking is the French fireproof "transparent" porcelain in white.

And their uses are legion! There are milk boilers, teapots, coffee pots, breakfast dishes, egg poachers, ramikins, soufflé dishes, pie dishes, roasting dishes, "Dutch pots," stew pots, and baking dishes. The prices vary according to quality. A Dutch pot, glazed brown outside and white porcelain leadless glaze inside, to hold 2 pints, costs 3s. The same size in a beautiful blue costs 4s. 3d. Not expensive—and saving their initial cost many times over.

For the Week-end Cottage

Casseroles can be used, of course, in almost every time and every place; but their special niche should, I think, be in the week-end cottage or seaside bungalow. There they will fit in as if they were old friends, and you can clap your dinner on the stove and your hat on your head ready for an afternoon's outing at one and the same time, in perfect confidence. Can you wish for more?



The Salad Season

By
Agnes M. Miall

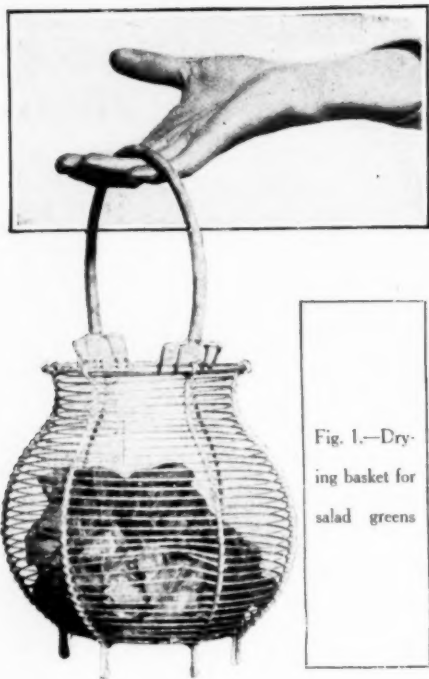


Fig. 1.—Dry-
ing basket for
salad greens

THIS is the time of year when the temptingness and healthfulness of fresh salads make a strong appeal, and when their ingredients are cheapest. Preparing a salad is not a quick process, however, and in many households it would be served oftener if housewives realized how many labour-saving helps to the process are on the market. Some of the most useful are illustrated on this page.

Fig. 1. A good salad is never wet, yet drying the lettuce by means of a cloth is tedious and somewhat inadequate. This wire drying basket originated in France, the home of delicious salad, but is obtainable in English stores. With the greenstuff in it, it is swung out of doors or over the sink to drain away the moisture caused by washing.

Fig. 2. The slicing of cucumber or beet-root takes time when done with a knife. This slicer, costing only 1s. 6d., has a blade which can be adjusted for slices of varying thickness, or be detached for easy washing. Slicing is done by simply rubbing the cucumber up and down over the blade.

Fig. 3. This 6d. gadget, with its multiple wires, will divide an entire hard-

boiled egg into tempting slices in a single operation. What could be quicker?

Fig. 4. The accurate measuring of various small quantities of mustard and salt for the salad-dressing is made easy by this set of four spoons, linked together at the handles so that none can be mislaid. They measure respectively a tablespoonful, a teaspoonful, half a teaspoonful, and a quarter of a teaspoonful. Price 1s.

Fig. 5. This spoon does for the liquid part of the dressing, such as oil and vinegar, what that in Fig. 4 achieves for the solids. It is marked in rings with the different measurements, from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, and has a lip for pouring. It costs only 6d.

Fig. 6. When the salad is made and at table, what a convenience to be able to help oneself with one hand only by using this aluminium spoon and fork, linked together like scissors! The price is the moderate one of 1s.

Fig. 2.—
Slicing is done
by simply
rubbing the
cucumber up
and down over
the blade





Fig. 3.—Slicer for hard-boiled eggs



Fig. 4.—Set of graduated measuring spoons for salt and mustard



Fig. 5.—Measuring spoon for liquids



Fig. 6.—Linked salad servers for helping with one hand only

Things that Matter

by Rev. ARTHUR PRINGLE

THE RIGHT USE OF SUNDAY

THE broader and more enlightened way in which religion is regarded to-day naturally affects our view of the question of Sunday observance. To all intents and purposes, rigid and strict Sabbatarianism is extinct; and, in the spirit of the great saying that "the Sabbath was made for man," we are revising our ideas of how the day can best be spent.

In this, as in all other debatable questions, there are extremists at both ends of the argumentative scale, and, from their opposite standpoints, they are apt to talk as though the problem were much simpler than it actually is. As a matter of fact, when we come to think of all the issues that hang upon it, the "Sunday question" proves to be as delicate as it is undoubtedly important. The more we consider it, the less shall we be inclined to dogmatism or intolerance.

An Urgent Matter

But, precisely because of its urgency, we cannot afford to let ourselves drift in regard to it, without any clear ideas as to where we are going. Indeed, one of the disciplines of our time which every serious person has to face is the responsibility of making intelligent decisions amid complexities and developments with which our fathers were never troubled. To a greater or less extent every successive generation has this sort of experience. It is part of the price of progress.

But perhaps the particular stage we have now reached is emphasizing the difficulty for us. Not only in religion, but through the whole range of modern life, there is a sense of unsettlement and instability which—to say nothing of other influences—is an inevitable result of the war and its aftermath. Nothing is sacrosanct; no custom, however hallowed, is immune from challenge; we are, so to speak, pulling up life by the roots and demanding the why and the wherefore of everything.

Such a situation has, of course, its dangers, but, wisely met, it presents a great opportunity. So far as religion is concerned, it means the shedding of much that is merely conventional or that, having served its purpose, has grown obsolete. But this, in turn, ought to mean an access of the healthiness and reality that come with a larger outlook and a keener thoughtfulness. The things that are shaken will be removed, but the things that cannot be shaken will remain.

On What Principle?

All this bears strongly on the question of the right use of Sunday. On what principle are we to decide what to hold on to and what to keep? In the midst of the present clash of argument on the subject, it is interesting to recall a suggestion put forward, many years ago, by George Jacob Holyoake, the famous Chartist and supporter of the co-operative movement. "There ought," he said, "to be two Sabbaths in the week. The present Sabbath would be undisturbed, devoted to repose, piety and the improvement of the mind. The other would be a day of universal and organized recreation."

Coming from a man who loved to regard himself pre-eminently as an "agitator," this is a significant proposal: for, whether meant in entire seriousness or half in jest, it shows that Holyoake had his finger on the crux of the matter. Holding no brief for religion in the ordinary sense, he still recognized that, if we are to do justice to every part of our nature, we must have something more than "a sort of weekly Bank Holiday." Had he been alive to-day, he would probably have felt this even more strongly, for we are discovering afresh that it is only at our peril that we neglect the spiritual side of humanity.

A "Natural" Demand

It is important to insist that this is not a

THINGS THAT MATTER

question of what is declaimed by professional preachers or by people who may be supposed to have a vested interest in religion. It represents the growing conviction of responsible statesmen and observers of the trend of things. If humanity is to be lifted out of the rut of brute selfishness and mutually destructive factions, spiritual forces must be brought into play; and we must make this more and more difficult if we destroy the spiritual side of Sunday.

Naturally, what a man does with his Sunday will depend on how he looks at himself and at life in general. If he takes a frankly materialistic view of things, with the making of money and the pursuit of pleasure as his chief aim, there is nothing more to be said. For such a man there is no Sunday problem. It is a day on which he has full reason and opportunity to enjoy himself, and he can go ahead without qualm or misgiving.

Not Such a Simple Question

Yet, even for *him*, is the question quite so simple after all? For one thing, so far from quarrelling with the Puritans and Sabbatarians, he ought to be grateful to them. History will remind him that it was the Puritans who established the English Sunday, and they prohibited both *work* and play on "the day of rest." And the modern "week-ender" who laughs at Sabbatarianism has the Sabbatarians to thank for his week-end freedom. This is a paradox of the situation that most people are liable to overlook.

Still, leaving for the moment the religious aspect out of account, there is another factor which refuses to be ignored. The man who claims his right to "use Sunday as he likes" soon finds himself up against social and economic considerations. Play for A may mean work for B; it is difficult to give *this* person freedom to do what he likes without condemning *that* person to unwelcome restriction. So the community reacts on itself. There is no help for it; and the fact that we are all "members one of another" makes any facile solution of the Sunday problem impossible even from the materialist and selfish standpoint.

For example, when, some years ago, there was a proposal to open theatres on Sunday, there was no need for the spokesmen of religion to intervene. The theatrical employees themselves, especially those of the lower-paid grades, were up in arms

to protect themselves against a seven-day working week with, probably, incommensurate reward. And this, of course, is the dilemma that must face all sections of the community when they look at the question in its many bearings. If Sunday is so broken into that it becomes to all intents and purposes like any other day, then nobody is better off, and in "enlarging" it we only succeed in destroying it. This is a paradoxical possibility which deserves consideration from those who plume themselves on their impatient rejection of custom and convention. Here, as always, it is so fatally easy to "throw away the child with the bath"; and every sane thinker must realize that it is specially dangerous to do this in regard to Sunday.

The Spiritual Side

This part of the argument holds good, as I have said, even if religious considerations are left out of account; but, of course, the case is immensely strengthened by these. For, granted that we have a spiritual nature, it must be exercised as regularly and as scrupulously as our bodies; and nothing helps more in this direction than broad and enlightened public worship.

Some time ago "Punch" was provoked to verse by the remark of an evening paper that "the great demand of the moment is something fresh to do on Sunday." Under the heading of "Our Day of Unrest," this advice was offered to the modern man:

Blasé is your air and jaded,
Sabbath hours have lost their zest;
Utter ennui has invaded
Every corner of your chest.

Well, my friend, if fresh sensation
Is the object of your search,
And you want a consultation—
My advice is, go to church.

Many a true word is spoken in jest, and there is more in these lines than meets the eye. You cannot starve the higher part of yourself without paying for it; and to let your spiritual nature die is the surest way to boredom and dissatisfaction with life in general. Of course, this part of my argument largely loses its point unless we can assume that the churches are showing themselves alive to their opportunity and sensitive to the moral problems and intellectual developments of our time. Services that are dull, stereotyped, unenlightened, help to destroy Sunday, not to preserve it, for they repel men from what ought to be the very centre and source of their best inspira-

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tion. It is absurd to suggest that observances of this kind are imposed upon us by a divine degree. How the churches and preachers of our time can best meet its peculiar demands is not my concern at the moment. But they must, somehow, make themselves worth while. In any case, the maintenance of public worship and the preservation of Sunday would seem to be largely bound up with each other.

An Increasing Danger

In view of modern tendencies, another point is worth emphasizing in this connexion. Every sensible person will agree that the decay of social consciousness, the loss of the sense of oneness that ought to link all classes together, is an increasing danger. And, with all its shortcomings, corporate worship is *the* factor in keeping social consciousness alive and in making men realize the divine fatherhood, apart from which "brotherhood" can easily become a mere catchword—as, indeed, we are finding out to-day.

So we come back to Holyoake's point, that the true view of Sunday must safeguard *all* the interests of life—spiritual as well as material. We must take our humanity in all its fullness and versatility, and see that no part of it is allowed to waste or atrophy; and, if this be our aim, we shall set the day in its proper perspective, free from narrow and meaningless restrictions, while giving our spiritual faculties their supreme place.

When it comes to details as to how Sunday should be spent, everyone must decide for himself. So much depends on what we are doing during the week. People who ordinarily have little chance of fresh air and exercise ought to devote part of the day to redressing the balance, for it belongs to a man's religion that he does what is possible to keep himself physically fit. "Defenders" of Sunday observance put themselves in a ridiculous position, and

defeat their own end, if they suggest that healthy recreation is on a lower religious plane than, for example, post-prandia' slumber.

Get Into Touch with Actualities

In short, let us get rid of everything that is artificial and out of touch with the actualities of present-day life. For good or ill, we live in a time when people, in the main, do as they "like"; and the one effective thing is to persuade them to like what is best. We must support our "shalts" and "shalt nots" with the sanctions of health and truth and the widest good. Somehow we must make God more real, religion and everything connected with it more practical and worth while. Then Sunday will have at its centre an inspiration which will give new strength and significance to everything that is human. Nothing will be alien to it that makes us more ready for our life's work, more eager to be of service to others. Standing for health of body and mind and spirit, it will be beyond any "breaking" by the hands of men.



The Quotation

We are not poorer but richer because, through many ages, we have rested one day in seven. That day is not lost while industry is suspended, while the plough lies idle in the furrow. A process is going on quite as important as is performed on more busy days.

LORD MACAULAY.



THE PRAYER

HEAVENLY FATHER, all the days of the week are Thy gift: each bringing its own opportunity of experience and service, each carrying its twofold burden of happiness and discipline. Yet may Sunday become specially the day that Thou hast made; may we rejoice and be glad in it; and may its hours be made golden with the best and most satisfying happiness that our hearts can know.



Miss Winchell Goes Home

A Complete Story

By

Jean Roy

LITTLE Miss Winchell was in such a flutter she could scarcely fasten the buttons of her white cotton gloves. For the fourth time she opened her black leather hand-bag to see if its contents were right. One by one she turned the things over. There was her blue-bordered handkerchief, neatly folded, some peppermints in a screw of paper, the keys of her chest of drawers, and her purse, which contained all the money she possessed in the world. Yes, that was all right. She closed the bag with a snap. And her apartment was spotless—she had risen at six to leave everything neat.

The previous night she had taken a bath and laid out clean clothes for the morning, a thing she usually did on Saturday nights only. But this was a very special day. For eighteen years she had looked forward to it, and now it had actually arrived. She was going home.

She had cooked her meagre breakfast on the gas-ring, so there was no need to worry about her own fire. But some of her fellow-lodgers in the large tenement were disorderly and careless; so, just in case of accidents, she would leave the key with Jacob Andrews, the tailor who rented the room opposite her own. He was the only one of her neighbours in whom she had any faith. She had her pride and kept aloof from the others.

Well, it was time she was off. Stepping over to the chest of drawers, she took a last look at herself in the little mirror that stood on the top of it. She patted into shape the cheap little black hat. Its downturned brim shadowed her brown hair that was touched with grey. Her faded blue eyes smiled back at her confidently, and a brightness irradiated her thin, pinched face. Why, she thought, I'm looking quite young.

Taking up her bag and umbrella, she left the room, turned the key in the lock, crossed the passage, and tapped lightly on the door opposite. It opened so quickly, the occupant must have been standing behind it on the watch. He was a little man, slightly rounded in the shoulders through

much stooping over his work. His hair, still black, though he was no longer young, was a thick mass of curls. He looked at her with kindly brown eyes. Before he could speak, his dog, a mongrel with shaggy grey hair, bounded out and began delightedly to paw Miss Winchell. She smiled and rubbed his head.

"It's the key," she said, handing it to the man. "Perhaps you would be good enough to keep it till I come back? There's no one else I could trust it to."

"It's kind of you to trust me, Miss Winchell," he said effusively, as if she had done him some unexpected honour. "It'll be quite safe in my hands." His eyes travelled over her appraisingly. Her navy costume was cheap, but quiet. Very nice and ladylike, he thought.

"It'll be a great day for you, this," he remarked.

"Indeed it will," she answered. "Fancy, eighteen years since I saw my native place. I made up my mind to go back some day, but," she hesitated, "oh, well, I was never able to do it."

"I see," he said understandingly. "I've known what it is to be poor, though I can't complain now."

The sympathy in his voice opened her heart.

"It was a struggle," she admitted. "When mother was alive I had to keep her. No matter how hard I worked at my sewing, I could scarcely make ends meet."

"And you belong to the country?"

"Yes." She held her head a little higher. "We were well off when I was a girl. But when father died things went wrong and we lost all we had. We left the farm and came to the city. We dropped all our old acquaintances: mother could not bear the thought of them pitying us."

"And you'll meet all those well-to-do folks you knew then?"

Her face brightened.

"Yes. They will be surprised to see me." The tailor gazed at his feet meditatively.

"Maybe they'll keep you there?"

"What nonsense." Miss Winchell

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laughed self-consciously. "All the same, I don't think I would mind if I never saw this place again," she added.

"Well, Punch would miss you," he said.

The dog wagged its tail and looked at her with liquid eyes, its head cocked to one side. She bent down and patted it.

"I'd better hurry now," she said nervously. "It's such a long journey, I must make sure of catching the early train. Good-bye. I'll likely be back about nine."

The man and the dog stood watching her as she ran down the stair, the expression in their eyes curiously alike. After she had reached the passage into the street, they slowly returned to their house. The dog lay down in front of the fire, its nose on its paws. The man looked round his apartment as if he were seeing it for the first time. It was tidy, after a man's fashion; but it had the unhomelike appearance of a workshop. Garments in various stages of manufacture lay here and there, and a basket on the dresser was heaped with odds and ends of cloth. Lifting one of the garments, he sat down on a chair. He did not begin to sew, but gazed unseeingly at the floor. The dog eyed him with an expression of affectionate understanding.

When Miss Winchell reached the station her face was flushed with excitement. Trembling with agitation she hurried to the booking-office to get her ticket. It was years since she had taken a ticket for anywhere. But she was in time, though she had to content herself with a seat in a very crowded compartment.

What a pity she had not got to the window. She had wanted to pick out all the landmarks when she got near her old home. A young man sat next her on the coveted seat. And he was reading, not looking out at all. If she could only sit there. As if she had conveyed her thought to him, he looked round and offered to change places. She blushed and stammered her thanks. Apart from the fact of getting the seat, she was flattered at the young man's attention. She felt quite girlish again. Shyly she looked round at her fellow travellers and thought with complaisance that she looked as young and well dressed as any of them.

After a time she grew weary of looking at the unfamiliar scenery. Her thoughts turned to her companions of long ago. Wouldn't they be pleased to see her? Jane Howard, that had been her special friend, what a welcome she would give her! And Mrs. Warden, a jolly, vigorous woman,

whose husband had owned the village smithy. She must go and see her. Mrs. Warden was such a one to make you laugh, and it seemed years since she had really laughed. And then, a pink flush came into her cheeks, there was handsome Bob Thornton, whose father had the farm just over the hill from their own. Her eyes became soft and dreamy as she thought of Bob. She was no longer in the train, but sitting on the wall at the side of the wood behind the farm. Bob had been crossing through the wood and had stopped to tease her. Then suddenly she had been in his arms and he was kissing her. Before she had recovered from her surprise he was away, laughing back at her discomfiture. She could feel the strong, sweet smell of the clover, wafted to her by the soft summer wind as she sat there, feeling so happy. And Bob. The farm would be his now. . . .

But now she was coming near to familiar country. Her eyes feasted greedily on the passing scenes. She could have wept. For eighteen years her soul had longed every day for a sight of these roads and fields. Now the years were swept aside, and it seemed as if she had never left them. The dreary years in the now far-away city where she had scraped and struggled for a living appeared like a nightmare. If only she need never go back. Sometimes things happened so. . . .

She pressed her face close to the window, eager to miss nothing. In another minute she ought to catch a glimpse of her old home. Ah, there it was. Beyond the trees she could see its whitewashed walls, and the blue smoke floating lazily from its gable chimneys into the crisp spring air. She blinked quickly, then, taking out her blue-bordered handkerchief made a pretence of wiping her nose. The train thundered on. She kept her eyes fixed on the house till it was whirled away from her sight.

Memories of the past came crowding into her mind. It was as if a door in her heart that had been closed all these years had been suddenly thrown open.

Her thoughts received a jerk as the train drew up at the little country station. She stepped out on to the platform and looked round eagerly. Would she see anyone she knew? But, no. The few people there were all strangers to her. She set out briskly along the road to the village.

How sweet the air smelt. It went to her head almost like wine. She walked at the side of the road, on the grass, just for the

MISS WINCHELL GOES HOME

delight of feeling its soft freshness under her feet. Her eyes searched about eagerly. Oh, white anemones! She gathered a few of the tiny pink-tinged flowers and placed them carefully in a buttonhole of her jacket. Somewhere in a sheltered spot near there used to be early primroses. She slipped through a gap in the hawthorn hedge and looked about at the edge of the wood. Oh, there they were! One tiny root with half a dozen flowers. Just as if they had been waiting for her to come. Kneeling down on the grass, she sniffed their faint, delicate perfume. She would not pluck them to wither and die.

But she must not dally longer, time was passing. First she would go through the village, where about a dozen cottages were clustered together.

Her heart beat excitedly as she came abreast of the first one. She remembered the man who had lived there cobbled boots. An old man was standing at the door now, smoking. He gave her a curious look, and she saw he was a stranger. The third cottage, in the old days, had served as the post office, and was tenanted by a Miss Matthews, a melancholy, elderly woman. She walked past slowly and looked in at the gate. Two girls, dressed quite smartly, were lounging near the pump, gossiping. They turned and stared at her pertly. Quickening her steps she hurried on. She passed quite through the village without seeing a known face.

At the turn of the road she came to the farm where her companion had lived. Halting at the entrance, she looked towards the house expectantly. Supposing Jane came out, what a surprise she would get. Feeling like a schoolgirl up to mischief, she approached the door. A child with fair hair came running out and stared at her with big eyes. Was Jane married? Her eagerness became somewhat subdued. Jane had always had a sharp tongue. She remembered now how she used to make fun of their older, unmarried acquaintances. She had laughed with her then, but now. . . .

A tall young woman, wearing a dainty overall over a dainty dress, came to the door. Her face was unfamiliar.

"Are the Howards still here?" Miss Winchell asked, a little anxious note in her voice.

The young woman stared at her.

"The Howards? Oh, no. Why, they left four years ago when we came."

"So they're gone?" Miss Winchell's face fell. She stood silent a moment nervously fingering her bag. "And their daughter, Jane?" she questioned again. "Could you tell me anything about her?"

"Their daughter Jane died, I believe, a year before that. As far as I heard, that was partly their reason for leaving the place."

Dead. Miss Winchell felt her heart sink.

"Did you know them?" asked the other curiously, ready for a gossip.

"I did, long ago," said Miss Winchell tonelessly. She wanted to be alone again, and turned towards the gate. "They were old friends. Thank you for telling me," she added hastily.

She felt acutely depressed. She had looked forward to seeing Jane, and Jane was dead. She walked along slowly, her eyes on the ground. How shaky she was feeling. She had been going too fast. It might be as well to rest a while before going farther. She climbed up the bank at the roadside and seated herself on a grassy knoll. Opening her bag she took out the screw of paper and helped herself to a peppermint. That was refreshing. She might have brought a sandwich to eat, but she had been too excited to think of it. She sat looking round her. Where would she go now? In front of her, across the fields, was a large farmhouse with numerous out-buildings, but she would not go there. The people in it had never been friendly with her family. Her old home lay just beyond, round the shoulder of the hill. But first she would go to Mrs. Warden's cottage. After a rest there, she would be ready for the walk to her home.

She rose to her feet, lifted her bag and umbrella, and started off again. Half a mile farther on she left the road and entered a path that wound its way along by the side of a brook. It was so narrow and so little used, the withered fronds of last year's ferns arched over it and brushed her feet as she passed. The soft gurgling of the little stream and the singing of the birds in the thicket beside it soothed her. Mrs. Warden would be sure to hearten her up. Such a jolly one she had always been.

Breathless, and a little anxious, she reached the top of the path. A hasty glance at the cottage reassured her. It seemed unchanged. Vegetables were in the front plot, as they had always been. Near the porch lay a couple of rag rugs. She smiled to herself as she remembered Mrs. Warden's

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rather untidy habits. Opening the little gate she climbed the gravel path to the door and knocked. There was no answer. She knocked again and listened, but there was no sound of anyone moving within. Possibly Mrs. Warden might be at the back and had not heard. She stepped to the corner of the house and saw an old woman, a bundle of brushwood in her arms, crossing from the cart-road that ran behind the house. Catching sight of the visitor in her garden, the old woman lowered her burden to the ground and came forward inquiringly. Miss Winchell stared at her. The face was much seamed, and the eyes somewhat bleared, but she recognized her friend.

"Mrs. Warden!" she cried, all in a tremble. "Don't you remember me. I'm Mary Winchell."

The old woman pushed a stray wisp of white hair under the red cotton handkerchief tied on her head, and peered at her visitor.

"Mary Winchell," she mumbled reminiscently. "There's so many come and go. Winchell? My memory's not what it was. Winchell?" A look of intelligence dawned in her eyes. "Oh, oh, I remember you now. And you're her? Oh, dear, dear. I would never have known you." She stared hard into Miss Winchell's face. "Old-like woman you've got, like me. But that's only to be looked for. We're both goin' down the hill. Dear, dear. And what may you be doin' in this part now?"

The excitement had died out of Miss Winchell's eyes.

"I had a fancy just to have a look round the old place," she answered listlessly.

"I'm goin' to have a dish of tea. Come in and have a drop," invited the old woman. She opened the door and hobbled into the house, and Miss Winchell followed.

The place smelt musty and close. Mrs. Warden muddled about through the untidy kitchen with the fumbling clumsiness of old age. She set out two coarse cups, some thick scones, and a piece of butter in a bowl, talking garrulously all the while.

"And you're back. Now, Sam bein' away, and me alone, I could do with somebody to help look after the cow and the hens. I could do with it fine. You could live on little here, and you might get something to do for a neighbour that would bring you a shilling or two. If I just had somebody, I could do with them, I could. Now, what do you think? There's a fine bed there." She pointed to a dark closet off the

kitchen. "A fine bed, and never used. When folk are getting old, they need comfort."

Miss Winchell felt as if the tea would choke her. Was this what she was coming to? She listened to the old woman mumbling away, half to herself, half to her visitor, the same thing over and over again; then her eyes wandered round the sordid, musty house, and she felt a strong desire to get out into the open air. Everything was so changed. If only she had never come. She rose hastily to her feet.

"I must hurry to catch my train," she excused herself. "Thanks so much for the tea. It was refreshing."

The old woman looked at her.

"A dish of tea's neither here nor there," she answered. "But are you goin'?" she added in surprise. "Dear, dear. And you'll think on what I said? A set-up it would be for you. You could live on little, though a tasty bite's fine now and then. When folk get up in years, it's the only comfort they've got."

"Yes, yes," returned Miss Winchell feverishly, looking towards the gate that led to the road. She would go that way. Mrs. Warden followed to see her off.

As they were standing to say good-bye a dog-cart containing a man and woman came along the road. The old woman became suddenly alert.

"There's Bob Thornton and the wife," she said, a sharp expression on her face. "Hey," she called.

The dog-cart drew up at the gate.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Warden?" asked the man.

"An old lass of yours, Bob," she said, with a sly smile at the woman sitting beside him.

Miss Winchell stared at the man. Could this be Bob? This man with the grizzled beard and coarse red face? And that ill-natured looking woman sitting beside him was apparently his wife.

"I don't remember you," said the man, returning her look.

"I'm Mary Winchell," she said quietly.

"She's aged, Bob, like us," cackled the old woman.

"That's so," said the farmer awkwardly. "Thinking of coming here to settle?" he asked.

"Not at all," answered Miss Winchell hastily. "Just a visit for an hour or two." The farmer's wife moved impatiently. He shook the reins.



"A touch on the shoulder made her start and look up"—p. 834

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw

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"Glad to have met you. Good day," he called, as the horse started off.

Having got beyond sight of Mrs. Warden's cottage, Miss Winchell sat down on a bank to compose herself and to think. She looked drearily over the country spread out before her and wished that she had never come. There was no use going farther. Nobody cared for or had any interest in her now. The young were strangers, and the old, like Mrs. Warden. . . . No, no; she did not want to see anyone else. She had not realized, or she would never have come. She must get away quickly. Even to her old home she felt she could not go. It would only give her more pain to see strangers where once she had been so happy. A passionate desire for her own little room filled her heart. There, at least, nothing would remind her that she was forgotten.

She got up and started to return along the road on which she had so joyfully set out. She felt suddenly so tired. Her feet burned and her limbs ached. Even her little handbag seemed to have grown heavy. She walked in the middle of the road, in the dust. Her feet were covered with it. Something had got into one shoe, but she limped along, too miserable to think of taking it out. She did not notice the soft, springy grass on either side. A great loneliness filled her heart. She was a stranger in her own land.

At the station she discovered that a train had just gone, and there would not be another till the one she had at first intended to return by. For two hours she sat on a wooden bench on the platform, weary and heart sick.

In the train her head ached. She shut her eyes tight and did not look out of the window. Her whole desire was to get to her room, shut the door, and be alone with her misery.

When she reached her tenement and passed up the stair, a noisy clatter of crowded life came from within the apartments. She knocked timidly at the tailor's door. He handed her the key with his

usual kindly smile, but, most unusual, shut his own door softly before she had the key inserted in her own lock.

As she pushed her door open, she started in amazement. On the hearth she had expected to find dark and cheerless there was a glowing fire. The kettle on the hob was sending up a cloud of steam. And something moved on the rug. She took a step forward, forgetting to close the door. Why, it was Punch. He thumped his tail and looked at her in a shame-faced, roguish manner. "Punch," she said, and he jumped up and gambolled round her delightedly. Wondering, she sat down on a chair. A delicious perfume came to her. Looking round quickly, she saw on the chest of drawers a glass jar filled with violets. She patted the dog's head and stared at the violets; then, overcome, she laid her head on the table and began to sob.

A touch on the shoulder made her start and look up. Jacob stood behind her, his brown eyes full of concern.

"Don't be vexed with me," he entreated. "I couldn't bear the thought of you coming in and no one to welcome you." He smiled whimsically. "I was afraid to come, but Punch thought you wouldn't mind him."

Punch, hearing himself referred to, wagged his tail violently, and cocked his head knowingly to one side, staring at Miss Winchell with the eyes that were so like his master's.

Mary wiped her wet cheeks and held out her hand to Jacob.

"It was good of you," she said, her mouth trembling. "I felt so lonely."

Jacob pressed the hand he still held.

"My dear," he said gently, "Punch and I are lonely, too. Don't you think . . . would it not be fine if the three of us joined forces? We all need each other. My dear, we were afraid to speak before. We think you need us, and we need you."

Something warm and tender crept into Mary's heart. She looked at the two pairs of brown eyes fixed so beseechingly on her own, and a soft smile lit up her tired face.



BETWEEN OURSELVES

by The Editor



IN SEARCH OF THE SUN

AFTER the long and trying winter one's thoughts at this time of the year inevitably turn to holidays. True, there are people who resolutely put the subject away from them, resolving to toil through the heat of the summer and take their recreation in September. But for ordinary mortals now is the time to be at least thinking of holidays.



The Delights of Anticipation

I emphasize the thinking, for, without at all meaning to be cynical, anticipation is one of the essential delights of a holiday. It is possible, of course, to fill the mind with business and household cares right up to the very day the holiday is due, then walk to the station, book to the place the next train is bound for, and drop into the nearest boarding-house for a fortnight. That is wrong—essentially wrong. It is as bad as the man who works at his task until the last moment of a long evening, then throws it down, goes off to bed—and expects sweet, refreshing sleep. Sleep must be wooed, the mind must be calmed, the soul set at repose before the gentle goddess of slumber can be persuaded to come into her kingdom.

And so with holidays. Too many busy people work themselves up to feverish heat during the days preceding the vacation, then dash off to the sea—and fret and fume

and grouse without any enjoyment or recreation.

No; *anticipate* your holidays. Here and now, in these spring days, let your mind wander off to green fields and winding roads. Listen for the murmur of the sea. Put away your blue books; buy guides and maps, time-tables and prospectuses; get yourself into the holiday mood. Begin to relax.

It may be difficult. To-day, as I write, a dark mist holds over London; a steady, drizzly rain is falling; one hesitates between turning on the light and ordering a fire. It is a little difficult to think of holidays. And yet—

Last week there was the promise of summer in the air, and the Powers that Be, benevolently inclined, gave me a roving commission to hunt up the sun and report on the prospects of the holidays. In other words, I had a four-day vacation.



Breaking New Ground

We are creatures of habit, and I find increasingly that, left to himself, the mere man on holiday tends to gravitate to the place where he enjoyed himself before and there attempt to recapture former delights. It is wrong—the sin of getting into a rut—and this time I thought hard of some fresh ground to explore. The West Country?

I have done Somerset and Dorset, Devon

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and Cornwall. Besides, looking at the newspaper, I read the forecast of "Rain in the west." One does not want rain on a four-day holiday. We can have all the wet weather we want in London town. Sunshine—fresh air—ozone: these surely are the ingredients for a successful holiday. But where to find them when the glass is falling and there is a promise of rain?

Then it was that I called to mind a cheery fellow—an author who blows into the office once in six months or so with a fine plot for a story or the idea for an article. He lives on his pen, and—wise man—has chosen a dwelling-place where he can feel fit all the time and work at his brightest and best. He has chosen a little spot on the East Coast, and every time he comes up to town—it is always wet, foggy or snowy when he arrives—he has tales to tell of the sun, the breeze, the beauty of life on the East Coast.



Farthest East

Why not go east?

The problem was where to find somewhere fresh, a little off the beaten track? After much cogitation I made up my mind that, going east, I would go east as far as ever that was possible on dry land—find the most easterly spot on these islands of ours and catch the morning sun as soon as ever it could light on this fog-bound land. Hence I took the first train to Lowestoft.

There is little to say about the journey: instead of going to my usual place for lunch, I went to Liverpool Street, found a comfortable seat on the train, had a leisurely meal, and arrived at my goal about three in the afternoon. Next I strolled along the front, chose a private hotel from among the numerous establishments facing the sea, and from that moment, leaving the cares and worries of business behind, sought to capture the spirit of the place.



The Charm of Lowestoft

Wherein lies the charm of Lowestoft, and why do families year after year descend in force upon the town, stay weeks at a time, and come back strong, hale and happy? It is not for the attractions that stir the heart of trippers: Lowestoft in the season has some of the finest of bands, has its cinemas and theatres. But, quite frankly, she does not cater for the tripper as does her neighbour Yarmouth. She offers no mountains to climb, no caverns to explore,

no minstrel bands or side-shows. She has her promenade, her fishing and the river. But these do not constitute her attractions. Supreme in one great asset, she can afford to ignore non-essentials. It does not take long for the visitor to find that, of all health resorts, Lowestoft has a great, invaluable secret, an elixir of life that brings thousands of weary, jaded souls to her borders and sends them back invigorated, renewed, restored. To come to the point, Lowestoft, by some kindly disposition of Nature, is possessed of air indescribably refreshing and invigorating. I confess now, and not for the first time, that if I am to have a holiday it must be in a bracing spot. However grand the scenery, I simply cannot enjoy it if I sit limp, jaded and half-asleep outside the hotel doorway, praying for a breath of air. It is all very well telling me that the climate is "mild," that the place is sheltered from the north by high hills and from the east by something else, especially when it is also sheltered from every other quarter where life and energy and good spirits come laden on the breeze. There are some places I prefer to see through the camera's eye; a picture postcard will give you what you want without the necessity of a tiresome journey.



A Wonderful Climate

Now Lowestoft possesses a glorious climate which is the envy of the country and the source of health, and indeed of life, to many who have come to her in distress. I felt it immediately I left the station, strolled past the south pier and along the front. I see that it is claimed that Lowestoft is "the most bracing health resort on the English coast." That may be true enough, but it does not adequately describe the situation. The air is bracing, without the shadow of a doubt, but—unless, indeed, it were mere imagination on my part—there seems to be also a peculiar quality about the atmosphere that is soothing as well as bracing, that lulls one into forgetfulness of cares but at the same time gives new strength and vigour.



Not "Cold"

No. I must say at once that I did not find Lowestoft cold. I had been warned that it was far too early to venture east. Mrs. Editor made me take my warmest garment, and bade me order a fire and stay

BETWEEN OURSELVES

indoors if the keenness of the early spring wind threatened. It never did threaten, and I stayed out in the air all day long. I forgot all about having a cup of coffee in the middle of the morning: I did not need it. I did not feel sleepy after lunch nor heavy in the evening. Only about ten o'clock at night, feeling beautifully tired, I retired to rest and slept soundly until six in the morning. Thereafter I just had to get up, go out, walk the length of the promenade, and come back to a breakfast the extent of which I blush to mention.



The Art of Relaxation

The days go at Lowestoft. One does not need the calendar nor the newspaper, and soon I began to picture the scene in summer, to forecast what happens to Mr. Jones of Surbiton, Mr. Brown of Muswell Hill, Mr. Robinson from Leicester or Nottingham.

The business man, arriving at Lowestoft, just *lases*. He *relaxes*! For the life of him he cannot imagine why he made such a fuss because his shares in the Glob Glob Mine went phut or his turnover decreased fifty per cent. last year. Mrs. Smith forgets that her maid gave notice and that the Eycott-Browns have had a new porch added to their house. The man of the family throws his stiff collar back into the trunk, puts on his most sportive attire and strolls round the place, whilst the youngsters build sand castles on the beach. The tired man rests. He plays tennis on the admirable courts on the front, or he strolls along to the harbour and watches the fishing smacks put out to sea, or he borrows a line and fishes himself. If he wants something different in the middle of the week he takes a day trip to Yarmouth, has a hectic time among the trippers, and returns to Lowestoft for dinner and the band. He forgets time, worries, bank balances, just stays on, enjoys the sun and the breeze, and gets his health and strength again. It is the simple life that has brought salvation.



The World and the Broads

That is not all. On the second day, for the sum of 2½d., I was conveyed to Oulton Broads. Buses run every few minutes and the distance is negligible, but there, at one's door, stretches the glorious open water, and by the water's edge boats of all descriptions all ready for hire. I chatted with the boatman, who invited me to have a

boat. With visions of the park lake, I cautiously inquired how far one could go. "For a month—two hundred miles," the man replied.

Two hundred miles of inland waterways: that is what the holiday-maker is offered from the outskirts of Lowestoft. One of these days I must put Mrs. Editor and the family on one of those fascinating house-boats and we'll glide along from Oulton and explore the Broads through and through. That offers endless possibilities, and, given good weather and congenial company, no holiday could be finer.



No Umbrellas Required

But I am speaking of Lowestoft, and at the end of my space I find I am but starting! I took my umbrella to Lowestoft, but never used it once. I found when I got back that it had rained for hours at Bourne-mouth, that Swanage had been flooded by torrential rain, boats on the Channel had been held up by fog, and the weather in London had been cloudy and wet. We enjoyed wonderful sunshine. Indeed, Lowestoft is supreme for its sunny hours. Last year, I am told, she enjoyed 1,747 hours of sunshine, against Oban's 1,275 and London's 1,136. The man who gave me these details also informed me that he came to the town a physical wreck, but has grown healthy and strong, has put on weight, is a new man.



Dickens' Land

I meant to have told you all about Dickens' Land, so close at hand—the house where David Copperfield was born, the lane along which Barkis travelled daily to Yarmouth, the Plough Inn from which he started; I ought, too, to have mentioned George Borrow's Land, and the house in which he lived for years and where he wrote "Romany Rye"; Caston Gardens, also, demands a place (I inspected the two great trees planted by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone), and have I dealt adequately with the fishing-boats? I could not resist the temptation to take a few "snaps" at these; but I have exhausted all my space, so I cannot let these appear!

Further than that—why, go to Lowestoft for yourself and see!

The Editor

Fifty Years of Mothering

The Jubilee of The Mothers' Union
By Annette M. Adams



Mrs. Mary Sumner

"In the heavens above
The angels whispering to one another,
Can find, amid their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as 'mother.'"

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

FIFTY years ago the world had not heard of Mary Sumner. If her name appeared then it was as the wife of a clergyman of a country parish, Old Arlesford, in Hampshire, and a happy mother. To-day there is a large building in West-

the largest society of women in the world,

pledged to uphold the highest ideals of the Christian Home. It is the jubilee of this splendid organization which is being celebrated in London from June 18th to June 25th.

When Mrs. Sumner's first child was born she was conscious of an overwhelming sense of responsibility, the responsibility which motherhood brings. She felt that there must be many other young mothers whose feelings were similar to hers, and she wondered if she could get into touch with some of those in her own village, so that they might be mutually helpful, for she realized the importance of instilling the highest ideals of home life in the mothers of England. She was first and foremost a mother, a quiet and retiring woman who did not dream that those musings of hers would lead to the formation of such a world-wide society as The Mothers' Union. She knew that "the future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother." After a considerable time she thought she would get together a little band of mothers of her parish—just to talk together about their babies and to help each other. The meeting was arranged, but when the day came Mrs. Sumner was so overcome with nervousness at the prospect of having to speak



The Mary Sumner House: Headquarters of The Mothers' Union

minster which bears her name. The Mary Sumner House, the headquarters of The Mothers' Union, Incorporated, an organization with over four hundred thousand members, having branches all over the world, in the British Dominions over-seas,

to so many people that she actually became ill, and her husband was obliged to go to the meeting place and tell the mothers that his wife was too ill to meet them and that the gathering must be postponed. However, to prove the wonderful spirit which lay

FIFTY YEARS OF MOTHERING

behind this natural timidity, the next day Mary Sumner rose up and, taking her courage in both hands, went to see every woman whom she had invited to that meeting, and she promised that this time she would not fail them—another day was fixed. That was the humble beginning of The Mothers' Union. She came and talked with



Mrs. Hubert Barclay

the women and the three central objects of the Union were laid down: To uphold the sanctity of marriage (later defined by Central Council, 1920, "to uphold the sanctity of marriage as a life-long and indissoluble union"). (2) To awaken in mothers of all classes a sense of their great responsibility in the training of their boys and girls (the future fathers and mothers of the Empire). (3) To organize in every place a band of mothers who will unite in prayer and seek by their own example to lead their families in purity and holiness of life.

For some years the Union (after it had outgrown the parish in which it was formed) was worked on parochial lines. But in 1887 it was organized as a Diocesan Society in Winchester. During the intervening years Mrs. Sumner had devoted herself to the growth of the Society, but it is recalled that even then she had not overcome that shyness which made her retire

into the background. However, at a mass meeting which was held in the Winchester Diocese, the Bishop insisted that Mrs. Sumner, as the founder, should address the meeting, and this she did, speaking from the fullness of heart upon those high ideals which she had laid down as the objects of the Union. Other dioceses followed the example of Winchester, and six years later a Central Council was formed—in 1893, to be exact. Under the Companies' Consolidation Act The Mothers' Union was incorporated in 1912 in order to safeguard the title, the publications of the Union and the funds of the Union.

Queen Victoria was the first Royal Patron of the Union; she was followed by Queen Alexandra, and Queen Mary is now



Dame Beatrice Lyall



The Princess Mary Room

The members' parlour at Mary Sumner House

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patron, while Princess Mary has shown her sincere sympathy with the objects of the organization by returning the cheque which the members presented to her on her wedding, to be used for the aims and objects of the Union. In the new Mary Sumner House, Tufton Street, Westminster, there is a room called the Princess Mary Room, which is to be the Members' Parlour when its furnishings are completed. Mrs. Hubert Barclay is the Central President,

was the third Central President, from 1916 to 1920, and it is to her that the idea came of having a Mary Sumner House in London as the central headquarters of The Mothers' Union. And the first house of that name was opened by Princess Christian in 1917 at 8 Dean's Yard, Westminster, and dedicated by the Bishop of London. This was the temporary home of the Society until the present splendid house was built, sufficiently large to hold all the offices of the Union, which is spreading so rapidly that each year sees the need for still larger accommodation. Hence the necessity for building a Mary Sumner House which

could be expanded; there is ample room on the present site for adding to the house when the occasion arises. It was at the opening of the first Mary Sumner House that Mrs. Sumner made her last journey, June 6th, 1917, to London. She was then ripe in years, and she died in August, 1921, at the great age of ninety-three. On August 15th, 1921, four thousand women filled Winchester Cathedral, as representatives of The Mothers' Union, at the funeral service of Mary Sumner. She lived some years after her husband, the Bishop of Guildford, who died in 1908, five months after the celebration of their diamond wedding, which took place on July 26th, 1908.

It was to celebrate their diamond wedding that a three-fold screen (of which a photograph appears) was presented to Bishop and Mrs. Sumner. In the first panel is a reproduction of a Raphael Madonna, while the autographs of Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary and other Royal princesses appear beneath the address, which was exquisitely illuminated. As the Mother of the Union Mrs. Sumner was held in deepest affection by all its members over the world, and therefore it was fitting that the signatures of the Presidents, not alone of the Dioceses at home, but in the Dominions overseas, should also appear on



The three-fold screen presented to Bishop and Mrs. Sumner on the occasion of their diamond wedding

and Dame Beatrice Lyall the London Diocesan President, while Mrs. William Maude is the energetic Central Secretary, which position she has held since 1908.

Many well-known women have been, and are, associated with the Union. The Dowager Countess of Chichester (upon the retirement of Mrs. Sumner as Central President of the Union owing to advancing years) became Central President in 1910 and remained so until 1916, thus being the second Central President. She will always be remembered for her splendid work in combating the spread of divorce and other dangers threatening the very foundations of family life. Mrs. Ernest Wilberforce



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P.335

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"The Murray Ear Drum" makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Thousands sold. People affected with this distressing complaint are invited to write for valuable Booklet, fully descriptive of this wonderful and yet simple invention, which enables the deaf to hear, and also contains convincing proof of its efficacy from users in all stations of life. If you are deaf, or know anybody who is deaf, write for this Booklet. It costs nothing; we send it free to anyone on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

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and you will get better and lighter
cakes and pastry if you use

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BAKING POWDER

Far better than substitutes and
THE BEST IN THE WORLD
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DON'T LOOK OLD! But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER.

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position. **2/- Sold Everywhere. 2/-**

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & Co., Ltd., 22 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.W.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post, or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous action quickly removes Skin Eruptions, muzzling & clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 12 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Poisoning	Eczema	Blotches
Pimples	Roughness	Scurf	Spots
Redness	Rashes	Acne	Itches

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PEPPER & Co., Ltd., 22 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.W.1, and is sold in bottles at 1/3 and 3/-. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

FIFTY YEARS OF MOTHERING

this screen. After the death of Mrs. Sumner her daughter, Mrs. Gore-Brown, presented the screen to the Union, and it now hangs on the wall of the Princess Mary Room at Mary Sumner House.

Mrs. Hubert Barclay, the Central President, is well known as writer, artist and speaker, and she is untiring in her efforts to further the principles of the Society, addressing countless meetings of many thousands of members, to whom she has become known personally, in order to rally them to united effort in prayer and personal service. Dame Beatrice Lyall's numerous activities for religious and social service are well known, and as Diocesan President in London she has been invaluable as an able and gifted speaker.

It is nothing short of remarkable that such a splendid building, at a cost of £55,000, should have been erected entirely by the subscriptions and donations of the members of the Union. It proves how dear to the heart of every member is the organization to which she belongs. In every room there is some gift from a branch or an individual member.

The Queen's Visit

Recently Her Majesty the Queen paid an informal visit to Mary Sumner House and visited every part of the building, in her enthusiasm refusing the services of the lift in order that she might see the stained glass windows on the stairs, which were removed from St. Jude's, Whitechapel, when that church was closed in 1924. They are a memorial to Mrs. Carter and her husband, the Rev. E. Courtenay Carter, who were drowned in the *Titanic* disaster. The Queen has given several gifts to the house. I saw on the table in the Library the blotter and inkstand which she presented, also some pictures and books, and since her visit Her Majesty has sent three pictures, two rugs and a beautifully bound visitors' book for the hostel. She was much interested in the hostel on the top floor of the house, where members can stay when passing through London. During the Jubilee celebrations it is expected the rooms will be occupied by overseas members. For 5s. a member can have bed and breakfast and bath, with constant hot and cold water supply in the hostel, meals being taken in the roomy and charming restaurant which is such a pleasant feature of Mary Sumner House. All the bedrooms are named after the donors, and they are delightfully com-

fortable rooms, with nothing of that bare atmosphere which one finds in an average hotel.

One Thousand in a Week

Over one thousand mothers paid a visit to the Mary Sumner House one week, and it is expected that over twenty-two thousand mothers will visit it this year. Mrs. Maurice Parkin, the Central Organizer, usually receives the visitors and takes them round the building, holding a short service of prayer in the beautiful little chapel. In this oak-panelled chapel are the names of all the sons and brothers and husbands of members who gave their lives during the War, while each of the *prie-Dieu* bears the name of some relative of a member. These are all donated by mothers in memory of loved ones. There will be a beautiful vellum bound leather Book of Remembrance laid in the chapel bearing the names of all donors, as it is impossible to commemorate them otherwise, when the chapel is completed.

During the Jubilee Celebrations there will be a special Jubilee Service at Westminster Abbey on June 22nd, at which a banner will be presented on which the words spoken by the King will appear. The inscription will be: "The foundations of national glory are set in the houses of the people; they will only remain unshaken while the family life of our nation is strong, simple and pure."

It should be noted that The Mothers' Union follows most closely all the Bills before Parliament which may have any direct or indirect bearing upon family life, and urges the members to get into touch with their Members of Parliament in order to help the passage of some Bill which would be of real service to the community, or to prevent the passage of some harmful measure. For instance, the Adoption of Children Bill has been commented upon favourably by the Union, and the Judicial Proceedings Bill (for a clean Press) is another measure in which it is deeply interested. Thus, it will be seen that the activities of this organization cover all matters affecting home life, whether spiritual, physical or sociological. Through its large membership it can wield a tremendous influence for good, as the votes of such a large number of Christian women can play a very important part in any election, especially as they are kept *au courant* with the soundest expert opinion on all questions affecting home life.

Problem Pages

"Not a Marrying Type"

ARE there men who can rightly be described as not of the "marrying" type?

This is the rather interesting question which is put to me by a reader who writes from a London suburb. She says:

"I am enjoying a very happy friendship with a man whom I have known some time. I am deeply attached to him, and think I should be happy as his wife. But A. tells me so often that he is not a marrying man, that he is too restless to return to a home every night and settle after dinner to a quiet fireside companionship. Yet I believe this man would take the risk and marry me if he thought it would make me happy, and I am in the curious position of having to decide whether or not he ought to take the risk, and whether he would be really happy if we married. Perhaps I ought to add that my friend is just over forty, and that he has always been regarded by his friends as an 'old bachelor' who would never marry."

To me, this affection, good as it may be for friendship, seems a rather lukewarm thing on which to base a marriage. In considering marriage, should not the supreme test be that a man feels that he would be much happier wed than he would be single? If he does not so feel, then I think it would be better for him not to marry. There are men, and women too, though not so many, who are temperamentally unfit for the responsibilities and the ties of marriage, and, that being so, is there any use in accepting them and finding that the tie which should prove so sweet proves so irksome?

At any rate, I advise my correspondent to put thoughts of marriage out of her head and enjoy the friendship. Unless the man approaches the question with a little more enthusiasm, I think she would be foolish to think of him as a possible husband, for he would probably be a most disappointing one.

The Value of the Franc

Several readers have asked me lately about the probable cost of a holiday in France during the autumn or late summer, and as two or three appear to think that a holiday

Work after Forty—Advertising Happiness—Needlework for Nerves By Barbara Dane

abroad will cost much less than a holiday at home, perhaps I ought to disillusion them.

Simple inns, remotely situated in parts of France unfrequented by English people, are assuredly amazingly cheap with the franc at from 100 to 140 francs to the pound. But any reader who thinks, for instance, of going to a seaside resort on the French coast should not trust to luck, but write well in advance to determine the terms.

At the moment of writing I have before me a letter from an hotel proprietor at a seaside resort in Normandy who quotes his terms as 55 francs per day for room and board. That works out, with the franc at 140 to the pound, at about eight shillings a day, but when there has to be added to this hotel gratuities, taxes, and the cost of the journey out and home, it is hardly possible to say that a fortnight there would cost less than a fortnight at an equivalent resort in England.

People who find a short holiday abroad a joyful and refreshing change would not find such terms at all unreasonable, but to go abroad merely to satisfy some obscure craving to have a very cheap holiday, whether one really wants to go abroad or not, is a mis-take, for such a holiday is rarely so cheap as it sounds when it is planned in England.

The cheapest parts of France for English people are those which are not well known. The Morvan, parts of the Eastern Pyrenees, parts of Provence and the Vosges are, I have been told, inexpensive, but Normandy and Brittany, the Alps and other parts better known here are not so modest in the terms asked at hotels.

Work after Forty

The trouble about so many middle-aged women who find themselves obliged to earn their living for the first time after forty is that they are unwilling to master any occupation. There is no room in these days for the amateur, and it is pathetic to find the fact so seldom realized. I have, for instance, a letter from a middle-aged woman

FAMOUS VICTORIANS



Sir Henry Irving worthily upheld the tradition of the English stage. His original name was John Brodribb. He made his first appearance at Sunderland in 1856, billed as Henry Irving, a name he assumed by Royal Licence. He was the first actor to be knighted.

ALL the world's a stage, and Hudson's Soap was playing a leading part in home cleanliness a year before the great actor was born. No doubt the audiences which thronged the Lyceum and Drury Lane Theatres to see the famous Henry Irving were Hudson's users, for they were a wonderful people at home. Those basements and attics were kept spotlessly clean in Victorian days. Such a cleaning upstairs and down in the early days of Hudson's. And now that folks go out more often there is more Hudson's used than ever before. This good old soap is even better to-day than it was fifty, sixty, seventy years and more ago. Nothing to beat it for home cleanliness and comfort.

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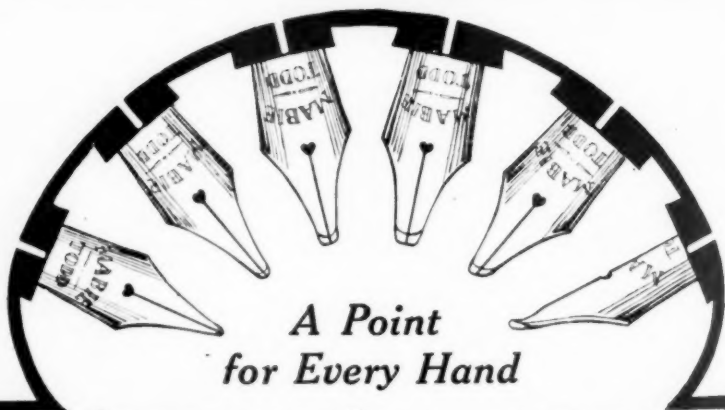
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who tells me that she has a small income, a tiny cottage and a couple of acres of land, and that she wishes to go in for dog-breeding as a career.

An excellent suggestion, and so far so good. But my correspondent adds: "I have always been devoted to dogs, and hear there is a lot of money to be made out of breeding popular types. Could you give me any hints, as I find my income barely enough to live on?"

Dog-breeding is work for an expert, and any hints I could give on the subject would be valueless. The best thing my correspondent can do is to realize that a love of dogs is not enough. She ought to get a thorough training in the business at some well-conducted kennels before she thinks of beginning to make money out of selling dogs. Otherwise she will find that she is losing, not making, money, for if she cannot sell her puppies she still has to maintain them, and she may be out of pocket before long because she has not troubled to learn the many things which have to be learned by people who are interested in dogs as a career.

Then I have a letter from a reader in Scotland who asks me to find her a post as a housekeeper. She sends references—very good references, too—but she ought to realize that these pages were never designed for the purpose of finding positions for people. I say this with all kindness, for I am always sorry to have to refuse such requests, but I must keep my spaces as far as I can for the discussion of problems which are likely to be generally interesting, and I have no means of finding employment for unknown friends, much as I should like to be able to do so.

Candour

I know that it requires great moral courage at times to be perfectly candid. But, my dear "Moir," you are behaving badly in allowing a young man to come so often to your home, in receiving his attentions, in making use of him as a dancing partner, in introducing him to your friends, and in allowing him to think that although you are unwilling to marry him to-day, you may not be unwilling to-morrow.

Is not that really the position? You say:

"I like him so much and don't want to lose his friendship, as I am afraid I should if I declined his offer of marriage straight off. I don't want to marry him, but if I tell him so outright I am afraid he will be badly hurt, and I may not see him again. Whereas if I

leave things as they are he may get over it and find someone else."

Well, I am glad that this girl has written to me, for that at least shows that some little remnant of conscience is troubling her. It may be only the thoughtlessness of youth which is causing her to act in this frivolous fashion; were she an older woman I should, I am afraid, tell her that I think her conduct selfish and dishonourable in the extreme.

Really, "Moir," you must not treat the sacred things of life quite so flippantly. A decent man has made you an offer of marriage. You should accept it or reject it. To keep the man dangling about in the hope that you will make up your mind when you have already made it up without his knowledge is very callous. I hope you will be nice enough and brave enough to tell him at once that you cannot marry him, and leave it to him to decide if you are still to remain friends.

Advertising Happiness

"Judy" writes a letter which makes a great appeal to me, for it reveals an exceptionally sympathetic nature:

"I am one of the happy ones of this world," she says. "I am blessed with good health, a good home, a good husband, darling children, sufficient money on which to live comfortably. I have almost no worries at all, and I have a naturally sunny nature. But I have many friends who have little happiness, and sometimes when I visit them I am afraid that, unconsciously, I advertise my own happiness. It must jar on them, I think. Often I feel ashamed to be so happy, and wish I could adapt myself more readily to the moods of others."

I think that would be a great mistake. To advertise one's happiness without a desire or plan to share it to some extent with others is a form of selfishness which is particularly mean, but of this you are obviously not guilty. And it is only the narrow-minded and the embittered who feel the worse for the glimpse of a sunny smile and a bright heart. If you can make others feel that, in spite of your own happiness you have imagination enough to put yourself into the place of others so that you can share their disappointments and their unhappy moods, you ought to be the best possible friend because you have something to offer them—perhaps an invitation into your own happy home, or the sharing of your little pleasures, or the delight of the companionship of your children. Happy people, I know, are often selfish. They

THE QUIVER

wrap themselves up in their own joys and pleasures, and have little thought for others. But to be able to give happiness, and to make the sunshine of your own life enfold others who need comfort and tenderness, is a great thing, and if you use your happiness wisely I think you need never feel afraid that it will jar on your less fortunate friends.

And, after all, do you think that many people who are sick in soul or body would really be cheered and comforted by a visit from someone immersed in gloom?

Learning a Language

Any intelligent and persevering woman can sufficiently master a foreign language so as to be able to read it and to write it, "Mary," but it is less easy so to teach oneself that one can speak the language and understand it when it is spoken to one. If you cannot afford to spend much money on tuition, I advise you to master the grammar, and then have as many lessons as you can afford from a native so that your pronunciation will be correct and so that you will accustom yourself to it as spoken in the country of its origin.

In London there are frequent opportunities of hearing lectures in French. There are also churches in London—French Catholic and French Protestant—where it is possible to hear a sermon in French. Any such opportunity of hearing the language spoken should be used, and to read a French newspaper every day is to get familiar with modern colloquialisms and the language of everyday life and events.

Read aloud as much as you can; it is a great help to fluency in speaking.

Needlework for Nerves

A Leeds correspondent writes to say that, although more interested in other domestic occupations than in needlework, she has lately taken the latter up as a remedy for "nerves," and she asks me to pass on the account of her experience to others. She adds:

"So many women in these days do no sewing except necessary mending. My doctor advised me to take up needlework, and he told me that many men who suffered from neurasthenia as a result of their war experience found it extraordinarily soothing. I have proved the truth of this, and should like to suggest to any of your readers who feel out-of-sorts and 'nervy' that in modern needlework, of which there are so many varieties, they can find a soothing and helpful hobby. One man I know is making

himself a wonderful carpet, and thoroughly enjoys the work. This, of course, is not needlework, but it is handwork, which is so often recommended to-day to people who are conscious of nervous strain and disturbance."

A Question of Duty

"K. L." writes to me from a small country town:

"I should like your views on what is becoming a serious problem for me. I live at home with my parents, my sisters and brothers all being married. I have an income on which I could live abroad very comfortably, or even in a small way in London, and as I am now thirty-seven and have seen so little of life, I should much like to make a change and lead a more individual existence. When I tentatively suggested this to my sisters, however, they were rather shocked, and said that it was my duty to remain at home. My parents are not invalids. They have each other, and they have friends, but they rather depend on me, and I do not know whether a paid companion-help would be any compensation for my absence if I went. Yet I do so often feel stifled, so often conscious that I am wasting my life, and living in a way which I should never choose were I free. My father and mother, I am sure, forget that I am nearing forty, and they still treat me more or less as a child. As I am the only member of their family now left at home, they would feel it was the breaking up of the home if I went, I am afraid, and I cannot make up my mind what my duty is."

Is a compromise not possible? Could you not go away for six months, and then reconsider the question?

Six months abroad would give you a long change. It would accustom your parents to your absence, and on your return you could better decide, I think, whether the sacrifice of so much is really needed, and whether, after all, the first break had not made it possible for your parents to live more happily than you imagine without you.

I certainly think that you need a change, and if you merely suggested a long holiday you would not commit yourself to anything final, and would probably enjoy it all the more for not having made a definite decision. And if you decided in the end that you ought to be at home, your memories and experiences, and the prospect, perhaps, of another long holiday, ought to cheer you and make your life less dull and tedious.

I think you should have your change and your holiday first, and when you are refreshed physically and mentally you will probably come to a good decision about your future. It is never a good plan to make decisions of great importance in a moment of depression or bewilderment.



The Spring o' the Year

Once more out of doors amid the sunshine and the flowers! The kiddies feel and reflect the joys of the awakening springtime. Catch them in these radiant moments with a "Kodak." The happy little pictures will be precious to you now and priceless in years to come. You can learn to use a "Kodak" in half-an-hour.

Make pictures of the children with a "Kodak"

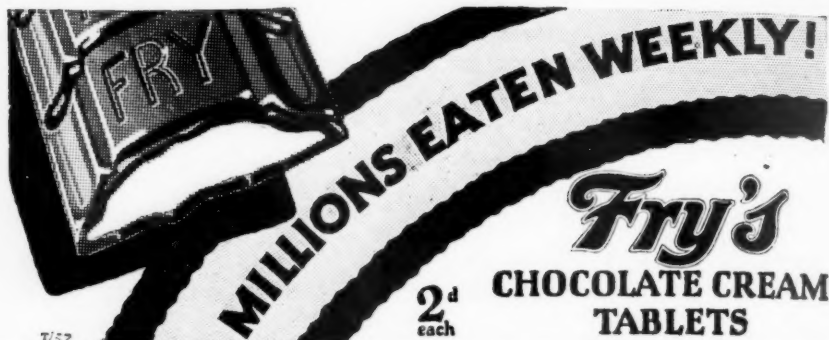
There are "Kodaks" from 21/- to £20 and "Brownies" for the children from 9/6 to £1-3-6. Ask your "Kodak" dealer to show you the latest models

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A soft, durable mixture of Badger & Hair.

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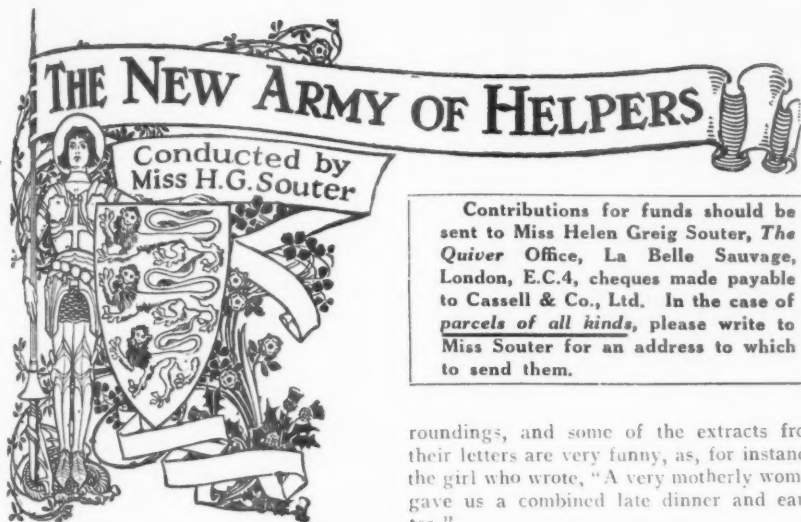
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GENASPRIN
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Of all Chemists—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

Sole Manufacturers: GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.



Contributions for funds should be sent to Miss Helen Greig Souter, *The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4*, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Miss Souter for an address to which to send them.

The Children's Holiday Fund

MY DEAR READERS,—Most of our thoughts at present are centred on holiday plans. It is the one absorbing topic of conversation in the home, on train, tram or bus, and, in fact, wherever and whenever people meet these days. The majority of us have been studying books of travel, guide books or even time-tables, it may be, since our last holiday. Some of us have scraped and saved, others more fortunate have only to write out a cheque for the necessary amount and hand it over to a tourist agent and be relieved of every single worry.

In the midst of all our own pleasant anticipations and preparations let us spare a thought for the thousands of slum and other children who are living in a fever of excitement and uncertainty lest they may have to be left at home this summer because there is no money to send them away for that blissful fortnight to which they have been so eagerly looking forward for many months.

The officials of the Children's Holiday Fund reckon on sending something like 25,000 children in batches for a fortnight to various parts of the country. Each child costs 28s.—not a big sum certainly—and every day means 12 hours of sheer and unadulterated delight. More hostesses and money are therefore required to carry on this excellent work. These city sparrows are very observant amid their novel sur-

roundings, and some of the extracts from their letters are very funny, as, for instance, the girl who wrote, "A very motherly woman gave us a combined late dinner and early tea."

Several budding naturalists expressed themselves in humorous terms, thus: "I saw a chaffinch building its nest with chaff." "There were many more butterflies and birds which were more coloured than the birds in London are." "The little pigs were just as ignorant as their father and mother."

The peace of the country appeals to some, while even such things as nettles are found to be unexpected blessings. "There were no drunken men singing in the streets at night, so that we could not sleep, so it was as quiet nearly as Heaven itself," writes one little girl who signs herself "Yours fatefully."

"We disliked nettles, but they are there for our own good," writes another, "because they keep the bulls from eating flowers."

One sharp youngster says: "in the country things are very different to London. At meal times the houses are full of wasps and bees instead of the irritable flies—people light lamps and candles instead of gas, and water is not laid on—it has to be fetched from wells and pumps."

Another child writes: "It was lovely on the highland in the New Forest—beautiful views all round and the blue sky—as if an artist had been and painted the sky."

Various alarms and excursions are told by some of the children.

One prudent lad carefully buried his boots in the sand behind a row of chairs before paddling. The tide came in—the chairs were moved back, and only after frenzied digging did the owner of the boots realize

THE QUIVER

the unwisdom of hiding treasures on the shore.

Little wonder that after all these wonderful experiences a small, unconscious philosopher remarked, "We did our packing to come home in mixed spirits."

I shall be delighted to pass on any contributions sent for this most laudable of objects.

A Summer SOS

A kind-hearted Helper, who has already befriended very loyally one of our invalids and been responsible for a nice holiday for her, realized, as I so often do, that poor people have got to live in summer as well as winter, and that in tiny incomes the stoppage of the monthly coal money means forgoing ordinary comforts in many instances. She has most generously volunteered to continue a small monthly pension if I can allow the invalid a like amount. I am extremely anxious to do so for this case and a few others whose sad circumstances are known to me. A monthly allowance of 10s. would make all the difference in the world to their outlook, and as so few of them can get outside, let alone away for a change, these few shillings would at least bring a gleam of sunshine into their homes and hearts. The sum of £30 or £40 would make this possible and enable me to carry on until chill December comes round again.

A Holiday Suggestion

I gladly acknowledge that I owe the above inspiration to a Helper, but the second emanated from an invalid and induced a brain wave! She lives in Aberystwith, a popular resort, and as she leads a lonely shut-in existence with a brother also in bad health, it would afford her a great deal of pleasure if any of THE QUIVER readers or Helpers would pay her a visit should they be holidaying in that part. If anyone is intending spending a week or two there, I wish they would write and send me a post card for the address. Our invalids and Helped are scattered all over the country, and it seems to me that the Helpers would greatly add to the joy of their holiday if they called on some of their poorer sisters, to whom a friendly interest would be the best tonic imaginable.

It is so difficult for those of us who move about freely during the summer months to realize what it must mean to be deprived not only of a change of scenery and surroundings, but of atmosphere. A fresh face,

a strange voice, a new interest might not only brighten an invalid for a day, but for the whole of the summer, so that with a little stretch of imagination she might even fancy she had fared forth from her little room and seen something of the world, or it may be of the kindly warm heart of humanity, because someone who cared sufficiently for her as an individual took the trouble of calling.

I am looking forward to doing something of the sort for several, whose grateful, affectionate letters are an antidote to the many doleful and depressing ones which, in the nature of things, fall to my lot. I am a firm believer in the personal touch, and realize to the full that if we are to continue making the New Army of Helpers a great success, then we must each get to know at least one invalid individually.

On the same principle I should very much like to know the Helpers who are so good and loyal and trust me so implicitly with their subscriptions. Should any share this feeling, and have a wish to see for themselves what manner of woman I am, then I shall be delighted to meet such by appointment at THE QUIVER office if notice is sent me a day or two in advance.

Casual Help

A short time ago a man who has been a reader for years wrote me in desperation. Owing to his wife's illness, he was unable to go abroad on his usual work, and it meant practically starvation. His clothes had given out, too, just at the worst possible time, as they have an unfortunate habit of doing. I sent a small sum of money, and was able, through the kindness of Helpers, to supply him with a few clothes. Recently I received a letter telling me that he had obtained employment again and adding:

"It will take about three months' hard work and great thrift before we will be once again on our feet, but after that we will do our little bit to help you do to others what you have done for us. I was getting desperate and may have sunk against my conscience to any depths, and my wife had long since sunk into absolute despondency. You have pulled us from utter darkness into light, and we thank you from our hearts for it."

In a Tight Corner

Two young sisters, orphans, who had unfortunately been unemployed for about eight months, were getting near the end of their resources when they were both offered posts together in a large institution at a good salary on an early date. They were de-

"Wonderful things" done by PHOSFERINE

Miss E. P. Pullen writes:—

"PHOSFERINE has made all the difference in my Health. Some months ago I got into a very bad state, which I was told was due to Anæmia. I was depressed, lost my appetite and could not sleep, and my whole nervous system was seriously affected. I was told by someone who had suffered in a similar way to try Phosferine. I started to do so, and almost at once noticed an improvement. I continued with it for a fortnight,

taking regularly according to directions. Phosferine has done wonderful things for me. I now know that what is said of it is true, every word, for I have proved it. I shall never be without it again."

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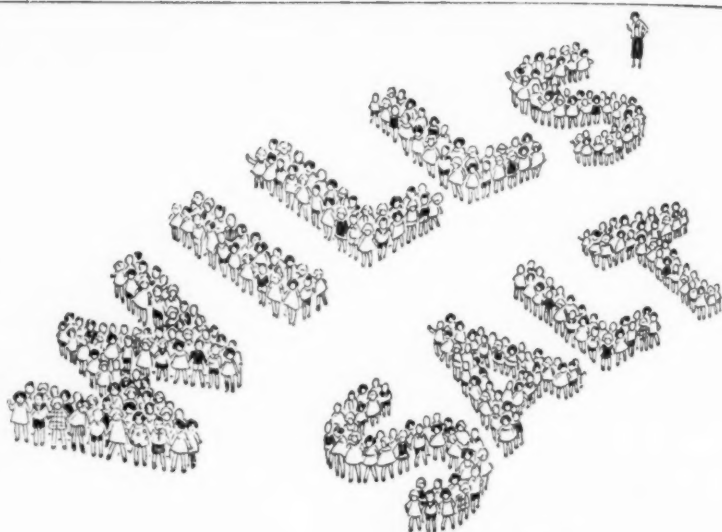
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Influenza	Exhaustion	Mental Exhaustion	Faintness	Malaria
Debility	Neuralgia	Loss of Appetite	Brain Fag	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Maternity Weakness	Lassitude	Anæmia	Headache
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From Chemists, Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

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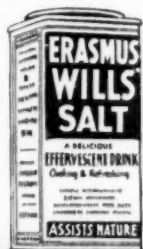
Health Formation

THERE is no rule more important in the formation of good health than the proper elimination from the body of all impurities and waste products.

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AND
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PER TIN.



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The
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BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

lighted and most anxious to accept, for it was a splendid chance and meant permanency, which is the main thing with most working women, who dread, above all troubles, that of losing their job. The difficulty was that they required something in the nature of an outfit so that they might make a good start and not be shamed before their new associates. In their extremity they applied to me. I arranged an interview, which was very satisfactory, as I was much impressed by them and their references, and as there happened to be still a balance in the bank after sending out the last of the coal cheques just before Easter, I was enabled to advance sufficient to keep them going until their first month's salary was forthcoming. They were most grateful, and are fully determined to repay the amount and contribute to the funds in future. There is a real pleasure in assisting those who are more than willing to help themselves and others as opportunity arises.

Pressing Necessities

Has anyone a few short curtains or window screens which they no longer require for a reader whose own ones refuse to go up again after spring cleaning? Clothing of any and every kind for men is badly wanted, also boots. I had an application on behalf of a man and a boy from one worried, overburdened mother, and by the same post a request for the same from an unemployed man in Ireland, who would do anything to get work in a place where none is to be had.

Several pathetic notes asking if I have any underwear or clothes or shoes, No. 5, and slippers, No. 6, and other SOS appeals for clothes for children have come to hand.

The wife of an ex-service man in hospital requires clothes (out size) for a new situation.

An invalid needleworker would be very thankful for any beads which readers do not require. She suffers greatly from rheumatism, and is much confined to bed, but she finds she can thread beads lying on her back—not at all an easy matter. Someone has broken the oilstove in which she managed to cook her meals while in bed, and she would welcome anything of the sort as well.

Thankful Hearts

Here are a few extracts from letters received about Eastertide, when the cold snap made the coal money more than usually

acceptable, even if it were the last for the season.

A young ex-nurse in a nursing home, a great yet patient sufferer, writes:

"I feel it is quite impossible for me to even try and express all I feel about your great kindness and thought for me, but I do most sincerely thank you and all those who have helped. It is not only the help you are giving me to ease things, but your wonderful kindness and thought for one who is suffering a great deal. It is having friends who understand that makes one realize how very, very much I have to thank God for."

A poor mother, struggling with ill-health and misfortune to bring up her family, says:

"I am sure I do not know how to thank you for your kindness to me. I really cannot think how we could have managed if I had not received your kind help from time to time. I am very grateful."

Delicate Sisters

One of two sisters who have happened on evil days:

"Do let me thank you so very gratefully for your and the kind *QUIVER* Helpers' goodness; in again sending the cheque received this morning. No words can express our deep gratitude and appreciation for the helps you have so kindly sent us."

Another sister, looking after an invalid one, and there are so many of these on our list, says:

"It was more than kind and most thoughtful of you and your Helpers to send the cheque, for this cold spell had upset all my plans, and the stock of fuel, which I imagined would last until the warm days, is very nearly exhausted, so I am truly thankful for this further help. My poor invalid feels the cold so much, and the doctor had said warmth was the best thing for her, so now, thanks to you, I can go on giving it to her as long as she needs it."

An old mother with an invalid daughter writes:

"Please accept our warmest thanks for cheque. We were in sore need of help, for we had no coals left and scarcely enough money in hand for other necessities. I am now enjoying the comfort of a good fire this bitter March day. I do not know what we should do without our *QUIVER* friends. Our needs, we know, are shared by many others, and we often wish we could do something to help them."

"With all our hearts' most thankful gratitude we bless you and the kind Army of Helpers for this very, very welcome gift. It was a joyful surprise. We were feeling rather sad and depressed when this unexpected help arrived to cheer and gladden us more than words can express."

A Grateful Widow

A widow with a family, in acknowledging

THE QUIVER

some assistance, writes thus and shows a very commendable spirit:

"Very many thanks for your cheque. About a fortnight ago I was granted a widow's pension under the new Act. It is not much, but it is a help, and I feel I ought to tell in case you know anybody more needy than even I am."

Bright Letters

Many very grateful references to the kindness of Helpers reach me from time to time, and their bright, gossipy, happy letters are certainly warmly appreciated by invalids and others.

One dear old woman of 76, who is pluckily carrying on in spite of old age, infirmities and poverty, evidently has not lost her sense of humour, and writes of one correspondent whose letters are at treat, and of another who asked so many questions that she was hard put to it to answer them all. She adds: "She also gave me good advice as to being thankful and a sermon on resignation and meekness."

A word in season is a good thing no doubt, but it wants to be tactfully introduced, and in many cases a cheery, sympathetic letter

may be better than any sermon to a poor lonely sufferer.

Gifts of clothing, books, magazines and letters are gratefully acknowledged to the following:

Miss Edgell, Miss Drury, Miss M. Stanbury, Miss Farey, Miss Field, Mrs. Stinson, Mrs. Kempton, Mrs. E. Smith, Mrs. Longford, Mrs. E. M. Bell, Miss M. J. Wilson, Miss Curtis, Miss H. G. Henderson, Miss Garsed, Miss Fox, Miss George, Miss Philipps, Mrs. Baker, Miss Griffin, Miss Steele, Miss Arnold, Mrs. Atkins, Miss Morgan, Miss Helyar, Miss Joan Hort, Miss E. S. Cooke, Mrs. Fennell, Mrs. Jones, Miss Spendlove, Miss Frowde, Miss Garbet, Mrs. Offord, Miss Piercey, etc.

S O S Fund.—H. M. Kempton, 5s.; C. MacBean, £1; Mrs. E. D. Henderson, 5s.; Miss A. G. Livesey, 10s.; Mrs. Offord, 10s.; E. Woodman, £1; M. L., £2 s.; Mrs. Sturgeon, £2.

Dr. Barnard's Homes.—E. M. Newnham, 15s.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

HELEN GREIG SOUTER.



On a Summer Morning

By
Grace
Noll Crowell

Sometimes upon one of God's May mornings,
I wonder if up in the Holy City
With all its radiant splendour
Of precious stones:
Of scintillating topaz and beryl and amethyst,
And the marvellous lustre of its golden street,
Some saint does not turn half wistfully,
Recalling an earthly morning like this.

I wonder—
If the same sweet provision
Is theirs that is ours:
The blessedness of forgetting old sorrows
And the weariness of old roadways,
As a mother forgets her anguish
At beholding the new-born babe at her breast?

And so—if I were in heaven
I do not believe that God would mind
If I looked back at times,
Recalling the sweetness of a May day in an old
orchard,
With apple blossoms like little pink and white
clouds
At dawn, fragrant above my head,
And the bright grass beside the path,
Tender and cool to my feet.

How could I forget
Distant blue hills misty with clover
And fluttering white poppies in the grass
Above high, wind-swept cliffs,
Or forget the clustered gold of yellow roses
In the grass beside an old gate?

And I am told
There is no night there,
Nor need of candle for lighting.

I believe—
I would remember often
The sweetness of summer dusk
Across moist fields,
And fireflies bright in the green darkness
Of a little yard,
And white curtains stirring softly
In a square of yellow lamp-light.
I am sure—
Amid all the holy beauty of heaven,
I would recall, with catching breath,
A quiet room—a smooth, white bed,
And star-lit darkness,
And a young girl
Kneeling at an open window to pray.

"KLEENOFF"
10⁰
Per Large Tin
**CLEANS GREASE
FROM YOUR GAS STOVE**
**KLEENOFF COOKER
CLEANING JELLY**

will remove with ease grease from your Cooker. It is recommended by the principal Gas Companies and leading Stores. Ask your Ironmonger, Grocer, or Gas Company for it. If they do not stock send 6d. for **TRIAL SAMPLE**, post free from

**The KLEENOFF Co (Dept. S),
33, St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.3.**

RHEUMATISM CURED IN FIVE DAYS.

LINCOLN STREET, BRISTOL.
Dear Sirs.—I was taken seriously ill with **RHEUMATISM** in every part of my body. My feet and hands swelled enormously. The pain in my head was so intense, I thought I should lose my senses, my temperature rose to 102°. Within 5 days of taking **URACE** I was out of bed and able to stroll in the open.

Yours faithfully,
W. THREADER.

URACE and **URACE** alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it **CURES** and **CURES** QUICKLY. 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box, from Boots, Timothy White & Co, Tynes, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the **URACE** Laboratories (Dept. 57) 1, 82, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.

13, 3/- & 5/- per box	URACE TABLETS CURE RHEUMATISM	GET THEM NOW
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For VARICOSE VEINS
90 years' reputation for
QUALITY AND COMFORT
"VARIX," all about Elastic
Stockings, how to wear, clean,
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Special Department for Ladies.
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**SEVEN PRIZE
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**C. BRANDAUER & CO. LTD.
MAIL PEN
BIRMINGHAM**

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil—Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a Special Process.

Assorted Sample Boxes 9d., to be obtained from all Stationers.

If out of Stock, send 10d. in Stamps direct to the Works, Birmingham.



Gales will break the strongest wire:
Trunk calls waiting—result dire.
Without trouble, fuss or babel,
FLUXITE mends the broken cable.

YOU take no chances with Fluxite, for Soldering the Fluxite way is simple, safe and certain. Anything from a broken telephone wire to a tiny point in a watch may be soldered successfully with Fluxite. Fluxite-soldered joints always provide perfect contact—they never come undone.

ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

FLUXITE

BECAUSE IT

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2/8. **BUY A TIN TO-DAY.**

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

FLUXITE SOLDERING SET

It is perfectly simple to use and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 7/6. Write to us should you be unable to obtain it.

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ANOTHER USE FOR FLUXITE—
HARDENING TOOLS AND CASE HARDENING
ASK FOR LEAFLET ON IMPROVED METHODS.

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY. Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household HEARTHTRUGS

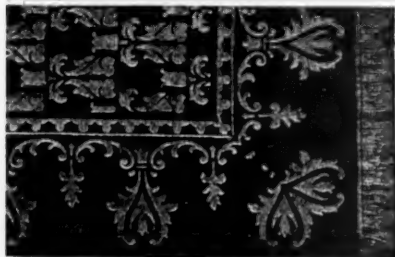
IN REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 5 ft. long and 2½ ft. wide. These HEARTHTRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for Magnificence, Cheapness, and Utility, having no equal. Registered New Design, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, including undermentioned, giving the highest satisfaction. **SPECIAL OFFER**—Three for 10s.

(Rep.)
Sale Price 3/6

Black Mount, Tyndrum, N.B., November 24th.
Lord Breadalbane writes: "Will feel obliged by Mr. Hodgson sending to above address two more of the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9 ft. x 10½ ft. Cheque £2 1s. 6d. enclosed."

Letterfourie, Drybridge, August 22nd.
Sir Robert G. Gordon writes: "The 'Queen's Royal' Carpets and Rugs please very much. Enclosed are orders for three more carpets and three Hearthrugs. Cheque for £3 11s. 6d. enclosed."

The Viscountess D'Arcy writes:—"Enclosing 3/6 for one of your 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs, Red shade, as those supplied previously."



In all colours and ten different designs

A New Design in the "Queen's Royal" Reversible Hearthrugs. The latest colourings are Navy, Myrtle, Moss, Fawn, Drab, Sky, Olive and Brown shades. The Canterbury Belle 3-colored Design for this season in old Indian Art Colours, Anglo-Perian and subdued Turkish and Oriental shades (Copyright Registered). If this design is wanted, kindly quote registered number 265933.

Blankets, Curtains, Copper Kerbs, Fire Brasses, Cutlery, Tapestry Covers, &c. Post free if when writing you mention *The Queens*, &c. 1-3-5.
F. HODGSON & SONS, (Dept. Q), Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.
Gigantic Sale of "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey

Carpets

(Registered)

Trade Mark
on all
Goods.
Beware of
Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

6 ft. x 9 ft., 13/-	Reduced Sale Price	12 ft. x 13 ft., 24/6
7½ ft. x 9 ft., 16/6		12 ft. x 13½ ft., 26/-
9 ft. x 9 ft., 19/0		12 ft. x 16 ft., 43/4
9 ft. x 10½ ft., 22/0		12 ft. x 18 ft., 53/-
9 ft. x 12 ft., 26/-		12 ft. x 21 ft., 69/6
10½ ft. x 12 ft., 30/4		

Castle Hill, Falluz, London, June 4th.

"Lady Madeline Erskine received the 'Queen's Royal' Reversible Carpet from Mr. F. Hodgson, the dark terra cotta colour, which she likes very much. Please send another as earliest, same size, dark art shades. Cheque enclosed 34s. 9d."

Lady Ellis writes: "The 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs received, and will thank Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons to send three more as soon as possible. Cheque enclosed."

Sir Chas. R. King, Bart., writes: "Corrad, Lisibellaw, Ulster, Sept. 1st.
Royal' Household Hearthrugs, different patterns of subdued Turkish shades, also three more Red Opium Fur Rugs. Enclosed you have Cheque value 10s. 6d."

Recent Additions to

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Well printed in good clear type on antique wove paper, each volume contains over 300 pages. Strongly bound in cloth boards, these handsome volumes are of enduring quality—real books with a long life before them.

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Mrs. Baillie Reynolds

The Daughter Pays
A Castle to Let

Annie S. Swan

A Favourite of Fortune
Corroding Gold

Baroness Orczy

Lady Molly of Scotland Yard

Sir Philip Gibbs

A Master of Life

H. A. Vachell

Blinkers
Whitewash

H. Rider Haggard

The Ivory Child

G. K. Chesterton

The Innocence of Father
Brown

Cassell & Co., Ltd.,



Ld

La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4.

Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA,—You will agree with me that the practical housewife finds that her greatest difficulty is to provide sufficient variety in the menu, of each day. When all is said and done, for the meat course we have to ring the changes upon beef, mutton, pork, with lamb and veal at rare intervals and game and poultry at still more rare intervals if we have to look with care at each shilling before parting with it.

When it comes to catering for puddings and sweets the idiosyncrasies of the family play a large and hampering part in our menu planning. One person likes this, another likes that, so-and-so won't touch something else! And so it goes on until the final list of possible puddings that everyone will eat and that are not extravagant or difficult to prepare is an extremely small one.

The housewife who does her own marketing is really in the best position to secure an appetizing variety. When she visits the butcher, the fishmonger, the greengrocer, she sees for herself exactly what is most plentiful and what most reasonable in price. Looking about the shop, she catches sight of this or that item, and this suggests some practical idea to her to help in her catering.

It is a mistake to be too conservative in matters of food. Never to venture on a new dish or to try a new recipe in case it "turns out" a disappointment is foolish. Most papers catering for women readers and even the daily press now give many recipes and suggestions. We may not like all we try. We are sure to dislike some of the experimental dishes, but among the recipes will be some that are a great success and a real asset to the housewife.

A sensible and practical idea which one careful housekeeper put into practice was to keep a book in which she noted exclusively tried and tested recipes. As a rule she tried them herself before entering them up, but otherwise she took them from her friends who had put them to the test themselves.

As a nation we are not ready enough to try the dishes of other nations. Perhaps it is not easy to come by satisfactory recipes, but when one is found it would be wise to try it and endeavour by these means to find a way out of the difficulty of serving dull meals. A temptingly served dish that strikes a note of novelty pleases both eye and palate and helps towards a good digestion and good health.

Ever yours,
PAMELA.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.

A COOKERY HINT. Cordon Bleu (Rugby).—You are evidently a very skilful cook, and it is always a great asset to be able to do such work oneself. I think you will find your puddings will turn out better if you use Hugon's beef suet, "Atora." It is a very wholesome form of suet, free from any harmful ingredients and very rich in vitamins. You can certainly use it in the nursery cooking, and it is a nice addition to milk puddings. You can use the shredded form for pastry and puddings and get it in blocks for frying and basting. It is very economical in use and keeps well, too.

A LITERARY PROBLEM. J. C. (Wallasey).—I was so interested in your letter. I think you will be able to get the information you want if you write to *T.P.'s* and *Cassell's Weekly*, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4. This paper often gives valuable information on such topics to its readers.

QUOTATION WANTED. Mrs. A. A. K. (Notts).—Will you read my reply to J. C. (Wallasey)? You will, I think, also find that *T.P.'s* and *Cassell's Weekly* will be very helpful to you.

A HOLIDAY RECORD. Avis (Liverpool).—Your holiday plans sound very inviting. It would be a good idea to invest in a Kodak before you start so that you can keep a record of all you do. It does not require much skill, and it is so delightful to be able to keep a pictorial description of the pleasant expeditions and experiences of your holiday. At the time one imagines one will remember, but memory plays us strange tricks, and I am afraid we forget many pleasant holiday happenings we would like to remember. For this reason a Kodak is a valuable asset, for it enables us to keep an attractive pictorial record that in after years is a source of such pleasure and interest.

A WEDDING BREAKFAST. J. F. C. (Nottingham).—I am so sorry your letter did not reach me in time for insertion in an earlier number. I hope the wedding festivities went off well, but it is too late now to give you any useful hints.

DELICIOUS PUDDINGS. Miranda (Edgbaston).—You can only hope to get good results to your culinary efforts if you use good materials. You must make a point of using only Brown and Polson's cornflour when you make the

THE QUIVER

puddings and sauces you mention. This preparation has stood the test of time, and you can feel quite satisfied that it is perfectly wholesome and nutritious. Many inexperienced housewives find the same difficulty, and they have to discover for themselves how to get the best results. I am so glad you wrote, for I feel sure that if you take my advice you will be quite satisfied.

MODERNIZING THE HOME. Pearl Maiden (Newcastle).—As the house in London is your own it will certainly be well worth while to spend a little money on bringing it up to date. You can scrap the old-fashioned fittings and get new designs in inverted incandescent gas brackets, and the light can be switched on and off by means of a distance pneumatic switch. You would also find it a great advantage to have parquet flooring in the principal rooms. It looks well, and you will then only need large rugs for the sake of comfort.

FOR PERFECT HEALTH. Ruby (Dewsbury).—Although you enjoy a spell of hot weather you tell me you find it upsets your health. This is very tiresome for you, but I feel sure the trouble will vanish if you make a point of taking a dose of Wills' Salt just before breakfast every morning. This health-giving draught is not only delicious but has a healthful action, purifying and cooling the blood and helping to keep the digestion in perfect working order. You can buy Wills' Salt at any of the branches of Boots the Chemists, and I feel sure that once you have put it to the test you will always keep a supply at hand.

A TOILET HINT. M. M. B. (Bradford).—You are washing your hair too frequently and this is, I fear, drying the natural oil at the root of the hair. It is quite sufficiently often to wash the hair every other week. You must, however, always use a perfectly clean hair brush. This is easy if you invest in one of the new ones with refillable bristles. You can take out the bristles and wash them thoroughly and replace them when dry. This prevents any damage to the back of the brush and is a great convenience.

HOLIDAY PLANS. Cyril B. (Birmingham).—You would be wise to make your plans now, even if you do contemplate an autumn holiday. If the weather is good many people prolong their vacation, and hotels and lodgings remain booked up to late in September.

FOR THE CHILDREN. Uncle Toby (Maidstone).—If you want to delight your little nephews and nieces you can certainly take them a present of sweetmeats. However, you will not please their parents if you give them anything unwholesome, so I advise you to be on the safe side by buying a supply of Fry's chocolate cream tablets. These are not only delicious but perfectly wholesome, and indeed nutritious, so that by giving them you please both children and grown-ups. Pure wholesome chocolate is really a valuable addition, and if you buy that made by this well-known firm you are sure you are getting the best.

FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE. Linda B.

(Sutton).—The little house sounds most attractive and I should certainly leave the Jacobean furniture in the lounge hall and dining-room. These rooms will look their best if you have a suitable wallpaper. You can get charming examples simulating leather and very attractive for a lounge hall. Then for the dining-room a wallpaper in a tapestry design will be in keeping with your decorative scheme. This will, I feel sure, be a very successful treatment of the walls.

ADDRESS WANTED. Mimosa (Huddersfield).—The firm you mention have always been ready to give expert advice, and you can buy from them with perfect confidence. The address is only what you say. They are very well known people and have been established there for many years.

PREPARING SCHOOL OUTFITS. Materfamilias (Glasgow).—You are wise to begin the preparation of the children's school outfits now. As you will be at the seaside in the summer and they go to school early in September it is best not to leave everything to the last-minute rush. You will be able to get a list of requirements from each school, and you will have to see that everything is clearly marked with its owner's name and perhaps a school number. For this purpose you cannot improve upon Cash's woven names. These are woven on fine cambric tape. There are many styles to choose from, and they are very easy to sew into the garments. It is better to mark the clothes with these tapes, for they look so neat and are a great security against loss.

A TOILET HINT. Perplexed (Carlton).—The treatment must depend on whether your face or arms are affected. You could ask your chemist for a dilute solution of hydrogen peroxide. This acts as a bleach and also weakens the roots, but you must be very careful not to let it touch your hair or eyebrows or drop on your clothing, for it will destroy the colour.

A TRYING PROBLEM. Afflicted (Aberdeenshire).—I can quite understand how the trouble vexes and distresses your friend. She must be careful to wear loose-fitting clothing and to take plenty of outdoor exercise. A tepid bath each morning followed by brisk friction will be beneficial. She must avoid pastry, sweets and all kinds of rich and highly seasoned food. She could ask her chemist for a liquid powder and use that during the daytime.

TO MAKE A LAMP SHADE. B. E. P. (Richmond).—You can either buy the parchment in sheets and shape it yourself over wire or it would be simpler to get a ready-made plain parchment shade. Then you can stencil on it any pattern you fancy. Another good idea is to buy some patterned crepe paper and cut out some of the designs—butterflies, flowers, etc.—and glue them to the shade. You can then take some gold paint and brush outside the edges of the designs with it. The effect is very good, and I think you will find the shades made in this way will sell very well indeed at your bazaar. I shall be glad to hear it has been a great success.



In packets only—the big 9d. size for convenience

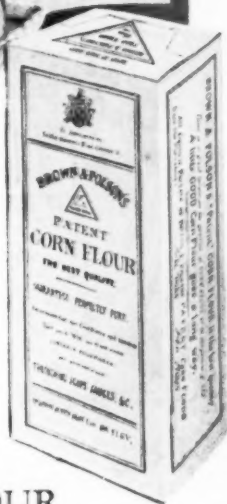
For everything you wash yourself



A Tempting Table.

How eager is the appetite for wholesome food when the eye and palate are gratified by dainties like these!

Whatever of flavour and refreshment Nature's bounty affords is made doubly attractive by Corn Flour cookery. Nourishment in the lightest and most appetising form is found in the delicacies easily prepared with



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